CREASY'S

TWO WOMEN WRONGED

AND POEMS.

SECOND EDITION.

TWO WOMEN WRONGED

IN COURTSHIP

IN CHURCH

IN COUNTRY

—BY—

REV. ARTHUR CREASY,

OSWEGO, KANSAS.

....AUTHOR....

Creasy's Creeds, or, What the World Believes

SECOND EDITION.

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REV. ARTHUR CREASY.

Prefatory Notice.

IT is easy to shape an ideal character on paper. The subject of this sketch is not such. When biographers write the truth, our American youth will not be so easily discouraged. In this notice the plain truth will not be shunned.

About thirty-eight years ago Arthur Creasy first saw the light of day in Framsden, England. The house in which he was born was a neat but rough-cast two-story cottage, beautifully situated about half way up Framsden Hill. His father, George Creasy, was a carpenter. His mother, a cultured and Christian women of the Free Communion Baptist church. From his mother he inherited that love of letters which now distinguishes him; while his father gave him that ready wit, so much admired by his friends. From whence came his sturdy self-will, stubbornness, faults, foibles and follies the writer does not know.

When but three years of age his mother was glad to rid herself of Arthur by sending him to school. Here he was much noticed. His visits to the high school for his floggings were so frequent that the older boys gave him a new name, the name of Milton's boldest character in the lower regions (Milton's "Paradise Lost").

He frequently ran away from school, was re-captured, re-flogged and re-placed at the foot of his class. School became so distasteful to him that he spent many school hours wading the creek, watching bird and bee in air, or stealing young songsters from that shield the mother

bird alone can give. He pretended to the boys who came at morning recess to watch his exploits that he could swim in the knee-deep, muddy stream. He usually went to school *after* his class had recited. He was distinguished for everything except learning his lessons. He carries with him yet a feeling close kin to hate for the institution where he learned to read, write and *suffer*. His mother, assisted by such help as opportunity offered flogged him frequently; but he cannot remember that his father corrected him more than once in this manner.

In eighteen-seventy-two his father emigrated to Canada, taking Arthur with him; because he was ready with his pen, and composed quickly. After a year's stay in Simcoe, Canada, the father returned to England, but left the boy; because he was determined not to return to his native land. This seems strange; but the reasons are mainly two: The boy had always hated aristocracy. His return to England meant re-submission to an authority he had openly detested and often defied. Should he go and re-enslave? No; he would remain in Canada, where men seemed free and equal. Should he now cringe to that ceaseless caste, which had left him unconquered? No, never. Then his taste of true Canadian liberty, had not only severed him from England; but had encouraged him in a very humble ambition—that of some day farming his own farm. The beyond was shedding a lingering luster around the boy's life. His father, relieved of the restive young rustler, who had already taken "French" leave from him once, returned to England. The boy remained with Mr. C. W. Smith about three miles from Pt. Dover, Norfolk County, Ontario, Canada. Mr. Smith was a well-to-do, broad-minded, and kind farmer, who had sheltered the boy from cruelty, when he ran away from a place, near Simcoe that became unbearable. The boy remained for five years with this excellent gentleman, and learned something more at school about fighting, but not much

about figuring and writing. He made much mischief to the dismay of the school mistress.

He was bright-eyed, keen and quick at all else, but *books*. The last flogging administered was for putting a gun cap on the stove; which exploded *after* it was forgotten. Till about sixteen he never received enough marks for a prize, but once. He had a peculiar teacher who liked the mischievous boys; and consequently awarded the three worst boys (so the neighborhood thought) first, second and third prize. Of course Creasy won a prize. In spite of his lack of study, he always excelled in such studies as suited his fancy.

While living with Mr. Smith, and attending the Black Creek School, under the teaching of Miss Maggie Abel, of Font Hill, a word or two changed him from a useless to a very useful boy. The change came as follows: One winter day at afternoon recess, Arthur hurridly left the play ground to secure his scarf; which happened to be at his desk. He found the scarf quickly; and was hastening back to his play when Miss Abel said to him: "Why are you not as earnest with your studies as with your play, Arthur?"

"Why," said the boy, "what shoul I study *for*?" "For a teacher," answered Miss Abel; "For a teacher!" "What good would that do? I could not control anybody, if I did," he replied. The teacher said, "You don't know that." He went out to play, but that suggestion followed him and changed the current of one life at least.

He became as diligent as he had been idle. Soon after he left the kind-hearted Mr. Smith; because the latter was retired and really had not enough work for such a restive rustler. He engaged with a neighboring farmer; and made about fifty dollars that summer, but spent it all for trifling nothings. So that in the fall he continued working two months to get money enough to buy him a suit of clothes. Fortunately for the boy, Mr. Smith had a good natured son-in-law (Mr. William Corbett, now of Port

Dover) who interceded to get him back to his old home for one winter more. Mr. Smith took him back *on condition he would occasionally stay at home from school to saw wood*—a condition never once imposed.

During this winter and the succeeding summer (in which he hired with Mr. William Corbett) the boy's progress was remarkable. He led the school in many mental contests. But his hard study left him time enough to continually dispute with his teacher, Mr. Adam Fisher. Every inch of educational ground had to be guaranteed to the young aspirant. Of course this was not merely *impolite*, but *wrong*. His teacher often said of this pupil: "He's clever but too high spirited to succeed, especially as a *teacher*."

About eighteen hundred and eighty he graduated at the head of his class in the Port Dover public school, under Mr. William Smith. He pushed on, working for farmers Saturdays and holidays, till he secured a certificate to teach. When a model he was remarkable for the strictness of his discipline.

He began his teaching in No. 9 Woodhouse near Dover. One director, a Mr. Geo. Davis, an Englishman, protested in vain against Creasy's election. But Mr. Jas. Jamieson said Creasy had passed well and is able. Give him a chance. Mr. John Ross was with Mr. Jamieson, and Creasy began his career as a teacher—Mr. Davis persisting, "He was the worst boy I ever knew, when he lived at Smith's." At the end of his first term, Creasy was unanimously re-elected. The next year he taught No. 10, a larger school. Here he remained three years, having had an advance in his salary as often as his engagement would permit. In point of *salary*, this school reached a place under Creasy, never equaled before or since. No change in directors took place in these three years. His directors were Messrs W. E. Armstrong, Jno. Hair and John McNeil. His discipline was so remarkable that he was chosen by Dr. J. J. Wadsworth, County Superintendent, to lecture on "Order in

School," "School Management," etc. at the county institute. His philosophic cast of mind, scientific method, and unusual energy impressed the convention much, if we may judge by lengthy discussion and long newspaper paragraphs. He made no pretense to Christianity; but maintained that the teacher's mission was to guide that God-given activity in every child—never to suppress it. His three school directors were present at Simcoe to hear this address.

After this he spoke as often as posaible in public, and was noted for his sudden and successful attacks upon other speakers, rather than for his own good speaking. For instance once in Woodstock, Canada, at an association of teachers, one gentleman stated that the *form* of pronouns decided their case. Creasy said, "That is not so." The speaker, much irritated, held his ground till Creasy said, "I see *you; you* see me. Now you have two you's one *accusative* and one *nominative*. Have they different *forms?* A general laugh followed, except in the case of the man who had just read his paper on grammar.

In No. 10 Creasy purchased a swing, croquet set, Indian rubber balls, etc. for his pupils. He maintained that "a body moves toward the greater force;" and made his school the greatest force in the neighborhood. He drew pupils from neighboring districts.

He taught afterwards at Virgil and Queenston, Ontario, Canada. After six years of teaching one hundred per cent of pupils he sent up for examination had succeeded. Two went up against his wish. One of these succeeded with one mark to spare. The other failed. It may be well to explain that in Canada the teacher does not set his own questions nor examine his own pupils. He prepares the pupil only.

He was called the new-system man. This expression had two leading causes. (a) His unusual originality: and (b) he had carefully studied the methods of teaching of ages long past, combined what he thought good in them

and pushed most enthusiastically this combination. He often taught Saturdays, recesses and evenings. In No. 10. he walked eight miles on Saturday afternoon to prepare two pupils for examination.

In eighteen hundred eighty-six Creasy was graduated from the Ingersoll College with high honors. He had attended two years to the annoyance of most of his teachers. They were glad he *passed*—out of their sight.

He had attended this institution to have the teaching of its superintendent, Mr. F. W. Merchant, who left before Creasy was graduated. The latter disliked Mr. Merchant's mathematical successor much, without any reasonable cause. He left no stone unturned to discuss everything and nothing. It seems strange that this insolent pupil escaped expulsion. He ceased to attend class for some sciences; but prepared very successfully *alone*. His teachers predicted failure; but, as has been said, *they* do not set the questions or examine their own pupils. The parties who do are not acquainted with the candidate; as he is known by number. This insures stern justice.

Creasy's sparkling wit and rich humor, combined to a ready tongue, would have made him a general favorite with teachers and scholars, had it not been for his cynical indifference to some of his best teachers. As it was the boys said, "Creasy is the life of this institution." In eighteen hundred eighty-eight he was graduated from Ottawa Normal. Creasy was born with a hatred to aristocracy, which he boldly manifested in that land of aristocrats, England, when only nine years of age by refusing to follow the teachings of his parents in bowing to John Talmash (afterwards Lord.) Instead of bowing he walked with head erect and defiant, when he met Talmash's carriage-and-four with Mr. Talmash himself driving. He expected the coachman would alight and flog him severely; but he would rather this than submission. Much frightened, he sought refuge by hiding in a ditch, covered with

thick foliage, till the distant rumble of the carriage wheels informed him that immediate danger had passed.

To-day he is dear to the masses, the darling of the merchant; but not much loved by the privileged classes. He is not so narrow as to be unkind to any mortal; but thinks that the millionaire can care for himself. His business is to right the wrongs of woman, and the down-trodden generally.

For four years he was superintendent of the Versehoyle school, which he resigned for the Baptist ministry. During the early part of his four years here, his wife, a lovely woman was drowned in the Niagara river, with her sister Grace, then sixteen. They had been bathing and did not know the Niagara. Mrs. Creasy was about twenty-one years of age.

This very happy marriage had lasted only three years. One son, Bertie, then only five months of age had been born to them. He has not re-married. After leaving Versehoyle, he entered the Baptist College in Woodstock, Canada, to matriculate in Greek and Latin. He went after Christmas, when the classes were reviewing their year's work; and hence made but little progress. However the superintendent Mr. J. I. Bates, promoted him to the graduating class in February, remarking "Creasy, you can do more work." He entered the McMaster Baptist university without matriculation; but with this recommendation from Mr. Bates to Dr. Rand, the Chancellor, "Creasy is capable of pursuing any course on your curriculum."

He studied science, language and theology. While a student he had charge of different churches; and was honored by a re-call to every charge at the expiration of his first term.

In eighteen hundred ninety six he was called as pastor of the First Baptist Church, Oswego, Kansas, a position he still holds, (June nineteen hundred.) He was ordained to the Baptist ministry in May eighteen hundred ninety-six. Some member of the large council called to examine the

candidate, had heard that Creasy said he wanted a severe test of his ability. He does not remember such a statement. But the test was supreme. The candidate did not hesitate an instant nor fail on a single question. His ordination was immediate and unanimous after the examination. His Canadian friend, Rev. H. G. Fraser, of Parsons, and others were proud of such a candidate. Local editors said, "He went through flying."

His congregations are large. Since his coming to Oswego, his membership in this church has more than doubled. His originality and radical views have carried his name all over the Union. Such papers as the "*Mail and Breeze;*" "*Kansas City Journal;*" "*St. Louis Post Dispatch*;" etc. have sent entire paragraphs from his sermon all over the land. He preaches that preachers should pay one hundred per cent of the market price for all articles. He pays it everywhere and always. He pays three cents per mile on railroads instead of one and one-half, as it is the custom for ministers. He consistently clashes with privileged classes. His great sympathy has created a demand for the publication of many of his funeral addresses. He has more than his share of non-church-going friends. Entire families when asked to what church they belonged, have answered: "We don't belong to any church, but are *Creasy* people. He has much more than his share of both weddings and funerals. He refuses pay for funerals, but his marriage fees alone support him. The merchant and business class pay more than his own church on his salary. He draws large crowds, not by his intense earnestness alone; but by his eccentric advertising. He had a long rhyme printed about Talmage in the palace car on a visit to the Czar etc. etc. on one occasion. Again he has bills printed like this, *Wanted! Men! Baptist Church etc.* In speaking he adopts the dramatic lecture plan. He has given a series of lectures on astronomy alone in this city. At the end of addresses he encourages questions from his audience. He lectures on, "Uncle Sam's Navy;" "Klon-

dykes Hidden;" "Famous American Men and Famous American Women" etc. An author not long since expressed surprise to find Creasy so *orthodox* from the pulpit, *in creed* at least. The Used-to-Be's consider him *heterodox*. He is not simply *abreast of*, but much *beyond* the age. He cynically censures that Christianity which begins and ends with one's own family. He holds in contempt the idea that a man can be a Christian and his wife and children not know it.

The late Mrs. Dollie Harrison in speaking of the author to Mrs. N. A. Read, of Oswego, said: "Well, Mr. Creasy has lived with me three years; and I have said things to him just to tantalize him. I had a right to test him; but I have never seen the least change in that man. He *is* a Christian."

Mr. C. M. Condon, a very prominent banker, of Oswego, Kansas, said of the author: "If he is not an honest man, I don't know where in the world we shall go to find one."

He holds the *outside* and the *workers inside* his church in a firm grasp. The Do Nothing's, Know-All's and Say-Much's in his church have met people they love more than they do Creasy. Without once flinching he lifts the vail from their hypocrisy. He is bold beyond prudence. In fact he is reckless. A position is less than an hour to him. His sarcasm is unreasonable. He will take more than a page in a newspaper to answer a single sentence some unfortunate has ventured against *him*. Of late, when Creasy's genius is recognized or his name follows an article, other local pens paralize.

As a debater he is quick, witty, fluent and good-humored. He refuses to speak on any side, except where his sympathy lies. In defeats he is as smiling as in victory. He has never been seen angry or even annoyed at a debate. He is master of *himself*.

"How long will he remain in Oswego?" is often asked. We do not know. About two years ago the political party that claims the author despaired of a certain ward in Os-

wego; because they had frequently lost it. In fact we may say *always*. They ran Creasy in said ward. The argument against him, by his political foes, was: "He's not a fixture." His friends answered, "He'll do good work while he stays." He was elected.

The intensity of his pride makes him appear arbitrarily arrogant. Once when a boy, he had failed to secure work on the Welland Canal, Canada, was out of money, and far from home. It was in April. The ground was wet and cold, but the author slept on it, drenched in rain, rather than ask shelter. He also went without food a couple of days, till he reached home. He says he sat on a railroad track (the Hamilton and Lake Huron,) about two miles from Port Dover, and a mile or two from Capt. McFell's, where he made his home. He found the tie on which he sat dished in the direction from which he had come. So he sat with his face in that direction. He fell asleep. When he woke he was walking *away* from McFell's, and had returned to Long's School House, a mile from his resting place, perhaps. He worked for a very cruel farmer that summer (whose name he will not mention here) for $50 and board for five months. He saved his money to attend school that winter. The result has been given.

Next to Creasy's arrogant pride, making it almost impossible for him to ask a favor, except of a favored few, comes what some call determination. But determination is too weak. He has the desperate tenacity of one drowning. The woman who finally became his wife absolutely refused his first proposal of marriage. This would have sufficed for most men. Not so with Creasy. He persisted several years after this with final success. He studied music about a year before he could tell "Rock of Ages" from "Yankee Doodle." He could not step to music. In 1888 he studied music in the Ottawa Normal very hard indeed, and made 15 marks out of a possible 200. His pedagogy marks were high. In 1894 he again studied music in Toronto, Canada, under a Miss Hannah Klinck. He suc-

ceeded In learning two tunes. Since then he can sing ordinary hymns, etc., if he can *see* the *notes*.

In 1891 he preached his first sermon in a Methodist Church at Dereham Centre, under the Rev. Thomas Boyd. This sermon surprised the "Centre" who said Creasy cannot continue to preach such powerful and profound sermons as that. They were right; for he frequently failed in pulpit after this. Again and again he broke down in the middle of his address. However, he refused to use notes or headings. His friends and foes urged him to use *notes* or *quit*. He did neither. But in about eight years he conquered. As early as midsummer, '97, his impromptu speaking secured his election as delegate to the international B. Y. P. U. convention at Chattanooga, Tenn. He is frequently selected for the leading address at associations. When he began his speaking, his voice could hardly be heard by the audience not immediately in front. Now, he is distinctly heard in every part of a large opera house. He has carefully studied the art of speaking from every possible standpoint. In public or private speaking his entire manner changes. His stern features relax, and his vivacity, tho' under complete control, is wonderful. He thinks Prof. Shaw, elocutionist of Toronto, Canada, in two years' training at the university, did more for him in voice power, than any one else. He has held his present position longer than any other man in this church, except one. He never comes down to his audience; but tries to bring them up to him. He is dreamy and imaginary, but vivid in the description of God's handiwork, as found on mountain, stream, in cloud, or valley. He observes his illustrations in woods, sky or water.

He hates gossip. In his pastoral work no amount of questioning can elict the news from him. The late Mrs. Dollie Harrison, provoked at the author's reticence, said: "He's the greenest man I ever knew about what's going on, but he has lots in that head of his. I have quit my dictionary now; as he tells me, and I have found out he's

right every time. What I can't make out is that such a man should stay with us. He doesn't know what's in him yet, I guess.

When the horizon is black with stormy words, waiting to waste all beneath them, Creasy's foes never tell what Creasy *said*; but what he *did*. When others rage, he is as calm as if the storm had passed. He cannot be provoked into loss of temper. He often defeats his foes by confusing propositions. Knowing most people can see thro' only one thing at once, he gives them a choice middle, and thus defeats them. He knows how to *seemingly* yield with grace. But he never really *yields*. He only waits. Then in a round-about way brings back the old proposition, dressed in a new garb; and pushes it on to success. Virtue can wait; tho' Vice is in haste. He never seems to be in a hurry in case of a crisis. He waits.

Mentally he is very quick; but desperately slow to change. Whether an analogy between the physical and mental man exists or not, we do not know. But in 1890 Creasy's tenacity led him to swim the Niagara River, near Lake Ontario, where the stream is a mile or more wide, and has a current of six miles per hour. All his life has been such a struggle. Friend and foe have banded against him in vain.

In his first position as pastor of a church (in Springfield, Elgin Co., Canada) he took a church that had been closed for two years previous to his pastorate. A certain lady had control of a thousand dollars willed this place to erect a Baptist chapel. The members were rent in twain over the *kind* of a church. Some were for *brick* and others for a *frame* building. Creasy secured this thousand dollars; and immediately decided on a *brick* building, which soon appeared. He simply does not care what people want. A Presbyterian gentleman in this village, in speaking of the author, said: "That Creasy hues to a line, and is reckless for the fall of the chips." Better men than Creasy had failed in the erection of this chapel. Yea, even that

marvel, the home mission board, had withdrawn like a spoilt and sulky baby, baffled by obstacles too great for this arbitrary and all-wise body, after futile efforts to rear this building.

He is generous to a fault. He gives away his money and clothing to tramps, buys dolls for little girls; marbles for boys; engages livery rigs to take children driving, etc. He will borrow or beg to help a friend in a tight place; but is resentful if his confidence is once betrayed.

When he and his foe meet on common ground, he waits till the conversation naturally turns to some one his foe hates. Then in the smoothest, most affable manner, he grows enthusiastic in his praise of his foe's foe. This is downright meanness. Creasy never betrays; but will at last even up with Judas.

He works of late about four hours a day, and writes a thousand lines of poetry every month. He takes long walks—often tramping nine miles. When "off duty" he goes thro' the town, talking, joking and laughing, with the citizens—tho' he says nothing so to speak—playing marbles with little boys, skipping ropes for little girls, or nursing babies or dolls, etc., etc.

A foe once nominated Creasy for an important office—probably to down him—but Creasy stood his ground, and was elected by a large majority over several opponents, to his own surprise and the chagrin of his foe. His popularity is unbounded. His foes fear his friends, and handle him with gloves.

Now for his writing. As far back as 1880 Mr. F. W. Merchant, M. A., then of Pt. Dover, his teacher, spoke frequently and admiringly of this boy's compositions. After Mr. Merchant left, Creasy wrote Judson McFell, who followed his teacher to Aylmer, Ont., Canada, describing the condition of the school. Mr. Merchant begged young McFell to allow him to read these letters. The desire was granted. In these missives the antics of one Myers

(John) were described. Mr. Merchant said: "That's it. I can see it all. That Creasy will be an author."

Creasy's anonymous writings for the Jarvis Record (Petit Editor) at this time were credited to Dr. Jno. McLean, of Port Dover. These writings delighted the pupils, but enraged the teachers and annoyed the board of directors. Had Creasy's hand been recognized, his expulsion from the high school would have been immediate. But none ever knew the author except the editor and Mr. P. P. Newell, of Port Dover. Fortunately for Creasy's education, he quit writing at Newell's suggestion. He next wrote a continued story about '85 for the Jarvis Record, describing his own trip to England. This roused much comment.

Subsequent college and University years brought forth nothing remarkable. The boys, in their reviews for examination, gave Creasy charge of the poetry. He loved history, grammar and poetry; but detested theology.

After locating in Oswego in '96, he took virtually a post graduate course alone, thro' the kindness of Judge Nelson Case, who gave him free access to his splendid library. In the study of philosophy, Des. Cartes, Spinoza, Kant, etc., Creasy gained that wonderful mental grasp, which now distinguishes him. He decides all propositions instantly; but changes not unless compelled.

In July, 1899, he wrote his first poem, "The Battleship Maine," which became locally famous. In one month his third addition appeared. Soon after his "Dewey at Manila" appeared. In less than a year he has produced two volumes and is about to publish his fifth edition of poems.

Entire neighborhoods may be found, where every home has Creasy's poems. Five hundred copies of his "Two Women Wronged" were sold in Oswego alone.

His writings teach his relf-reliance and his hatred of wrong. For instance, his "Klondyke Hidden" has this stanza:

"I am just what I want to be;
I see just what I want to see:
I go just where I want to go;
I do just what I want to do."

Then his "Prodigal Daughter" keeps the purpose of his life before the public. He knows that the so-called orthodox creed admits the basest forms of selfishness. He knows that a large per cent of the church members has but little likeness of Christ. They are selfishness incarnated. His contempt of those who love their own only is brought out in his "Small People," and then again in "Our Religion." The first stanza of "Our Religion" reads:

"It doth consist in *turkey round*.
Just on one's fair table found;
We just invite our kith and blood,
To shower blessings like a flood."

The purpose of his writing is to reform; and aid orphanages, hospitals, colleges, etc., financially.

T. Elmore Lucey, author Atlanta, Ga., calls Creasy the realistic poet, and such he is; but he gathers his inspiration and best illustrations from nature. Tho' methodical after a plan of his own, he is as wayward and opposed to restraint as in his boyhood. He wanders thro' the woods, valleys, and by the Kansas streams often almost all day, absolutely alone. He makes no explanation of *where* he is going or *when* he will return. Sometimes, when Mrs. N. A. Read confronts him, on his return, with the news that he lost a wedding fee by his wanderings, he simply laughs and says, "Well, I made more than that. He is very fond of power, but indifferent to the *money* power.

Some time since a Mr. Neil came on Tuesday to engage Creasy to marry him some miles from Oswego the next day. Mr. Neil was very anxious for Creasy to officiate. He remained several hours in Oswego, waiting for the return of the latter. In vain. He inquired at the livery stable (Fisher's), and the men there said: "We don't know

where he went or when he will return. He never tells us. All we know is, he is good to the horses, and we ask him no questions."

He is so abandoned to his writing that he does not know the day of the week. Not long since he was astonished to see two high school teachers on the street about ten a. m. Addressing one he said: "Ar'n't you teaching now?" "Oh, yes," was the answer, "but it is Saturday." This information about the *day* of the week, surprised Creasy much. Weddings and funerals are all he has not yet forgotten.

It may not be out of place to say that his writings are bent towards a reform, occasionally referred to as a fragment of an address or newspaper article; but perhaps never spoken upon or written upon at great length—the unfair treatment of woman.

Concerning the man whose inflexible features are on the frontispiece of this book we may add:

He is self-willed, stubborn, arbitrarily dogmatic, tenacious, eccentric, indefatigable in his industry. He writes thro' his stenographer in answer to all correspondence *immediately on receiving letters,* so that he owes no one. He is clear and very concise. If a correspondence annoys him, he returns the letter *unopened*..

He simply *will not* quarrel.

He is as biased in his love as in his hate. He never forsakes a friend, and never forgives a foe. We speak of him as he naturally is. The loss of his young wife so many years since softened his nature much.

He is very popular, never yet losing an appointment, when nominated.

He is cautious in the extreme. In case of dispute, he is silent till he meets his foe in *public.* His memory is as tenacious as he. Not long since a foe tried to remove him from the chair at a certain meeting of much moment. He said: "Sir, four years since you moved (and Mr. So-and-So seconded) that I should hold this position always. This

time is not exempt. He held the chair, and carried every other point in dispute.

In business affairs he seems reckless, but is punctilious to a fault. He has a written agreement with his agents, his church, everbody with whom he deals. People call him "easy" *till they clash with him.* Not long since an agent, trusting to Creasy's ignorance, claimed $5.00 dues. Creasy said nothing, but next day confronted the bewildered agent with an account, containing about four pages—days, dates, items—which showed (as the agent acknowledged) that Creasy owed him nothing.

He *seems* indifferent to money; but will distinctly remember a 5-cent account for five years, if need be. He was never sued, and never goes to law; but brings all parties face to face with the *written* contract. He holds to that.

None doubt his honesty.

When at school he sometimes studied all night, and frequently until three o'clock in the morning. A great mistake. As a result he had to be treated for strabismus. Dr. Ryerson, of Toronto, successfully treated him for this; but he will likely go blind when old.

He will leave any work, except a funeral, to prepare for and take part in a debate, spelling match, etc., with cheerful alacrity. He serves in many thankless and moneyless offices. His personal dislikes do not effect his duty to the public. "He yields not, he, to man nor fate."

The Rev. Drs. Thos. Orme (Methodist) of Dereham Cr., and McTavish (Presbyterian) of Toronto, Canada, were powerful factors in shaping Creasy's destiny. The kind Jas. B. Gray, St. Catherines, P. S. County Superintendent, favored Creasy much. E. C. Corbett and Benj. Dutton, of Versehoyle, helped Creasy much. But the two men who shaped his destiny are F. W. Merchant, M. A., and Dr. O. C. S. Wallace (when pastor Bloor St. Baptist Church, Toronto, Canada). It was not the former's clear enunciation of mathematical problems (tho' this was *par excellence*) that

influenced the boy; but it was his teacher's eternal energy and unflagging zeal. The boy was conscious of a powerful inspiration which came to him as a result of personal contact with this great teacher. Mr. Merchant took so much interest in his pupil, that he kindly offered him money, without interest, to complete his course. Of course Creasy declined. Creasy has forgotten the *mathematics* of former days (this is not a *psychological*, but a *popular* statement), but the teacher's influence hangs halo-like around his life till to-day.

The sermons of Dr. Wallace are alike forgotten. But the methodical, logical, clear, concise and complete O. C. S. Wallace made a marvelous change in Creasy. The latter, when living in Toronto, at first attended different churches; but left them all for Dr. Wallace's church, *because the doctor did not read his sermons.* This was very fortunate for Creasy; because this able man excelled in Creasy's deficiencies. Creasy's stay in Oswego had been very brief, when his people said: "Why, Creasy knows every man, woman and child in Oswego by *name.* This tenacity for faces and names comes to him as the result of Dr. Wallace's help. If Creasy did fail in conducting a few meetings in the doctor's church as the result of "*jocularity*") he did not fail to find some of the secret springs without which Dr. O. C. S. Wallace would have lived and died in obscurity.

Again, this erratic Creasy had the confidence of the very polite Dr. Wallace:—We mean as much of it as the cautious doctor could afford to invest in a young man, whose eccentricities were so distasteful to his foes, whose present was non-prosperous, and whose future was clouded. This confidence, such as it was, benefited Creasy much as has been seen.

We should expect from his birth, strong personality, and Canadian rearing that Creasy's love would be divided between England and Canada. Such is not the case. Creasy is emphatically *American.*

Prelude.

As courtship was, it was so brief,
That none was known in days gone by;
For man was great, and lord and chief;
And woman's part was wed and die.
Or, if refused this man to wed,
Because her love another found,
She found for aye a narrow bed
In cedar shade beneath the ground,
Her grave was pointed out in scorn;
The place was shunned by maidens fair;
And woman's hope was aye forlorn,
Who viewed that spot, tho' Love slept there.

The Indian's strength gained him a wife;
For wrestler who in Fortune's might
Could throw each foe in manly strife,
A choice could have, or wrong or right,
Of maidens fair, or love or hate,
Or treat her well or treat her ill,
She ne'er was asked; but fixed her fate
By one who might her tribe's blood spill,
And leave her when Love's fancy fell
On face more fair or form more strong.

Yea, Hate itself her doom might tell,
And she to death would then belong,
In life her form the faggot bore;
With flint and knife on foot she goes,
While horse is found forever more
Her lord to ride to meet his foes,
When camp is found she builds the fire,
And moves about her lordly mate,
And fears some act may rouse his ire,
Who sullen waits his meal to take
From her who never once was asked
To share his joys, yet forced to be
The slave of one who stands unmasked.
Her tyrant till eternity.

The meal is o'er, and, by the fire,
He finds a place that suits him well;
And there for sleep he doth retire.
But cold the place to her befell,
And meatless, too, the bone she finds,
For lord of all must have his share;
And man, so great, must sway the minds
Of women weak, howe'er they fare.

In China, too, the woman child
Is often slain in infant state,
Tho' mother's mind may drive her wild;
For man decides this wee girl's fate,

Because a girl she dare to be,
And not a boy as papa planned,
To stem the tide on life's great sea,
That ship of state be better manned.

But then this girl who found a grave
As soon as born in Ganges deep,
Escapes the ills her sisters gave
To human race before they sleep
The sleep of death, so sweet to those,
Who veiled their lives and hid in dark
Their beauty; since the men oppose
Their rights and e'en deny that spark
Of light which flashes from the eye
Of her who, face to face with man,
Speaks out her soul that cannot die,
And must be free as when began
Her life with man in Eden fair,
When she beside him stood a queen,
The fairest form in Eden there,
The fairest fair that earth hath seen.

There was a time in England's life
When women had a second place;
And wife for wife, without a strife,
Exchanged might be so that the race
No mother knew in days of yore;
And wife was bought by haughty lord,

Who woed her not and cared not more
For her, her love, her form, adored
Not he, so much as horse, bought,
And sold at last for more than wife
Had cost when young and fair she brought
Her lordly tyrant—not thro' strife—
The dower of self and faith pledged
To love this man thro' weal and woe,
And from his home could not be merged,
Tho' Love himself should sue to go.
Her word was naught; she had no place,
Except apart from mighty powers,
With slaves he bought she ran her race,
And spent her weeks, her days, her hours.

Before these great United States
The Old World had taught how to live,
The good ship, Mayflower, dared the fates,
And crossed o'er sea that she might give,
In ages yet to be her light,
A light that must forever shine
On brave and fair without a slight
To her Old England made repine,
Because her laws were partial shown,
And by and for the man were made.
But woman's wit, be it well known,
O'er-rides laws 'gainst her in trade,
And makes men fear her much in fight,
Explains this, laws 'gainst her in past,

So oft has she put man to flight,
That he tried laws unjust at last.

These laws averse were first thus formed;
The fair were major in a land
Where might 'gainst right raged and stormed,
The women formed a mighty band,
Laid siege to men in castles strong,
Till fort on fort fell to their lot
And filled the land with triumph song,
But mixed with wail men ne'er forgot.
The fair were fair in terms to men;
But men will brook no *second* place;
And hence went out to field and fen,
Where saw they ne'er a woman's face.
Here fought they fierce among themselves,
Till all things common did they own;
And pads and locks were laid on shelves,
Where *nothing else* could ere be shown.

At length these men a council call,
As chairman took his place on stump,
He looked as grave as if the fall
Of sin had come to him in lump,
And thus addressed this meeting grave:
"O' course, my lads you know the trouble
How women long have made us rave
An' now why not return 'em double?
If we once more agree on plan,

We'll bring 'em down from their proud place
By fighten 'em each like a man.
You know as once I led the race
Again 'em and was backward forced;
An' so put in a leader new,
Who will by all be well indorsed,
And give him men and not a few.''
Amid loud cheers the chairman ceased
And dropped he down beside the stump.

So then Bill Brag with voice that reached
Beyond the wood that formed a clump
Said– ''Mister Chairman and gem'en,
I move the laws these women make
Be taken out and burned by men;
So all the world may see mistake."
This bro't Rob Rude's voice into play:
''I rise to pint of order, sir,"
''Then state your pint," three voices say,
But now there was such a great stir
That all forgot before the calm,
Possessed again these men most wise
What caused the storm or what the palm,
That made so coveted a prize.
When order was once more regained,
The chairman calls one, old and bent,
Who said: ''I have to-day been pained,
As I to you my ear have lent,
To hear you talk such silly stuff.

You know I was a diplomatist
To court in France and found a bluff
Was better far than to enlist
For this or that or right or wrong.
You know this is a woman scrape,
And we have missed it all along,
Another miss cannot escape
The world's most bitter biting scorn.
Let us then fence instead of fight;
Or else we'll wish we ne'er were born.
This plan of mine will put to flight
These women proud as sure as fate:
And 'tis: "Dress up three boys in red
And blue and shave and slick not late;
Then send a message on ahead,
In which you beg them to admit
These dandies into their councils.
Before they go have them all fit
For part they'll play with these damsels.
Let Sam Sweet-Voice practice his part:
And sing that song called 'Home, Sweet Home'
So as he'll reach each woman's heart.
Then let him sing 'Where'er I roam
I'll take my own my little wife'—
I can't recall the rest of that—
But this will pay as sure as life.
Then let these three the leaders pat,
And flatter about their fine parts;
For good address and form and face
Will win sure place in women's hearts,

And draw the leaders from their place;
For love will take a woman's mind
From dearest wish her heart can know;
For this she will forsake her kind,
And leave fair plans to die or grow.
Train Sam Slick with young Dandy Dude,
For three long months on campers' ground,
So that each bears himself not rude;
And that no [illegible]ter can be found.
A woman woes a manly man;
So train these men their clubs to swing
To make each master if you can
Of self, of voice till each shall sing
So clear and sweet that angels bend
And break the blue that hangs above
That they their ears to song may lend—
A song of home with woman's love."

Three months from then the women fell,
Ensnared by net these men had laid;
And lot of wife to each befell;
Save some who swerved not nor were paid
Enough to sue them from what they deemed
Their right, to rule beside the man,
And these no man has e'er redeemed,
For they the "Woman's Rights" began.

Yet spite of change in woman's former state,
She has not, feels not, knows not liberty

In realm that ought and must decide her fate,
In realm she enters in temerity.
This realm is love, where she supreme should
reign;
For here she anchors her hope, firm and sure.
But here her lord does not a moment deign
To give her freedom shall for aye endure;
For man is king and feels his right in might
to reign.

Does he, as man, give woman her own place
In life, in law, in love, to her so dear?
Does he in business meet her face to face;
And grant to her what he perceives quite clear
To be his right for work by him performed?
Or does he not exact from her tasks stern
In store, in schools, where classic lore is
stormed,
For guerdon so small that he must need learn
To shun that work, to beg, to tramp, and
sleep in barn.

A man will lift his hat in great respect
To lady clerk, whom he robs day by day;
And yet her smiles, her speech, her life expect
To bring him gain and make his business pay.
Men, money sharks, with face awry will pray
To Christ on Sunday morn to bless all earth;

But Monday and other days with small pay
Will curse one half the race with wage so
dearth
That dress cannot be bought to him pray
so worth.

Who says 'tis just to give a woman wage,
Far less for work the same in kind, amount
As man receives who will not thus engage;
Because man cannot brook so small account?
Oh, harps the pious moneyed Pharisee:
"The fair have family none to support."
But stubborn facts do not with this agree:
In Western towns science doth us report
That wives by work keep man and child by their
effort.

In law she knows no place among the wise,
Who listen long to lawyer's plea or wail
Of plaintiff, trying right or wrong to rise
Above defendant's hopes on men prevail.
In temperance cause woman's notes unknown,
Tho' here she suffers Shame's severest slight;
And drunkard's dismal dens have well been
shown
To plunge her life, her hopes, her all in night,
As dark as ocean cave that never knew a light.
Yet some will say that stocks and shares belong
To man at ten per cent both day and night.

But home is woman's with her joyful song;
And here she lives and loves to lend her light
To grace the place her lord thinks little worth;
And hence to it comes only when the street
Deserted is by those who gave him mirth;
For lights drop out and shadows soon do meet,
Drive him to seek what he has made a cheerless
hearth.

Now home, the gateway to two world, will take
The child who blends in self the now and then
To bliss in time, where light prevents mistake,
For mother sheds this light which makes good
men.
Home, mother, heaven, blend in one to-day.
Home is the circle, Love's most lovely light,
Where three must move in heaven's purest ray.
These three are father, mother and child bright,
Who live, and love, and learn in heaven's light
her might.
The home will make the mind of man to move
In time, in tide, his talents that tear down;
Or build for weal or woe of those who rove
The sea of life to find a curse or crown.
The home is mother's most exalted throne—
The place where cradle she the nation's might,
The place where force for good is known alone;
For home is place where heaven borrows light;
Our home's the place where heaven's rays do
meet most bright.

If women make the home or waste,
Why should not she to her own taste
Supply for it the husband good,
That all may well be understood?
You say she does to-day and now;
But let this book tell us how.

DRAMA PROPER.

Dramatis Personæ.

TRUE PATIENCE, who becomes Mrs. Steal-Girl.
SNARL STEAL-GIRL, a Cattle Buyer.
GRAB-ALL, a merchant.
PLEASE-ALL.
PEARL PRETTY, a clerk for Grab-All.
LOVE-LUST, a son of Grab-All.
DR. E. M. MAKE-HASTE, Admirer of Mrs. Steal-Girl.
DR. SPEED-GOOD, True Patience' Pastor.
OLD PULL-BACK, from Tennessee.
SARAH SPOILT-CHILD, of Brooklyn, N. Y.
WANT-ALL, Uncle of True Patience.
OWN-THE-WORLD. Money Lender of St. Louis.
KNOW-NOTHING, Steal-Girl's Servant.
SMOOTH-MAN, Business Man.
READY-TO-SHIFT, Professional Man.
WRONG-ALL, a Joint-Keeper.
SORE-HEAD, Dismissed from Grab-All's Service.
FAIR-PLAY, an Opponent of Grab-All.
INDEPENDENT, Self-sustained, Scientist.
HATE-GOOD, a Gossip.
KNOW-MUCH.

Others.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—OSWEGO—PARLOR IN TRUE PATIENCE' HOME—TRUE PATIENCE SEATED ON SOFA.

Enter Servant: Please mum, here's Dr. Speed-Good's card.

True P: Bid him in.

Enters Speed-Good.

True P: (Rising and extending her hand) Good day, Doctor, how are you? glad you've come; be seated, doctor.

Speed: Thank you much for your kind welcome. I am well. I come so often I wonder you do not tire of me.

True P: You cannot come so often as to wear out your welcome; and besides, you have not been here for two months. By the way, Doctor, are you still engaged on that musical composition, "The Other Side of It?"

Speed: Yes, it will take a year yet.

True: People are talking much about it.

Speed: Indeed?

True: I said, Doctor, that I was glad to see you; the fact is I was about to phone you over when your card announced you.

Speed: Indeed, I shall be glad to help you, True.

True: Well, you know how sad my life has aye been.
You know my mother died when I was born,
And father fell dead on a Frisco platform,
Before I reached my thirteenth year of life.
You know my father's fondness for young Steal-Girl;
And how I promised to wed at sixteen.
You know too that I am ward to Want-All,
Who father's wish keeps ever fresh to me.
Steal-Girl is not much older than I am;
But has an arm defective as you know—
In fact he's failed to do what we hoped for.
While this is true, my word to father known
To Uncle Want-All so often's been pledged
And now 'tis given to this same sad Steal-Girl,
What think you, Doctor, I ought now to do?

Speed: Before I answer you, my little True,
I first must ask what marriage means to you?
Is it uniting two hearts, making one?
Now marriage does not to this earth belong,
And preacher, judge probate or laws of time
Are idle in marriage true as soldier
Painted, on "painted ship," on painted sea,
So True, the question is *are* you *married*,
Not *shall* you be married to-morrow morn.
If married now, his glance, his love, the touch
Of his hand sends your blood in pulses wild
Thro' your entire being till you're made new
In presence that you feel to be divine.

True: I never had such feelings.

Speed: Because you never loved.

True: Doctor, what shall I do?

Speed: Give up this man who loathes what you love. You love music. He hates it. You love church. He loathes it. You never can be married to him.

True: He is almost converted.

Speed: Almost will not prevail.

True: He comes to hear you preach and likes your sermons.

Speed: He does neither. He comes to woo wealth that your late father left you.

True: He enjoyed your sermon last Sunday.

Speed: He paid no attention to it, but flattered you because you like your pastor. You say he is almost converted. He is converting more whiskey from Wrong-All's joint into his system than ever. After that good sermon he enjoyed so much, he went to Wrong All's and the boys carried him home quite late. Retrace your steps to give up this vile wretch.

True: (Crying bitterly): You are very unkind.

Speed: What you think kindness to him is cruelty to you. Do you know the secret to that withered arm?

True: He has told me.

Speed: Did he tell you he was stabbed by an Indian in the territory in a drunken spree?

True: No; suppose these things true, Doctor, is he so vile as to be beyond redemption? Are

you not preaching the divinity of every son of Adam year after year? Again do you not teach that man's word is God in man? Have I not promised my late father, my uncle and Steal-Girl that I will marry this man! Shall I a Christian be?

Speed: No, he is not past redemption. But your chance to redeem him will be slight, *after* he has your *money* to work out his own salvation. Yes, man's word is God in man. But your father's will reads concerning your marriage to this vile man, "if possible," and it is not possible. Your father did not forsee what now is.

True: I think I will wait a year as you have often asked. (Exit Speed.)

SCENE 2.—True Patience's Parlor.

(Sharp ring thrice repeated on phone brings True Patience from the sofa to answer. She listens.)

True: Yes, I am at home. Come at once. (Rings off.)

(Enters Steal-Girl.)

True: Good morning, Snarl. Glad you're back.

Steal: I'm glad, too. How are you, True? (Kisses her.) I tell you, True, I got a big bunch of 'em this 'ere time. I got 'em in Oklahoma. Biggest bunch ever crossed the Mississippi, bound east. Cattle in good condition, too. Worth fifty thousand dollars. I guess the company back east

will blink when they see 'em. I'm tired of buyin' for them fellers back east.

True: I'm glad you've done well. Do you know, Snarl, that I have not a friend that is not bitterly opposing my marriage to you?

Steal: Yes, and why? Because I'm tryin' an' tryin' to be somebody. They are down on me just for nothin.' I own I drink a little; and used to swear; but I am quitting my bad habits for you, True; because you are such an angel. No one else has ever helped me on to Christ. True, you will stay by me, won't you? If not, I'm gone. *You* can save me. Oh, True, don't leave me.

True: I will not; but I think we had better wait a year.

Steal: No, you have promised me next *Wednesdoy* at 10 o'clock; so we can take the 12:27 Katy train north to Parsons to see my uncle Bill. You say, too, your word is God in you. Will you break God? Now don't I keep my word better than I used to; and will you fail?

True: No; I will keep my word.

Steal: (Rises, kisses True.) Well, I must go. Next Wednesday, mind (Exit.)

SCENE 3.—Steal-Girl's Office.

(Enter Sore-Head.

Steal: Hello, Sore-Head. Sit down. (Kicks a chair towards Sore-Head) What's the news?

Sore: News? Why the city is brimming over with news.

Steal: Well, what is it?

Sore: Why the Occupation Tax; your big bunch of cattle; and your marriage to that Patience girl. Take a drink (hands Steal-Girl a flask.)

Steal: I don't believe I ought; for the game with True is not yet won. I want my wits. Then you belong to Speed-Good's church; ought you to put that stuff (looking at flask) in my way, when I am no church member? What will Speed-Good say?

Sore: *He* say. *He* don't know nothin'. He's the biggest fool I ever saw.

Steal; (Takes a drink.) Why I tho't he was a big educated feller.

Sore: So he is, but he hent got no judgment. He'll never turn me out of his church—he don't know enough.

Steal: What about that tax?

Sore: Why Know-Much and Mule-Man has reduced it seventy-five per cent, tho' Know-Much levied the first tax on his own certain knowledge.

Steal: (Taking his third drink): Well, what about my *marriage* to the girl?

Sore: They only guess at that. But you'll tell me all about it, *won't you, Snarl?*

Steal: Yes; you see her father wished me to wed her when she was sixteen. That time has come. But her friends kick on it—but most of all, Speed-Good. Say, he's a slink, and wants her himself, I believe.

Sore: You have a bad hand, but play well. Her friends have a good hand, but play bad. How are you handling your cards?

Steal: That's what I started to tell you, if you let me alone, after handing you that stuff you take for your live, and I take for general debility, ha! ha! ha! I'll tell yer. You see a woman's a queer critter. She's a mule if you try to drive her, but she can be coaxed. A woman is a great believer. They'll all go to heaven, I know. I've had experience and find one plan works on 'em all. I tell 'em I'm bad—led off when young by bad company, but their influence is wonderful for good. I tell 'em I do not like to hear *filthy stories*, but like a good *sermon*. You see a woman's a very religious animal. Tell 'em they are good, but I am bad. At first swear in their company a little, apologize a good deal, and gradually get down to a Christian conduct. Tell 'em it's all the result of their Christian lives. I tell her that the *preachers* keep me out of heaven, but *she* will get me there. I call her my angel, my pure guard, my heaven my hope, my all.

Sore: Will these schemes always work?

Steal: They always have.

Sore: But after marriage, can you keep that up?

Steal: After marriage I shall not need to keep it up.

Sore: Remember in this state divorces are

cheap; and who ever heard of a woman failing to get one if she tried?

Steal: Unthinkable, because of True's religion. My business is to catch the bird; for she owns her own cage.

SCENE 4—Oswego. Speed-Good's Home.

Enter Steal-Girl.

Steal: Good noon, Doctor Speed-Good.

Speed: How do you do, Mr. Steal-Girl?

Steal: Well; hope you're well.

Speed: Never better. Take this rocker (pointing to it.)

Steal: (Sitting and nervously turning broad-rimmed Yankee hat in his hands; crosses and recrosses his limbs.) Can you do a little piece of nice work for me to-morrow at 10 a. m., Doctor?

Speed: No; for I leave to-night for Kansas City, as I speak there to-morrow at 11 a. m.

Steal: Well, I'm sorry, and True will feel bad, for she's wrapt up in you. I tell you, Speed-Good, there's money in it now; and more further on, for I shall support your church. Can't you telephone that convention and cancel your talk there? I shall like a decent sort of weddin,' and True she will not feel married without your presence.

Speed: Thank you much. I am sorry for True, but cannot marry her to-morrow.

Steal: Youre a missin' it.

Speed: (aside): I wish True could miss you. I

would rather bury her than marry her to this vile wretch.

Steal: Go to; the Judge Probate shall be reaper of this harvest, and he'll work much cheaper. (Exit.)

SCENE 5.—Oswego. True Patience' Parlor.

Guests at Wedding. Probate Judge.

Probate Judge: Will the gentlemen, Messrs. Sore-Head, Fair-Play and the rest, with the Misses Grace and Gertrude Grab-All, please take seats on right and left of groom and bride. (Probate Judge faces groom and bride and dictates position of all parties.)

Probate Judge: All please rise. (All rise.) Bride and groom will please clasp right hands. (Hands clasped as requested. Judge begins and says): Do you, Snarl Steal-Girl, take this woman, True Patience, to be your lawfully wedded wife?

Steal: Yes, sir.

Probate Judge: Do you further agree to preserve her, to protect her, to prefer her to all others till death separates you?

Steal: Yes, sir.

Probate Judge: Do, you, True Patience, promise to do by this man what he has just promised to do by you?

True: I do.

Probate Judge: Then by power vested in me by the laws of the state of Kansas, as Probate Judge, before Almighty God and these witnesses

assembled, I declare you man and wife till death comes to one or both of you. (Steal-Girl kisses his bride, and the Judge and others congratulate the "happy pair." Instrumental music, soft, sweet, befitting occasion.)

INTERLOPED.

OCCUPATION TAX HALL.

City Guardians.

His Angelic Majesty, Lord of All (in chair): Guardians, you know our purpose. Begin.

Mule-Man: I move a wall bull-strong, hog-tight and horse-high be built around our fair city to embrace the *occupation tax.*

Know-Much: Seconded. (Motion carries.)

Policy-Man: I move that strangers who attempt to climb over said wall, dig under it or peer thro' it be dealt with by law. (Seconded; carried.)

Mule-Man: I move *small* jointists be punished, but *big* jointists go free. (Seconded; carried.)

Policy-Man: Allow me to move that millionaires be taxed $10 a year, and all small holders $50 a year. (Seconded; carried.)

Mule Man: Please, your Angelic Majesty, I beg to move that them 'ere picture-frame men be placed in the pest house; that a small-pox flag float over them for thirty days; that they be fed on mouldy bread and unfiltered water during that

time; then be publicly flogged and banished this 'ere city.

His Majesty: No second to this is needed, because one of the villains bought the other out of the round house, and both have left for a near town. (Motion lost.)

His Angelic Majesty, Lord of All (hearing a crowd rushing upstairs, His Majesty, seated in regal state, rises and exclaims): Powers celestial! What's that?

Knom: Those a-fightin' us are a-comin.' (Crowd rushes in.)

His Anj. Maj.: Good cheer, citizens. You are welcome; take chairs. (Citizens hunt for seats, while the city guardians tremble.)

His Ang. Maj. (continuing): What can we do for you, good friends?

First Citizen: Cut down that 'ere tax.

Second Citizen: No! No! No! Not cut *down*, but cut *out.*

His Ang. Maj.: Gentlemen, becalm yourselves and tell us your errand.

Third Citizen: My errand is to learn why you imposed an *occupation tax* on *my* science. You say it is no business; no nothing; it don't belong no place. Then why did you tax it? Do I compete with teacher, lawyer, preacher, doctor, merchant, anybody? You know I don't. Then do you tax my *ability?*

Know-Much: We base taxes on our *personal observation.*

Mule-Man: You jus' bet we do! (Long and hot discussion follows. Exeunt citizens.)

Smooth-Man (in going down stairs): Boys, I paid my *occupation tax this* year; but I won't do that again. *Next* year I'll be one of *you.*

Pull-Back (as crowd goes up street): This 'ent no way ter do. Away back in sixty, before the war, we had no such doin's in Tennessee.

Canaday: Well, I'm taxed out of business. So the guardians may guard what their swiping sword has secured.

(Music, "Yankee Doodle.))

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—Mrs. Steal-Girl's Sitting Room, Mrs. Steal-Girl, Miss Dreadful, Miss Ne'er-do-well, Miss Vengeance, Miss Red-Tape, Mrs. Calvin, Mrs. Arminius, Mrs. Worldly, Mrs. Jealous, Mrs. Talk-Much and the two Misses Grab-All (members of different churches) seated around a large table, sewing for the heathen.

Mrs. Talk: Did you hear the news?

All: No! no! no! What is it?

Mrs. Talk: Why, the fool pastor of the north-east church said from his pulpit last Sunday morning that he believed the world's need was Christian manhood. He intended to do his best to make that manhood as follows:

1. He thought preachers should not ride for half fare on railroads and he was paying full fare this year.

2. He would not ask ten per cent discount on goods *because he was a preacher.*

3. He thought preachers should pay and be paid on principles as precise as push and pluck provoke in public places.

4. The privileged people provoked Providence to punish them by public executions during Aaron's priesthood.

5. Privileged people punished our Priest, and Prophet, and Propitiator by piercing His hands and feet and side, while on the cruel cross, where they had placed Him.

6. He said. Divines deny divine healing. The Bible says "Christ is changeless;" but divines deny this statement and state *why* He has changed.

7. Privileged people pushed Jesus out of Nazareth, out of the cities, out of the churches, out into the wilderness, out of the world.

8. Speed-Good stated: Dear friends, what you have, eat, wear, pay on passenger trains, etc., is good enough for me. I stand, after four years of preaching in this pulpit, upon the strength of my own manhood in Christ alone. Please place me in your pulpit, outside the privileged people. I am a *man.*

In politics my policy places tax according to a man's holdings. Tax all according to expert,

sworn statement of assessor. Let the $200 man pay double the dollars the $100 man pays, etc., etc.

Miss Dread: How dreadful.

Miss Ne'er: He's too fast.

Miss Red: We'll get him out of our church and city.

Mrs. Cal: What is to be will be. There's no use to fight it.

Mrs. Arm: That's a foolish doctrine.

Mrs. Steal: Then you believe that what is *not* to be will be, do you?

Mrs. Arm: Why of course not.

Mrs. Jeal: I hate him. So do many others. *Our* pastor is placed high in the public eye. All speak well of him.

Mrs. Cal: "Woe unto thee when all men shall speak well of thee."

Mrs. World: Speed-Good is just my style of man tho' I do not belong to his church. He is a member of every lodge in town; so am I. (Laughter.) He drives fast horses; so does Worldly. He plays all kinds of games; and so do I. He is educated; and so is Worldly. He's fine on baseball; and so is Worldly. He's good in music; and so is Worldly. My husband says Speed-Good can size up a horse as well as a man who don't pretend to preach. The other night Speed-Good came to our place and played with us till night was nearly gone.

Miss Dread: Oh, how dreadful!

Miss Red: Our pastor does that.

Mrs. Cal: It was not so ordained.—

Mrs. Arm: (breaking in): But it is so; so what becomes of your *predestination?*

Mrs. Cal: I had not finished. I meant to say, it was not ordained *at first.*

Miss Ne'er: Speed-Good don't know nothin'.

Mrs. Steal: He is right or not right in his statements last Sunday. Now which is it?

Miss Ven: He'll be right when we have our rights; and that won't be till we have a right to right the wrong he's doing in this city by his teaching.

Mrs. Steal: Have we a manly Christianity?

Mrs. Jeal: Yes.

Mrs. Steal: (turning to Mrs. Calvin): Who conduct your church, the men or the women?

Mrs. Cal: The women except the voting. The *men engage* the pastor. But we *pay* him.

Mrs. Steal: (to Mrs. Arm): Mrs. Arminius, who conduct your Sunday school, your young people's junior and senior societies, men or women?

Mrs. Arm: Women.

Mrs. Steal: (to Mrs. Red). Mrs. Red-Tape you were $200 behind on your pastor's salary last year. Who raised it?

Mrs. Red: Two women.

Mrs. Steal: Speed-Good says our need is a manly Christianity. It does look like it to me.

Mrs. Cal: We had a special meeting all last

week, and one night we had just sixty women, with forty children and only six men.

Mrs. Red: Maybe it was *raining*. (Laughter.)

Mrs. Arm: More likely it was *lodge* night.

Mrs. Steal: You know our church is by women kept up. Well, Tuesday last I found two of our men engaged in whittling sticks to pass the time. They held the fort on street Main as I passed.
I asked them come to meeting right away.
They shifted some and looked for place to hide;
But, finding none, one said it was too *cold*,
While the other said he had not *time* that day.
This *is* a *manly* Christianity!

Mrs. Arm: We had one man with us last night.

Several Voices: Who?

Mrs. Arm: The pastor.

Mrs. Cal: What kind of meeting?

Mrs. Arm: Prayer for colleges.

Mrs. World: Speed–Good is right in paying full fare on train. Worldly says so. Worldly wants Speed-Good to stay with us. He's the first preacher Worldly ever wanted in our home.

The Two Misses Grab-All: (Grace speaking): We like him. So does papa.

Mrs. Ne'er: I hate Speed-Good because every old tramp loves him.

Mrs. World (angrily rising): So you mean that my husband is a tramp?

Mrs: Ne'er: (frightened): No! No! No! I know that Speed-Good does more for toughs and tramps

and thieves than others do. I saw him to-day take one home to feed. He takes to *tramps* far better than to *me.*

Miss Dread: Isn't it dreadful?

Mrs. Cal: I don't believe in what he said Sunday.

Mrs. Steal, About what?

Mrs. Cal: Divine healing.

Mrs. Steal: He said all healing—medical or any other method, or no method—was divine healing.

Miss Gertrude Grab: Papa does not believe that.

Mrs. Cal: I don't believe it.

Mrs. Steal: Well, how many powers are there?

Mrs. Cal: Two.

Mrs. Steal: What are they?

Mrs. Cal: Divine and diabolical.

Mrs. Steal: You grant that people are healed?

Mrs. Cal: Certainly.

Mrs. Steal: Which power heals them, the divine or the diabolical?

Mrs. Cal: Why, I suppose the *divine.*

Mrs. Steal: Well, isn't this *divine* healing? (No answer.)

Miss Ne'er: I don't like his being barbered by a barber and his having his shoes shined by a shoeblack.

Miss Red: No, indeed! My pastor shaves himself and shines his own shoes.

Mrs. Arm: Yes, because he's too lazy to climb a barber's chair.

(Exit Miss Red-Tape.)

Mrs. Cal: He can't afford to do that.

Mrs. Steal: He says he can't afford *not* to patronize these honest industries. He does as he thinks Christ would do.

Mrs. Arm: Speed-Good's doctrine about the devil is a devilish doctrine. (Laughter.)

Voices: Of course it is.

Mrs. Cal: I am the same mind as Sister Arminius.

Miss Dread: It's a devilish, dreadful doctrine.

Mrs. Steal: His doctrine is the devil deals alright.

The devil does our dirty work for us,
Then disappears and delays till demand
We service once again from him.
He says the devil gentle is and mild.
While waits for us, polite as any child.

President: It is time to adjourn. (Exeunt all.)

SCENE 2.—Same Place.

Mrs. Steal-Girl, Mrs. Worldly, Miss Ne'er-do-Well, Mrs. Jealous, Mrs. Talk-Much, Mrs. Haughty (sewing around a large table).

Mrs. Talk: (to Mrs. Steal-Girl): I hear your pastor's prayers long has quit.

Mrs. Steal: Indeed! I have not heard.

Mrs. Talk: Didn't he say so yesterday?

Mrs. Steal No. (Long silence.)

Miss Ne'er: I know he *did.*

Mrs. World: I beg to differ. I was at church and know what was said.

Mrs. Talk: Then what did he say?

Mrs. Jeal: I heard some forty people say he said so.

Mrs. Haugh: I would not talk about such a crank (very bitterly spoken.)

Mrs. Steal: In my home you shall not malign my pastor. (Exit Mrs. Haughty.)

All, except Miss Ne'er-do-Well: You are right, Sister Steal-Girl.

Mrs. Talk: I said what Dame Report has told.

Mrs. Steal: Rumor cannot always be trusted.

Mrs. Talk: What did Speed-Good say?

Mrs. Steal: He said long prayers often were hypocritical.

Mrs. Jeal: I don't care what he said about prayer; but that prayer of his last night and his way of putting things is too much for me.

Miss Ne'er: Yes; for he says Christ did not preach.

Mrs. Jeal: I heard him say so.

Mrs. Steal: Will you two ladies tell what else he said?

Miss Ne'er: That's all I know.

Mrs. Jeal: Same here.

Mrs. Steal: Then *I* will tell you something.

He said Christ did not preach, if by preaching men mean the modern division of a sermon into firstly, secondly, thirdly, etc. He said such sermonizing was man's invention and by man might be banished the pulpit.

Miss Jeal: But what about that sermon?

Miss Ne'er: Yes, that's what I want to know. I know that for time out of mind, away down in Georgia our ministers always had one long and one short prayer. Why don't *he?*

Mrs. World: (curtly) Because he don't want to.

Miss Ne'er: Other preachers pray long and short. Does he know more than all the rest?

Mrs. World: Yes, Worldly says he does.

Miss Ne'er: What does Worldly know about it? Does he *ever* go to church?

Mrs. Jeal: I have seen him there at a *funeral.*

Mrs. Talk: What was that prayer? (All except Mrs. Steal-Girl one by one.) I don't know, nor I, etc., etc.

Mrs. Talk: (To Mrs. Steal-Girl) *You* tell.

Mrs. Steal: I do not remember exactly.

All: Well, tell what you can.

Mrs. Steal: I think he said: O God bless each song we sing, each word we utter and each heart that is here. Amen.

Miss Ne'er: Such an abominable prayer! The Lord save me from such a man.

Mrs. World: Well, the Lord *has* saved you from Speed-Good up to date; for Speed-Good has

staid far from *you* all along. I think the Lord will continue to save you.

Miss Ne'er: (rising) You vile thing. I won't stay in such society, (Exit Miss Ne'er)

Mrs. Jeal: (To Steal-Girl) They say your preacher is composing a vile dance tune for the opera. How is it?

Mrs. Steal: I heard him say about two months since that he was composing a march entitled, "When Grant Comes Marching Home Again."

All: Oh!

Mrs. Jeal: What did he say about the lodges last night?

Mrs. World: He did not speak of them last night, but I heard him say this from his pulpit, once: "I try to be broad in my views, and here is my belief about lodges: A man can preach tho' not a lodge man. Tho' I never preached before I rode a goat, and have now ridden the Free Mason Goat, the Odd Fellow Goat, the Macabee Goat, the Woodman Goat, the Temperance Goat, the Pyramid Goat and probably some I have forgotten; and I can preach yet." (pause)

Mrs. Talk: I heard since then he is trying to ride the Odd Fellow Goat right thro' a ladies' lodge—the Rebekahs.

Mrs. Jeal: O well, he's young and foolish. They say this is his first church.

Mrs. Steal: Yes, he was ordained here. May I his name revere.

Mrs. Jeal: *You* may, but *I* won't. He's not *orthodox.*

Mrs. Steal: How do you know?

Mrs. Jeal: Because *he* says all sons of Adam are sons of God, and *I* know better; because our old minister taught that some were the devil's children.

Mrs. Steal: His faith in humanity is without bound. But is this wrong? God, himself, does not save a soul without calling on humanity; for Christ's humanity made death possible to Him. In death he died not for our sins only, but for the sins of the whole world. Do you not believe this?

Mrs. Jeal: No.

Mrs. Steal: Then *you* are not *orthodox*; for the Bible states what I have said.

Mrs. Jeal: Well, I don't believe this statement.

Mrs. Steal: Christ died for the whole world, but the whole world will not be saved, you say?

Mrs. Jeal: Yes, I do.

Mrs. Steal: Then you believe that Christ's death will not do what he purposed thro' it to do? In brief you believe that Christ did not see of the travel of His soul to satisfy him?

Mrs. Jeal: Yes, I do believe this.

Mrs. Steal: Then Christ died in vain.

Mrs. Jeal: Yes, He did.

Mrs. Steal: That may be, but it seems absurd.

Mrs. Jeal; What our forefathers taught is good enough for me.

Mrs. Steal: So says the heathen Indian, and hence he remains heathen. My forefathers taught the cutting of wheat with sickle, but that is not good enough for me. My forefathers taught and practiced heathenism, but I prefer Christianity, tho' we still have somethings to learn. Dr. Speed-Good does not teach universal salvation and never has, but he is very, very charitable and gives the doubt to the criminal. His fort is love, love, love.

Mrs. Jeal: I move we adjourn. Seconded. Carried.

(Exeunt all except Mrs. Steal.)

SCENE 3—MRS. STEAL-GIRL'S PARLOR. Steal-Girl and Mrs. Steal-Girl.

Mrs. Steal-Girl: (turning from piano where she had been playing for the indifferent Steal-Girl) Snarl, tell me the truth. Do you care for music and literature?

Steal: No! I hate them. To me "Rock of Ages" is the same as "Yankee Doodle;" and Dickens is Dutch to me.

Mrs. Steal: O husband, night after night I have tried
To keep you home with me from Wrong-All's joint;
And how sad for me to learn from you
That all I've done has driven you away
Instead of drawing you to me and home,
And hope and heaven and most happy life.
O Snarl you hate all I love and love all

I loathe, lament, and long to see destroyed.
You hate my church, my pastor and my home;
You hate my lodge, my lady friends, my all.

Steal: Your pastor's sneaky, snarly, snappish thief.

Mrs. Steal: Why, Snarl, before we married you loved him.

Steal: I never loved him and I hate him now; because he sneaked out of marrying us.

Mrs. Steal: I wish we had never met.

Steal: (angrily) That's *me* too. (Exit)

SCENE 4.—WRONG-ALL'S JOINT. Steal-Girl, Sore-Head, Ready-to-Fight, Wrong-All, Others.

(Steal-Girl, Ready-to-Fight, Sore-Head and a stranger seated at table playing cards.)

Steal: (to Ready-to-Fight) You stole them cards. No man could get a hand like that and deal 'em fair.

Ready: *You* cut the cards *yourself*, and so you know they wasn't *stacked*. And they wasn't marked; for they was your own deck. Then what are you kickin' for?

Steal: I'll kick because you lie and steal; my hand is fair.

Ready: I'll not stand that. (Rises and springs to-ward Steal-Girl, grips his throat; Steal-Girl tries to reach his seven-shooter.)

Ready: (observing this) No! you don't. (reach-for his own revolver, secures it; fires. Steal-Girl

falls heavily and is soon unconscious, while laying in a pool of his own blood; Ready-to-Fight escapes through back door.)

(Citizens hearing noise rush in.)

Citizen: (to Wrong-All) What's the row?

Wrong-All: Why Steal-Girl had a row with some stranger (Wrong-All winks to Sore-Head) and in a scuffle the stranger shot Steal-Girl.

Citizen: Why don't you phone a doctor?

Wrong-All: We were all excited.

(Another citizen hurries to a phone, rings; Hello central)

Ormgan from Central: Hello!

Citizen: Call a doctor quick; send him to Wrong-All's joint; a shooting scrape.

(Ormgan phones and sends Dr. M. E. Make-Haste.)

SCENE 5—STEAL-GIRL'S PARLOR. Mrs. Ormgan, Mrs. Steal-Girl.

Mrs. Steal (to Mrs. Ormgan) Why did your husband phone?

Mrs. Ormgan: Be calm and prepare for the worst. There is trouble and your husband is shot.

Mrs. Steal: Where? How? Why?

Mrs. Ormgan: At Wrong-All's. By intent. I do not know. (Mrs. Steal-Girl faints; gentle knock at door, which Know-Nothing answers. Enter four citizens bearing Steal-Girl on a rough litter.

Citizen: I know the house; we will take him to the dining hall. (to Know-Nothing) Lead the

way. (Know-Nothing trembles, falls.) I don't know where it is or where anything is. (Citizen leads the way.)

(Enters Mrs. Ormgan, leading Mrs. Steal-Girl. Dr. Make-Haste does not look up; he is dressing Steal-Girl's wound. At last he is finished and observes Mrs. Steal-Girl.)

Mrs. Ormgan: Dr. Make-Haste, (presenting Mrs. Steal-Girl who comes forward) this is Mrs. Steal-Girl. (The parties introduced bow only.)

Mrs. Steal: Doctor, is my husband's injury serious?

Dr. Make-Haste: No, he will soon be conscious; but will be confined to the house at least three months. He will recover altogether. (Exeunt the two ladies)

Dr. Make: (to himself) Isn't she a beauty? But *why* did she marry this thing? (looking at the unconscious Steal-Girl)

(Enter two citizens and a servant, and receive the doctor's instructions. Doctor goes to see Mrs. Steal-Girl.)

SCENE 5—STEAL-GIRL'S DINING ROOM. Steal at head of table eating soup, making much noise in supping same, blows it to cool it.

Mrs. Steal: You are now better. Will you not live a new life?

Steal: Yes; *after* I meet Ready-to-Fight. (Reaches around to hip pocket and looks fierce.)

Mrs. Steal: Are we not disgraced enough to suit you?

Steal: I'll look after the *disgrace*. I'm goin to Oklahoma to buy a big bunch o' cattle and death to that coward, Ready-to-Fight, if he cross my path. (Curtain falls.)

Music: "Home Sweet Home."

SCENE—OSWEGO HOTEL. Please-All, Old Pull-Back, Smooth-Man, Ready-to-Shift, Hate-Good, Sore-Head, Strangers.

Please: Did you hear about Speed-Good and the Two Women?

Hate: No; but I hope he's caught at last.

Old Pull: Ye can't ketch him; he's as slippery as an eel and yet sticks like a leech when it *pays*.

Sore: I heard about his leaving the two women by the Frisco, you mean?

Please: Yes.

Ready: How was that? He's my boy.

Please: You know how bashful he is in the presence of women? He says a woman is divine, and I guess he's afraid of divinity. He once took a lady to an oyster supper tho.'

Pull: He doesn't say they're divine, but he says: "A woman is naturally a *religious* animal.'

Strangers: (breaking in) Who is Speed-Good.

Hate: He's the fool as is a writin' about "Two Women Wronged."

Smooth: What happened him?

Please: He met a woman down town ten days since,
He asked if he escort to her might be,

She said: "I'll gladly be of your company,
They walked together towards the Frisco,
And chatted along till they met a friend
Of Speed-Good's lady friend, who joined with them.
Now Speed-Good became terribly nervous,
While walking along to Frisco with them.
Just as they came to Sherman's Restaurant
The ladies took in a sight on a bus.
Jim Munro was drivin' for McCulla—
It was Doc Green all dressed like a showman,
A adverstzin' Shipley's women's hats.
They kinder forgot Speed-Good like you know,
Till at length they fetched up agin Frisco;
And then they looked around for this Speed-Good.
They looked behind but Speed-Good was not there.
They looked straight up into the desert air,
But found he had not Elijah-like gone hence,
And what became of Speed-Good they knew not.
It seems he sneaked behind the restaurant
And dodged to Mistress Read's where he now rooms,
Because he felt that he was not wanted.
Pull: He didn't come up town for sev'ral days,
The Sunday next he stayed abed quite sick.
Stranger: Where does he hail from?
Sore: He come from Maine here I think,
He's worse than Old Grab-All any day,
He's eat with us many a time and oft,
His grace is short but meal very long.
Ready-to-S: He's hunk-hunk; for Dickerman wrote back to Maine to find out, before Speed-Good was ordained.

Hate: His brain contains a soft spot.

Pull: It spreads all over his brain, too.

Smooth: He bought a tramp a pair of shoes I'm told.

The tramp sold them in hours but few for drink;
Speed-Good was going to buy the tramp a coat,
But George Skillin and Fred Cook told him not;
Because the tramp a hobo was they said.

ACT III.

SCENE 1—MRS. STEAL-GIRL. (Reclining on sofa.) (Enter Know-Nothing, Mrs. Steal-Girl's servant.)

Know: Please mum, Dr. Make-Haste as ye sent for him is at the door waitin' to come in.

Mrs. Steal: Good morning, Doctor. Be seated. (Doctor takes chair close up to sofa and takes Mrs. Steal-Girl's hand to measure her pulse, looking at watch.)

Dr. Make: (after a minute's examination) Says "Oumgh! Houmgh!"

Mrs. Steal: My friends say I am a consumptive. What is your opinion?

Dr. Make: I have no opinion yet. (writes prescription, asks for lady servant who appears, gives servant instruction for obtaining medicine at Kingsbury & Frick's, then says to Mrs. Steal:) Take every two hours as instructed. If it makes you no stronger, I will change the medicine next Tuesday. (Exit Dr. Make-Haste.)

SCENE 2—MRS. STEAL-GIRL'S PARLOR.

(Mrs. Steal-Girl in rocker. Enter Dr. E. Make-Haste.)

Dr. Make: You know I drove past your south-east window about 10:15 last Wednesday night?

Mrs. Steal: Yes, Edward, I was sitting there and heard, because Know-Nothing and Do-Much had gone to Odd-Fellows Hall—Old Soldiers' great feast.

Dr. Make: Well, I came from Old Grunt-Much's.

Mrs. Steal: Yes. (Long silence and the lovers look love into each other's faces.)

Dr. Make: True, do you know it's four years since we first met?

Mrs. Steal: Yes, it is three years since you were called to treat me for consumption. You prescribed pleasant pastime, books, music, good company. Well, Steal-Girl left about that time and I have not seen him since. I hear from him thro' others tho' he does not write.

Dr. Make: (Drawing chair near enough to True to take her hands in his, while clasping her hand and all radiant with love speaking from his face.) So I understand. True, you were not married to him, but you are married to me. You do not love *him*, but you do love *me*.

Mrs. Steal: Yes, I know.

Dr. Make: Well, True, I am tired of this *courting* you, not tired of *you*.

Mrs. Steal: I understand, Edward, but you must wait.

Dr. Make: I will wait no longer. Before I met you I paid attention to Sarah Spoilt-Child. If you will not wed, I will make up with her. (She withdraws her hands from him and he angrily moves further from her.)

Mrs. Steal: Now, Edward, you do not doubt my love?

Dr. Make: No, but I hate to wait a life time. Oh, True, forgive my folly in speaking so.

Mrs. Steal: Certainly. I love you Edward.

Dr. Make: Then, why don't you marry me?

Mrs. Steal: Edward, you know *why*.

You know I love, and love no man but you.
At first I hated life because of love
I feared my church, my Christ, my Christian friends.
I went to lodge and lingered long to learn
What fate my friends and foes discerned.
Awaited one alone in agony,
One severed by sin for eternity,
I wept by day; and slept not well at night.
In dreams most dreadful Steal-Girl seemed to fight
With you and ever would 'gainst you prevail.
Speed-Good on wheel was speeding by one day,
I called before he was too far away,
He came and said: "My little True, I know
Your life, your love, your hope, as pure as snow.
You have no tale to tell to me to-day;

In love I live; I learn alway
In love I learn to linger by the rill,
In love I catch the sunset on the hill,
I love my True, and Make-Haste too;
I know their meetings not a few.
I know why Make-Haste hears *me* preach
It is because *you* better teach
The lamp, the light, the life alone,
Where Christ doth rule and all is love.
My preaching to him seems most stern;
For much he has of love to learn.
He doth not know I love him now,
Because to me he's grand some how.
Now, True, decide the case yourself;
Care not for foe nor praise nor pelf."
Thus left alone I knelt to God,
And clung so close I felt no rod
In hand divine above me swayed,
Tho' when I knelt I knelt dismayed.
He clasped my hand in His I know
And said: "Thou art as pure as snow,
Thou hast been wronged by one of late,
I love in spite of life of hate
I love the sinner spite of sin;
And shall some day each sinner win."
I said: 'O God, can this be true'
And seemed to hear from bending blue:
"Believe in me each day and year
And wait for Make-Haste without fear.
Be not in haste, for I am slow
And yet control all things below."

Make: Speed-Good doesn't teach that doctrine.

Mrs. Steal: No, but he half believes it.

Make: How do you know?

Mrs. Steal: I can't tell *how* I know.

Make: Well, the church is worse than the world.

Mrs. Steal: Why?

Make: Because of its lack of love.

Mrs. Steal: In what?

Make: Its teaching of predestinated perdition.

Mrs. Steal: The *church* may teach that but Christians don't believe it.

Make: Then why do Christians set sign and seal to such a doctrine?

Mrs. Steal: Some are weak-minded. I did not sign.

Make: They'll turn you out.

Mrs. Steal. My trunk is packed and I'm ready.

Make: I say again the church is worse than the world.

Mrs. Steal: The world is often wrong.

Make: Give cases.

Mrs. Steal: Not long since two men put in claims for damages to their wares on a certain railroad, from the same town. The company wrote the station master to allow all claims to *influential* shippers, four hundred dollars a month and upward, but to deny claims of shippers whose trade

was less than one hundred dollars a month. Why? Because they feared the rich but despised the poor. Again, preachers, congressmen, etc., ride for half-fare or free, but the poor pay double price. Again, a certain oil king has crushed out smaller industries, and thus destroyed manly independence, that he might gather a snug fortune of four hundred million.

Make: Yes, but is he not out of your denomination?

Mrs. Steal: I do not know, but right is right and wrong is wrong.

Make: Your church excluded a man not long since, and after that your leading members passed him on the street as if he had been a dog, yet they say Christ died for the *un*godly.

Mrs. Steal: Good-Speed visited him.

Make: Yes, but your church objected.

Mrs. Steal: Not all; and Speed-Good was kind to the man and kept up his visiting till the excluded died.

Make: Yes, because he doesn't know enough to stop. (Mrs. Steal laughs.)

Mrs. Steal: I see, Edward, you blame the church for lack of love to this poor man; and Speed-Good for loving him, do you? (Silence.)

Make: Your church turned out Pearl Pretty, and why not her betrayer, Love-Lust? Again, your *church* would let your preacher's child starve in case of his death, but the *Woodmen* will advance

the cash to support the child. I know churches that systematically defraud their preachers.

Mrs. Steal: I'm tired of this talk.

Make: So am I. I'm tired of this courtship, too. What *can* I enjoy? I never yet walked home from church with you. I never take you out. I sneak; but I'm going to redeem my manhood somehow.

Mrs. Steal: Edward?

Make: I saw you one afternoon at Neosho Bridge; and was about to speak to you, as you leaned over the rail, but the drayman, Gilham, drove down the hill and I missed you. Again, at the Memorial Service we were kept apart. It has been so from first to last.

O True, if man e'er fought a fight,
I fought against this both day and night.
But, True I failed from first to last;
And hate myself for what is past.
I hate my love and curse my life;
For day and night to me bring strife.
Some time ago I stood in pride;
And took my place where men decide
The points so nice in my dear art,
While I with them, would take a part,
But now each day I sneak and crawl;
And start like thief when one doth call.
Now, True, I will not live this life
Unless you *now* become my wife.

Mrs. Steal: O Edward, when I first learned your love,

I knew it came from God above;
And yet denied the love you asked,
Till God to you the truth unmasked,
But God to me doth whisper now,
Just wait for me to bless somehow.

Make: (Rising and looking very stern.) I will no longer wait. Next Sunday you will see me for the last time in this life. I'm going to Kansas City. To show what I bear for you would say: The other day as I passed Condon's bank, some raglings shouted after me, "Hello, doctor, how are you making it with old Steal-Girl's wife? When is it a comin' off? Old Steal-Girl 'll lick you." Now, True, I cannot, will not, must not stand this. (Goes out quickly.)

Mrs. Steal: (Goes to sofa, lies down, covers face with hands, weeps bitterly.)

My Love is dead, there's naught instead.
My Hope is fled for Love is dead.
No bird in air, no bird on tree,
Pours forth its sweetest melody.
For me no more the rose shall blow;
For me no more sweet lilies grow;
For me no more the rainbow bends;
For me no more the daisy lends
Its fragrance sweet in grassy dell.
To me the night grows dark as hell.

(A ring at 'phone, no answer, louder and longer till Mrs. Steal rises, goes to mirror, hastily arranges her toilet and then going to 'phone says:)

Hello! Yes, I am at home. Come now.

(Returns to mirror, rearranges her hair, etc. Tries to smile. Knock at door.)

Come. (Enter Know-Nothing. Mrs. Steal-Girl looks.)

Well?

Know: Please, mum, two mans are a waitin' in the hall.

Mrs. Steal: Show them in. (Enter Grab-All and Own-the-World, smiling pleasantly.)

Good day, gentleman. (Shakes hand with each and seats them, then sits down by them.)

Grab: Mrs. Steal-Girl my friend Own-the-World and I have been thinking of visiting you.

Mrs. Steal: (Pleasantly) Indeed. And may I ask you so purposed?

Grab: Certainly. In business circles you know we have set rules for our conduct.

Mrs. Steal: (Coldly) Yes, so I have heard. (Painful pause)

Own-the-W: We find that since you first began
to use
Your husband's wealth things have not moved
so smooth
So tho't may be we'd better come and see
If we could not with you on plan agree.

Grab: (After a pause)
Not long ago I was about to close

The widow Jones' mortgage on the hill,
But you released the mortgage then, and since
You have against my will debarred my plans.
I want to know if we cannot agree
On plan that will be better for all three.
You see we three can do much as we will
And railroads use with bonded goods so we
Can hold this state well under our own sway.

Mrs. Steal: What is your plan?

Own-the-W: Will you with us unite for good of all? Unite to keep our interest good and high?

Mrs. Steal: You are both much mistaken, gentlemen. The wealth I've used so long has been my own. I never had a dollar of Steal-Girl.

Own-the-W: We beg your pardon, madam.

Grab: We've come to do business with you. We think we can agree with you on plan so as to conduct the business well for all.

Mrs. Steal: Our trouble, I see, will be to define; for you I fear with me will not agree. "A business transaction exchanges commodities so as to benefit *both* parties exchanging." This, gentlemen, is my definition. In Mrs. Jones' case you, Mr. Grab-All alone were benefitted. Nor is this the worst of it. But your greatest success often comes when the greatest ruin befalls those to whom you lend money. As for you, Mr. Own-the-World, I would say that not long since a friend of mine took a drive with one of your best agents, and observed a so-called "business transaction."

That "business transaction" was *shameful.* Now, gentlemen, you have sneaky, snarly, savage sharpers to deal with, I know. Then, too, you are sometimes fair and square. But I propose doing by others exactly as I would have them do by me if our business relations were reversed. You do not always do this; hence you and I cannot form a partnership to-day.

Own-the-World: We tried your plan but had to quit.

Mrs. Steal: Well, I'll try it.

(Exeunt Grab., Own-the-World.)

SCENE 3.—Speed-Good's Church.

Speed-Good in pulpit, Make-Haste in front, looking to right towards Mrs. Steal-Girl, who sits with her friend, Miss Pearl Pretty. (Curtain falls.)

SCENE 4.—City Hotel.

Please-All, Know-Nothing, Ready-to-Shift, Ready-to-Fight, Independent, Hate-Good, Know-Much, Pull-Back.

Know-Much: Did you hear about Make-Haste?

Several Voices: No. What about him?

Know: He's gone to Kansas City.

Please: Why?

Know: To get out of his scrape with that woman.

Ready: What woman?

Know: I guess *you* know.

Ready: I don't know.

Ready-to-Fight: He means old Steal-Girl's wife; and let me once more meet Steal-Girl and I will open the way for the doctor.

Small Voices: Good enough.

Know: I know he's right after her tho' she lives fourteen blocks from me; but I'm not blind.

Independent: How do you know? As you knew some time ago how to tax Oswego?

Know: (Angrily) I often see 'em a walkin' out together in the morning.

Please: (To Know-Nothing.) What do you think of what this man says?

Know N: My Misses never goes out till after dinner.

Know M: You lie, you fool you. I saw Make-Haste with her this morning go past the postoffice at 8 o'clock.

Know N: That was Make-Haste and Pearl Pretty, who's stoppin' at our house.

Know M: Don't Mrs. Steal-Girl wear a white waist and sailor hat?

Know N: Yes; and so does Pearl. They dress both zackly 'like, especially Pearl.

Ready to S: The boy is right.

Know M: You'd better go and pay your debts.

Ready to S: I don't owe you; mind your business.

(Exit Know-Much and enter Smooth-Man.)

Smooth-Man: (Going up to phone) Say, landlord, let's use your phone.

Landlord: Go ahead. (Rings, talks.)

Smooth: (Coming from phone and taking chair) What's up now?

Hate: We were talking of that sneak Make-Haste.

Smooth: He ain't no sneak.

Pull: No; cause he deals with you, and was once elected on your ticket to office. I'm on the *other* side.

Independent: Our marriage law is all wrong. Mrs. Steal-Girl is a fine woman, but she was never married to old Steal-Girl.

Pull: You would break up society.

Independent: I would not; but would *build* it up, by banishing every standard this side heaven and placing plans I have tho't out for the *universal good*,

Pull: Where I come from marriage was marriage.

Hate: That sneak Speed-Good nags this thing on.

Ready-to-S: Speed-Good's *my* white-headed boy.

Hate: No one wants him but you. I hate him.

Please: The laws of God hold Make-Haste and Mrs. Steal-Girl married now.

Independent: How do you know?

Please: I've seen 'em at your church. You

can't fool me. They love each other better than they love life. I'd like to see her happy, as she would be with young Mal e-Haste.

Pull: I'd like to string 'em both up; as we would do back in Tennessee afore the war.

Hate: I'd like to hang 'em, if you'll jus' throw in Speed-Good with 'em.

Smooth: Make–Haste looked like death when he went to Frisco to go off to Kansas City.

Pull: I hope he'll die on the way.

Hate: I'd like to help him out of the way.

(Exeunt)

SCENE V.—MRS. STEAL-GIRL'S PARLOR. (Enter Know-Nothing.)

Know: Please mum here's another letter from Make-Haste.

Mrs. Steal: (Severely) Who told you to say that to me?

Know: (Much frightened) Please mum nobody.

Mrs. Steal: Then why did you say that?

Know: Please mum you get so many like that all from Kansas City.

Mrs. Steal: (Opening letter) You go and never be impudent again.

Know: Yes, mum I will. (Exit Know-Nothing.)

(Mrs. Steal-Girl reads and then sighs, cries and at last sobs aloud. Finally ceases, goes to

glass, arranges and re-arranges toilet, then says:)

So, Edward, you did marry Sarah Spoilt-Child. Well, I'll write you a letter of congratulation. (O God, help me now!) and then farewell forever, my loving Edward. *(*O God I love only *him.)*

(Curtain falls. Very sad music.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. KANSAS CITY. (Sarah Spoilt-Child's home.)

FARCE—An old bridle hanging in view. Curtain falls.

SCENE II. Same. (Make-Haste's home. Dr. Make-Haste and Mrs. Make-Haste.)

Mrs. Make-Haste: Now, Edward, what do you think of Mrs. Jones?

Dr. Make: I don't think of her.

Mrs. Make: Well, she was over here *this morning.*

Make: Well?

Mrs. Make: Isn't it awful?

Make: I see nothing awful about it.

Mrs. Make: I know that would not occur in Brooklyn. They visit *after* dinner there.

Make: I grow tired of Brooklyn. Why did you not stay there?

Mrs. Make: Why Edward, *you* say I came west to get a husband.

Make; I wish you hadn't got *me*.

Mrs. Make: I would have failed if you had succeeded with old Steal-Girl's wife. (Silence.) You know you are killing me by inches. My liver is expanding and my right lung is shrinking. (Covers face with handkerchief and cries.) You're a mean, cruel husband. In Brooklyn I was the belle a whole season; and my sister two seasons. What am I now? You know I'm nothing.

Make: Oh I don't know, I thought you were an expansionist.

Mrs. Make: Oh vile man! What has my liver expanding to do with the Philippine question?

Make: If you'd forget yourself, your past, your imagined disease; and study music, art, anything this side of Heaven, you would not be a 'back number.' All Brooklyn —

Mrs. Make: How insulting! What will my people think of my wretched marriage? *My* people, the best in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Make: They were quite common when I was there with you a year since.

Mrs. Make: As far as *you're* a judge, (a look of scorn on her face) you mean?

Make: I must use *my* judgment or *yours*; for we alone know your people here. *Your* judgment, which seems buried in Brooklyn, is useless to me so I use my own. *You* live in *Brooklyn; I* in Kansas. *You* live on your diseases; *I* on my health. You are welcome to your existence.

Mrs. Make: (Rising and going toward door) You're a nasty mean thing. (Makes a face at him; exit Mrs. M.)

Make: (Looking toward the door and soliloquizing) Sarah, you're better than I. I don't believe in a hell; and yet one is a necessity for such mean scamps as I. If I were in Kentucky, the mob would hang me. It would much better have been to send Steal-Girl to glory when he was shot than this life. I guess he's too mean to die, tho,' (Stands up, takes locket in his hand that hangs on watch-guard.) Well, True, I'll wear this as long as I love you. That's the contract. I wonder if you wear my gold ring on your watch-guard now! You said you would as long as you loved me. (Goes and locks door, takes something from bosom, unwraps it—a photo; kisses it and says:)

Ah! True. (Curtain falls.)

SCENE III. KANSAS CITY. Courtship College,

Four couples—Mr. Samuel Sore-Head, Miss Ne'er-do-Well, Mr. Independent, Miss Steal-Girl, sister of Snarl Steal-Girl; Mr. Fair Play, Miss Gertrude Grab-All, Mr. Please-All, Miss Grace Grab-All, seated at round center tables, playing chess, talking, or looking at one another.

(Exeunt all but Miss Ne'er-do-Well; enter Prof. Make-Marriage.)

Prof. Make: (Takes roll from his pocket and reads:) Miss Ne'er-do-Well, you are enamored of one Sore-Head, a student, like yourself of "Courtship College." It is our duty to tell you what we know of his ancestry; and your duty not to reveal what we tell you; for you know this society is as secret as the Free Masons.

We know no good of this man, and only evil of his forefathers. His great, great, great grandfather, a Tory who fought Washington, was never known to do good till the last day of his life. On that day he hanged himself; but the rope he borrowed on the strength of his last lie. His great, great grandfather had two calls. His first call was to the pulpit for two years. His second call to the penitentiary for twenty years. He was a great liar; but he reserved his greatest lie for the day of his death. On that day he said of himself: "I am innocent." Need I say more? My dear miss, you'll ne'er do well if you let him his story tell. If you conclude this vile man wed, you'll learn soon why he's called Sore-Head.—Suggestive Therapeutic Journal, Chicago, Ill., March 1900.)

(Music—"The Girl I Left Behind.")

Scene 4.

SPEED-GOOD'S CHURCH—Business Meeting.

Grab-All, Misses Grace and Gertrude, *on front;* Own-the-World, *next;* Six of Grab-All's discharged clerks in *rear;* Sneak-Snake, Miss

Poor Poverty, Pull-Back, Sore-Head, Fair-Play, Tight-Pocket, Astride-the-Fence, Double-Dealer, etc., between other parties.

Grab: Mr. Moderator, it comes to my ears that Mrs. True Steal-Girl is not living a Christian life: and hence I move she be excluded from this church.

Own: It gives me pain to second that motion.

Fair: I move to amend and in my amendment, I strike out the words Sister True Steal-Girl and substitute the words, Brother Grab-All instead.

(After long silence.)

Grace G: Why, Papa! They are going to exclude *you*.

Grab: (Rises, turns around, looking fierce till he takes in the crowd, then his manner changes and he becomes winning in demeanor.) Why how can you exclude without a charge against me?

Fair: We have six of your former clerks to testify against you *here* and *now*. Mr. Moderator, please call on Sore-Head and Mrs. Tight-Pocket.

A Voice: Great heavens, don't call on Mrs. Tight-Pocket; for she will shed crocodile tears enough to float us all out of the church. (Laughter)

Speed: I hope neither the amendment nor the original motion will be put to-day. My advice is to postpone for a month.

Fair: I will withdraw my amendment if Bro.

Grab-All will tell the church what Sister Steal-Girl has done amiss.

Grab: She was in Kansas City attending "Courtship College" last week.

Fair: She was not; that was *Miss* Steal-Girl, the late Snarl Steal-Girl's sister; but Grace and Gertrude Grab-All were there. Why not *church them?*

Grab: (To his daughters.) You were never there, were you, girls?

Gertrude: Yes, papa, but only *twice.*

Sneak-S: I hate that college anyhow.

Grab: (Very angrily) Sneak-Snake, you look after your daughter in Kalamazoo, Michigan, and it will take all your time. I can let you have some more, Sneak-Snake, if you are ready.

Sneak-S: (Cringingly) Please excuse me, Brother Grab-All it may be I went too far with my tongue; but I hate card-playing, dancing, operas and such like so much, I must speak out.

Fair: Talking is cheap; but if it cost money, Brother Sneak-Snake would not utter ten words per annum. He does not spend ten cents in ten years to enforce the liquor law; and was never known to give a dollar to famines in India, Cuba, etc., any more than Mrs. Tight-Pocket. His *words* are like her tears--CHEAP.

Speed: You are not talking to the amendment and you cannot talk to the motion. What are you going to do?

Miss Poor Poverty: Isn't this the party that

excluded Pearl Pretty, but left young Love-Lust in good standing?

Speed: No; that was *your own sex.*

Grab-All moves and Fair-Play seconds adjournment. Carried. (Exeunt.)

ACT V.

PRELUDE (a) OSWEGO.—Mrs. Steal-Girl seated in rocking chair in her parlor. Enter Know-Nothing.

Know: Please mum, here's a letter for ye. (Hands letter to Mrs. Steal-Girl; retires.)

Mrs. Steal: (Opens letter, reads, drops on her knees and says:) Oh God, help Trust-All. So Pearl is *dead!*

(Curtain falls.)

(b)—Same. Curtain rises. Pearl Trust-All's coffin. Mrs. Steal-Girl seated beside it, weeping.

Tableau. Voices singing "Nearer My God to Thee."

(Curtain falls.)

SCENE 1. Ante-Room Public Schools. (A wash basin of water, soap, towel, comb. Know-Nothing dressed in duck, dirty, ragged pants, bare foot, feet and limbs dirty, one pant leg rolled up *below* and the other *above* the knee, face dirty, hair tangled, matted; no coat or vest, only one suspender fastened by pegs for buttons; whip, short

handle, long lash on floor near the lady teacher who has charge of Know-Nothing.)

Lady T: Mrs. Steal-Girl has tried for years to make you a better boy; but you grow worse.

Know-N: (After a pause): Yes, mum.

Lady T: She told me to make you toe the mark.

Nnow-N: Which mark? This? (Draws big toe over a seam where two boards meet and looks saucy; grins broadly.)

Lady T: (Coloring and growing angry): You *may* act sharp with your kind mistress, but *not* with *me*. I intend you to obey. But you don't know what obey is, perhaps.

Know-N: (Face brightening, straightens himself up in a pleased, spirited way): I do know what a *bay* is, you jus' bet. Tom Drew drives a bay. Tom's a good 'un. Tom knows suthin' he do. *Our* horse is a roan—and the colt's a roan, a dandy. I wish Tom Drew had that colt.

Lady T: (Whose face had been averted to hide its smiles from Know-N.): Why do you want Mr. Drew to have Mrs. Steal-Girl's roan colt?

Know-N: Cause Christians is cranky and don't drive a-dashin' along like Tom.

Lady T: (Pointing to a basin, picks up soap and towel; places towel over chair back): You can't sit with my clean children until you're washed. I'm going to wash you. (She begins and Know- N. is quiet at first, but soon begins to dance and yell. Lady T. urges him to be quiet.)

Know-N: I'll be quiet when you take them suds out of my eyes; take 'em out—you put 'em in. *(*He pulls away and tries to escape thro' the door, which the teacher perceives and prevents by stepping in front of the same. He retires, defiant, to farther side of room.*)*

Lady T: (Taking whip from floor, says sternly): Come here, sir.

Know-N: No, mum.

Lady T: You must; Mrs. Steal-Girl said you must mind me,

Know-N: Did she say you was to fill my eyes with them suds?

Lady T: (Cuts at him with whip): Come here, Know-Nothing.

Known-N: No, mum.

Lady T: (Strikes at him): Come here

Know-N: (Seizing calf of leg and yelling): You quit cutin' button holes in me.

(Lady T. coaxes him back and finishes ablution, then begins to comb his hair. While combing she says: When were you washed?

Know-N: Jus' now, mum.

Lady T: But I mean *before* to-day.

Know-N: If you mean all over, I don't jus' remember but I think it was las' September, at the ben' of the river, west of the Neosho bridge. I was with the boys what run away from school that day. He dances, tries to pull away, yells till his hair is dressed; then teacher takes mirror

from wall and brings it to him. He holds it in front and looks intently, much surprised at his appearance at first, and then begins to grin with admiration. Exeunt; teacher leads Know-N. by the hand, while he grins as he looks sideways toward the audience. Lively music.)

SCENE 2.—Oklahoma (Tavern).

Ready-to-Fight, Sore-Head, Steal-Girl, Strangers.
(All seated around a small table.)

Steal: (Half drunk, rising): Gentlemen, some years since I met Ready-to-Fight at Wrong-All's joint, Oswego; and we had a row over a game of cards. He lied, had cheated; and in the row shot me without a moment's warning. *Now*, *I* want a chance at *him*, and ask you to see me fair play.

Two Voices: We will.

Ready: He's a liar. I took no advantage of him in cards, or cash, or clash that came. He reached for his pistol and, I downed him before he could get it. I will soon satisfy him. Let him choose his seconds. You, stranger that wears the broad rim, and you, six-footer, be my seconds.

*Strangers addressed (*rising*)*: We will.

*(*Steal-Girl selects his seconds and the six move to an open place. Landlord is referee. Duelists are placed. Referee steps at a certain point equidistant from the duelists, so that the position of the three would form a triangle, as illustrated.

STEAL. READY.

REFEREE.

A certain point equidistant from the duelists so that the position of the three would form a triangle as illustrated.

Referee: (Firmly and calmly) Gentlemen, I shall count slow. I shall count one—two—three. When I count three, you fire. Ready?

Ready-to: I am.

Steal: Same here.

Referee: One! Two! Three!

(Ready-to and Steal fire simultaneously, both missing their aim.)

Referee: (After pause) One! Two! Three!

(Duelists fire again. Ready-to is shot in left arm, bleeds and weakens. His second comes to his aid.)

Ready-to: (Determinedly.) I want to finish this thing to-day.

Second: You better wait.

Ready: No.

Steal: I'm satisfied. I won't shoot a wounded man.

Ready: (Doggedly): *I m* not satisfied.

Steal: (As doggedly): Well, I *can* give you enough.

(Duelists assume old places and at the count of three both fire and both fall; and lie still Tableau.)

SCENE 4—Oswego. (Engine House.)

Nellie Nafus: (At phone) Hello! Carpenter. (Pause)

Nellie Nafus: (Continuing after the pause) Wilber Condon phoned me from Vinita to let Mrs. Steal-Girl know that Steal-Girl is dead. He met Ready-to-Fight and a duel took place. Both are dead. Steal-Girl's remains are on their way to Oswego and will be at the Katy to-morrow noon. Send Mrs. Stonecipher to tell Mrs. Steal-Girl.

(Curtain falls.)

STEAL-GIRL'S RETURN.

(Tableau.)

MRS. STEAL-GIRL'S SITTING ROOM.

Coffin covered with wreaths of flowers. A voice, "Christ died for our sins and not for ours only; but for the sins of the whole world." (Curtain falls.)

SCENE 5—School Room.

Know-Nothing, Governess, Pupils. Know-Nothing in class with four others, rather dirty, ragged, etc., moves continually.

Lady Teacher: Know-Much!

Know-Much: Yes, mum.

Lady Teacher: Mrs. Steal-Girl has had four teachers for you in two years; and you are no better yet.

Know-Nothing: (Cries and winks at the others in class.) Yes, mum.

Lady Teacher: (Much annoyed) You have been here five weeks and still know nothing.

Know-Nothing: (Grins at her.) Yes, mum.

Lady Teacher: You must learn. I will begin at the beginning.

Know Nothing: (Grinning more than usual.) You can't cause my first teacher, Miss Sour-Face, began on me there.

Lady-Teacher: That isn't the beginning I mean. Come over to the window (leads the way to window; Know-Nothing follows, throwing one limb back behind him for the benefit of the youngsters, and other antics; arrives at window) Do you see those trees? (pointing to them.)

Know-Nothing: Yes, mum.

Lady Teacher: Do you know who made them?

Know-Nothing: Nobody, mum; they growed.

LadyTeacher: Yes, but who made them grow?

Know-Nothing: They jus' growed theirselves.

Lady Teacher: Who made *you* Know-Nothing?

Know-Nothing: Nobody, mum. I alis wez since I can 'member.

Lady Teacher: Who was your father and mother?

Know-Nothing; I never had none.

Lady Teacher: (Much astonished) Why, Know-Nothing, where did you come from? How did Mrs. Steal-Girl get you?

Know-Nothing: Guess she *found* me; 'cause she said I was a *foundlin'*. (Grins) (Curtain falls.)

TRUE LOVE'S REWARD.

Make-Haste's Resolve; Make-Haste's home in Kansas City; Evening.

Make-Haste: (soliloquizing and handling the silver locket.) Well, Sarah has been dead two years. Does *she* wear the ring? Does *she* love me still? I'll go to Oswego to-morrow and find out. (Curtain falls.)

MAKE-HASTE'S RESOLVE CARRIED OUT.

Mrs. Steal-Girl's Parlor; Make-Haste, Mrs. Steal-Girl. *He* wears the locket. *She*, the ring. They are seated on the sofa, radiant with love.

(Curtain falls.)

Patriotic Poems.

Blue or Gray?

There was a time in early life,
When great and bitter was the strife,
Between the Blue and Gray on plain,
Where none but God could count the slain.

The grass once green all gory turned,
As shot and shell so swift returned.
The grass they trod beneath their feet,
Next year o'er mounds the eye did meet.

For five long years the struggles last—
O God that we forget the past.
But no; the graves that hide our slain,
Keep fresh our griefs—they aye remain.

A brother brave a brother slew;
A mound for each beside each grew,
Each brother brave each brother true,
Did fight the fight beneath the blue.

The Union stands so firm to-day—
The South is never far away.
The South the Stars and Stripes doth love,
With love that's born in land above.

Yet some will ask aye blue or gray?
Which shall prevail o'er us to-day?
In sixty, well might you this ask;
But years did well the truth unmask.

The darkest hour of all our night,
Is just before the morning light;
But when the sun doth first appear,
The dark doth yield to gray in fear.

But as the sun doth stronger grow,
The gray dislodges sure but slow:
At length the blue doth heaven own—
No gray in east or west is known.

So Blue and Gray did each defy;
But now on each we may rely;
For years long gone the Blue prevailed
But late in war they both availed.

Cuba.

Cuba shall be free! free forever free!
So rang Battle call at Washington Hall;
Cuba's sobbing wail with Senate will prevail,
And our Congress bold did to Cuba hold.

Horror-struck, the realm swayed the nation's helm
And Committee five over sea did ride
In hopes they would see Spanish charity,
Where grim Death keeps court at each Cuban fort.

In Freedom's fair name 'gainst Spanish false fame,
Committee of five over sea did ride.
Investigation? Yes, Spanish nation,
Why not raise the Maine to witness 'gainst Spain?

"Guilt! treacherous guilt!" so declares the Maine.
Avenged Maine shall be tho' we sweep the sea,
And sink every fleet of Spain in the deep.
Spain, shall your domain be greater than Spain?

Avenged Cuban Star God-planted afar
On that bosom blue where thou has been true
To Destiny's call tho' it were to fall,
Where grim Death held sway by night and by
day?

What does Cuba know while Maine is below?
Speak Committee five, over sea to ride
Men of unbelief shake as aspen leaf
As dilated eyes behold sacrifice.

With Committee five honors should divide;
For they did their part to bless Cuba's heart
When that awful sight filled them with afright,
Say they, "All is well?" No, but "All is hell."

Here, a mother wild, holds fast a dead child;
There, a father brave, digs a little grave.
Here, a brother bold fights the Death-grip's hold;
For he must live on to witness the wrong.

There, a sister meet with address so sweet
To those whose hungry eyes gaze at the skies
Checks the rising tear; for her only fear
Is that she will sigh for those who must die.

So she half forgets even Spanish threats,
And the time gone by when she hoped to die;
She must sacrifice for those eager eyes
Almost motionless in their hopelessness.

O thou God of hope, canst thou with Spain cope?
O God of battle canst thou dismantle
The hell hosts of Spain from over the main?
O thou mighty Maine, may God lift again!

Thou'rt apart FROM us, wilt thou be OF us?
With us on the sea hand-in-hand to be?
With us another star, fixed not from far?
With us fortune free, free ever wilt be?

Wilt thou small island, unite to this land
For thy liberty till eternity
Lifts us side by side, where sweet lava tide
Flows from sea to sea, blest eternity?

L. of C.

May not cycles tell, as held in God's spell,
They their courses keep in heavenly deep,
Where the great God knows eternity flows
Free from sea to sea, for you and for me?

The United States shall decide the fates
Cuba shall be free pitched across the sea;
For with battle shroud we will wrap Spain 'round
And bury her deep where the Maine doth weep.

A Shafter shall stand close by God's right Hand
Armed to do the right as God gives him might
And on the great sea Spain may cease to be
For God rules the main and He'll banish Spain.

Dewey at Manila.

Well may'st thou start, O sleepy world;
For Dewey has *our* flag unfurled
Amid a thousand lovely isles:
Old Glory, aye, looks down and smiles;
And even Europe doeth us bring
The world's applause with healthy ring.
To Dewey, God gave victory
That we might shape the destiny
Of many nations yet unborn
Who'll look upon old Spain with scorn;
For those beyond the sea shall love
The flag whose truth is from above.
The flag that floats above the free
And makes a girdle round the sea

* * * *

But why did Spain in war engage?
Why spend her force in foolish rage?
Why slay our boys at peace with all, *
Who just before on God did call? *
And sink in peaceful night the Maine *
To rend sweet human ties in twain? *
Perhaps it was just cruel fate,
Made Spain the Maine annihilate.

Howe'er this be it seems to me
That on the other side of sea
Our Dewey's fleet lay at Hong Kong
When war news to him sped along;
"Those devil dons of distant Spain
In great fleet cross the raging main."
* * * *

Says he, "They *may* come; but they'll run;
Now, boys, each one by his own gun;
Be sure to get them tilted right,
Because old Spain seems to mean fight
I will not say where Spain will lay
If we can reach Manila Bay;
Perhaps her fleet will ever be
Secure at bottom of the sea."
* * * *

Boston and Concord make advance
To Subig; but find no foe's lance
On battlements so old and gray;
Tho' here Danila swore to stay
Our squadron to annihilate.
But *Spain* it seems came up too late.
From here, Olympia leads well
As dark mist drapes the deep and dell.
Above the deep and over dell,
The hanging night conceals her well—

A double night, the one in sky;
And one in darker waves that lie,
Lifting keel until vessel's prow
Seems to rest in the low'ring brow
Of Him who made the ocean blue,
And Saxon heart that beat so true.
Yet, why does God frown from you sky?
Does *He* intend that Right shall die?
Suppose God's battle fix the fates
Of Spain and the United States?
The lights were hooded like his plan
As Dewey pressed on in the van.
Deep under lay missives of hell:
In ev'ry fort, storm shot and shell.
In the gray of the First May morn,
The batteries begin to storm
Our squadron in Manila Bay;
Tho' stationed many yards away
Till shots fifteen o'er-roof our ships.
But draw not death from our gun's lips,
Torpedoes two mistook the time
And hurled freed forces to the brine.
The Spanish fleet seems sleeping still
Near town, Manila, 'neath the hill
O fleet, sleep on, sustain your wrong;
For prowess you will need ere long.
Fleet, sleep on before you shall go,
Fiercely facing a mighty foe.
Fleet, shall you soon sleep and for aye
In waters of Manila Bay?

* * * *

Man's as great as the cause he represents
So Dewey's power is as great as the Hand,
That leads him as he flinching not presents
The cause of Right in dark and distant land
As silent steals the maiden's blush
In the deep stillness of that hush
That strikes one dumb as he waits by
In hope, yet fear, for her reply;
As silent as snow melts in sea;
As silent as rose blooms on tree,
Stood Dewey's men, staunch, strong and true
As Farragut's in sixty-two.
Yet *Spain* plies missles with strong arm
But circle of charm cannot harm.
At length our Dewey says, "Gridley,
You may begin if you're ready."
Each mutters deep under his breath:
"*O Spain, the Maine shall be your death!*"
Then Dewey's eye caught lightning's glance
As he sees each move in advance.
With form, sometimes, in darkness bent
To learn, if might be, foe's intent;
As hid behind a cloud of smoke
His mystic moves and signals spoke
A double-to foe were not known;
Yet to our men as clearly shown
As mountain stands 'gainst sky at noon.
So Dewey each advantage takes
And shows old Spain she's all mistakes;
Her fleet is balled, bolted and blown

Till not a Spanish vessel known,
Where Spain once had her mighty sway
On waters of Manila Bay.
She failed to follow mystic fold;
And hence her tale of woe is told
By shriek and shot and storm and shell
That dash death down the mouth of hell.
Behind our smoke was circling charm
In front was ev'ry cause to harm.
As Dewey's ninety signals spoke
They banished ev'ry Spanish hope;
And signals tell: "Seize, sink or shell;
No Spanish ship shall live to tell
Disgrace and death to Spanish fool
In wonder-waiting Spanish school."
At first Christina led with might
And was the first to yield the fight;
For in her side was discontent;
And, as she turned in twain was rent.
In less time than poet can tell,
She sunk from storm and shot and shell;
And sunk forever in the main,
Where gods now busy count her slain:
Some starboard and some larboard lay
All helpless in Manila Bay.
'Gainst fate fought Spain with right good will;
But vengeance sues her blood to spill.
And God will not forget the Maine
Until Manila shares her slain.
In death each life *we* did retain,

Tho' not one ship was left to *Spain*.
Thus battered, burned and buried deep,
Her mighty force for aye shall sleep.
* * * *

Ah yes, but *why* such mighty change?
How could affairs by chance arrange?
Could chance give Dewey, Gridley good?
Could chance supply staunch Captain Wood?
No; Spain's one-time day is ended,
And power once hers suspended;
Because her colonial days
Have failed to bring God any praise.
These islands, ours by treble right
By gift, by ransom and by might,
Are they not ours by what we give
The right for every man to live,
In his own isle girt by the sea
And guarded by sweet Liberty?
In his own call which serves him best?
In his own home where all is blest?
In his own heart where all is still?
In his own church which God shall fill,
With Spirit from that home above,
Where Right doth reign for all is love.

NOTE—The verses marked (*) were suggested to the author by Mr. Harry C. Miller, B. A., of Effingham, Illinois. AUTHOR.

The Flag of the Free.

First Washington's immortal mind
Our flag, the Stars and Stripes defined
Then called he widow Betsy Ross;
Who did the stars and stripes emboss
On white shirt that had been lifted,
By soldier's heart whose will drifted
From peaceful home to bloody fray;
Tho' wife and child remained to pray;
On overcoat blue had been worn
By one whose love and mother mourn;
Because his clay's wrapt in that clay,
Revealed by mound beside yon Bay:
On skirt of red had once entwined
A form that gods alone defined
Whose step's as free as majesty;
And face as fair as modesty.

O emblem, might and purity—
Thy white—this nation shall pure be
Thro' ages till eternity
Shall roll and fold the flags of earth
To give them place for second birth
In meadows ever bending blue.

Where God ranks ours among the true
For part in past so well she played,
When right 'gainst mighty powers swayed;
Her stars, set in meadow as blue
As if the sky had broken thro'
To tell us the states shall never fall
But stand to hear the trumpet' call
In day when our good fathers brave
Each stands beside an empty grave,
Her red—each drop this nation's blood
Is shed to stem the awful flood,
Of woe, and wrong, and hate that come
To every nation under sun.

Our red has flowed in mighty wars,
And rent from England thirteen stars;
For flag, the Stars and Stripes has fought
And Cross of George to naught has brought
In battles many we did meet,
And bring Old England to our feet,
At Bunker Hill we our foes taught
The metal from which we were fraught.
This fight before the flag was born
Old England's spirited pride had torn;
And taught her that General Gage
Must not our boys in war engage
And when our flag has just been formed;
Burgoyne our Saratoga stormed;
But gave us six thousand men;

So turned the fight 'gainst him again,
Defeated, dethroned and disgraced,
Old England's might is not replaced,
And Creasy's "Fifteen Battles' tell
The lot so sad that here befell
The greatest nation ever known,
While high in air our flag was blown,
On breeze of heaven that would know
All nations equal here below,
These "Battles" o'erlook long ages
Till twenty centurys' pages,
Are spread before the reader's view
And Saratoga has bright hue,
So France gave us sweet Lafayette,
And never dearer friend we met.
Then came the cause at Valley Forge;
And hopes ran high for Tyrant George,
Our boys half clad, but not half fed

By Washington most nobly led,
Upbore the flag 'till reached the sky;
And swore; "We'll stand tho' we must die."
Paul Jones was first to raise our flag
On man-of-war that did not lag,
'Till reached he, England's own snug coast
Where vict'ry gained in spite of boast
That she was "Mistress of the Sea,"
And would be 'till eternity.
Cornwallis next forced to our fold

And tale of woe in England told—
How he, defeated by our men
Would rather not fight us again.
He, hero in a hundred fights,
Was vanquished by the Stars and Stripes
So England ceased to fight the Fates,
And left us free in these great states.

Now sad to tell when all seemed well
Of fate most cruel that befell
To flag so free in sixty-one
Before the nation had begun
To show the great but hapless world
Why flag of ours had been unfurled,
Then Brother brave, away down South
With Brother North, chanced to fall out.
And Beauregard from Sumpter tall,
Pulled down the flag in spite of all,
This deed was done in sixty-one,
But flag replaced when war was done,
At first our Brother of the South
Bid fair to blot the Union out;
But then defeats may often be
Our stepping stones to victory.
The flag was hastened from Bull Run;
For here defeat with us begun.
This brought five hundred thousand men
To drill in blue and fight again.

Then Grant moved on to Donelson,
And took by force this garrison;
And Buckner brave surrendered all
On terms that did to him befall
From us who bore the flag on high;
From us who swore that we would die
Before our boys once dressed in blue
Should ever live to be untrue.

The gray dragged on from day to day:
The blue was never far away,
And brother brave from way down south
Long fought this fight when hope died out
The land was filled, both South and North
So many lovers lost their all
By cruel war's destructive call
So many mothers rue the day
The South called sons from them away.
But Lincoln lived to float full free
The flag on land from sea to sea.

To-day we see a greater sight
Than met his vision tho' so bright;
To-day no North or South is known
And right prevails as has been shown
By loyal Grant and loyal Lee,
Who fight our foes across the sea;

For right not wrong displaced old Spain;
And gave dominion o'er the main
To us doth float the flag as free
To guard the islands of the sea;
To teach men, savage, how to live
To help, not harm and all men give
His brother place upon the earth
To feel to know another's worth;
And may our flag most glorious
Forever be victorious,
And ever girt each land and sea
'Till tide brings in eternity.

General Grant.

O Grant, so great, so grand, so good
Perforce the foe aye fled the field,
When thou did'st come thy country's shield
The Union ever in thee stood,

As staunch as stand the Rockies high,
Which bends not bows, not to the blast:
But dauntless stand till storm is past;
So stood our Grant and peace bro't nigh.

Ye fought the South with mighty hand,
And yet loved ye the Union all;
For heart of Grant was not so small
As hate the foe in hostile land.

Ye modest, silent, self-sustained,
Who came from father's favored farm;
And at West Point gave no alarm
To those who fame their own maintained

In early life ye told men naught
Of what within you hidden lay,
And never stopt to ask for pay:
But seemed with truth for ever fraught.

In fifty-four ye honors left;
And years five wrought ye a farm,
Where men grow great all free from harm
And then you aid your side bereft.

You did your duty day by day
At home, on field, by foe's fierce fire;
No fault you found and ne'er would tire:
Because advance beyond you lay.

Great Lincoln in thee aye could see
The man to mould a nation's might
And held thee for the thickest fight
And meant that great thou should'st e'er be.

Lincoln.

O Lincoln thou bright heaven-star,
We love the day that thou wert born
Thy name's adored and traveled far;
For thou did'st view all wrong with scorn.

In early life with axe in hand
Thou didst thy way hem forward up;
And bright the lustre o'er this land
Which thou didst cast tho' bitter cup,

Was pressed to lips that ne'er expressed
A foolish tho't or reckless vow.
O Lincoln how thou wert distressed
When Brother South with North somehow,

Fell out about located power—
Should power lie in each or all?
Should half the nation every hour,
Be chained and under burdens fall?

Thy mind was clear and thou did'st right
And said: "This nation cannot be
Half-slave and half-free in the light,
God gives me from eternity.

The whole is greater than its part
And this great Union must remain
Tho' brave in South should break their heart
And tho' the waters cease in main.

And every spring should fail to flow
Yea, more tho' sun in heaven blue,
Should vail her face and days not grow
For children's play or men's work new.

Still Union great must keep her place
Thro' calm and storm and peace and strife,
Or else this great and noble race,
Can never know a nations life."

O Lincoln how this land has grown
And now her flag the world doth girt;
And all because the seed was sown,
By thee who wert thyself engirt,

With truth and strength from God above;
By thee who wert and shall be first
In this great Union while we love
The name of Truth and men free burst

The galling chain that would enslave
A race too strong, too true to thee
To brook a wrong while waters have
This shore free till eternity.

Jas. A. Garfield.

O Garfield, God-given, gifted
Self-guided as a star doth light
Its own pathway while uplifted,
By him who shapes our day or night:
Or as the moon keeps on her way,
Between the earth and sky holds sway
Thus bearing both dark and light,
Till quarter moon to half will grow
At length she will just heaven show.

So Garfield's life the earthy knew
In trial, toil, grief-mixed;
But heaven kept he aye in view,
Till was full and all transfixed;
For earth herself had disappeared,
As heaven's portals he had neared—
By fiend untimely forced
Home, travel—tired with latest breath
He heaven bears thro' gates of Death.

The boy is aye to type of man—
How true of Garfield bright;

For early dawn to him began
With brow alit in heaven's light.
He toils on farm—no common hand,
Or guards with sword his native land
Aye foremost in the right.
Once student, teacher, husband, friend
He lived in love until the end.

He was so great he dwelt apart,
'Till found he her divine,
In love with truth, in love with art,
Who gave her love ne'er did repine
To blend in bliss with him so fair,
That rainbow bends to bless the pair—
She makes him more divine.
These two did live in heaven's light;
And hence they knew no day or night.

On glory field he sacrificed
His all for nation's life;
For well or ill it had sufficed
To yield his life in that great strife,
Which filled this land both South and North
With many wounds the war called forth:
But God kept him for us.
His country's call called him to field;
And learned he there his sword to yield.

While there he saw how best supply
The men who fought for Right;
And soon the Congress did rely
On Garfield's ready wit and sight;
For he retired from field to hall,
And saved our land from awful fall—
A star scarce earth—touched he.
The war was o'er and Lincoln fell,
So tells the tale of muffled bell.

The years rolled on till came our need
In eighty-one the place
That nations from all the world heed
Was offered him, chief of our race—
Far other was his scheme and plan
Than place himself in nation's van—
His zeal for Sherman was—
But nation's make the wisest choice;
And in our Garfield we rejoice.

He was a star at Washington,
Like the clear morning star
He lingers long on horizon:
So near to earth and yet so far
He seems to say, "O star shine still;
And be content your place to fill
Not near nor far but shine.
O star I shine, I hope alway,
Till God's own sun brings in the day."

Four months he was this nation's chief,
And then foul fiend waylay
The light, the glory of fond relief
As rose in garden month of May,
Throws glory round its leaves in light
So he relieves our endless night,
Ah Gitteau vile as vile
Retires as darkness hides from light
And fears the face that knows no night.

Still some will say that he is dead;
But dead he cannot be;
He lives a life with God instead,
Exchanged this for eternity.
He lives in you! he lives in me!
And lives a life shall ever be,
Where rainbow glories bend,
To give to him what doth belong,
In gloried land with fairest throng.

He Ne'er Came Back.

The soldier went from Kansas town:
But ne'er returned as has been shown:
His mother's eyes were filled with tears—
His father's heart with grief and fears.

He ne'er came back to us from far—
His good ship sank beyond the bar,
Where heathen plied his missiles dread;
And strewed the ocean with our dead.

In letter east that reached the land,
He said: "I fear we here shall strand
Our coal is gone and death is sure:
But death itself will brave endure.

O mother, weep no more for me,
Tho' something says I'll never see
Your face again in Kansas state:
Yet meet we shall or soon or late.

Tell father he must rent the farm;
Because in war with South his arm,
Was struck and ever since you know
He has been weakened from the blow.

I worked the farm, for I was strong:
But now you cannot get along—
I did not work it as I should,
Tho' father helped me all he could.

O mother, I was always wild:—
But you'll forgive your wayward child;
O mother, something doth me tell
The sounds I hear will ring my knell.

I'm glad I came at country's call;
I'm glad because for her I fall:
I do not fear to meet my God,
And care not whether under sod:

Or merged in wave my body lies;
And death itself my will defies;
But when I think how will *you* live,
My heart doth break—O God forgive.

My father would no pension sue—
O God this war how much I rue,
I fear the struggle you must see;
Since I can never with you be."

The President.

Not like a king just great by birth,
Who doth his throne with men engirth,
As little minded as himself,
Who serve their king for praise or pelf.

Not like the monarch on his throne,
Who rules for self and self alone.
Not like a monarch in his pride,
Who rules his subjects aye aside.

No boast of blood that's aye so blue:
No boast of aught but what is true.
No boast of long ancestral line;
No boast that "All this realm is mine."

Our presidents in cabin small;
First saw the light thro' tree-top tall:
They toiled all day like other men,
To fell the tree in field and fen.

Our presidents by mothers true,
Have aye been rocked beneath the blue;
And do they not so well compare,
That monarchs mad we would not share.

Our presidents well-taught of God,
When gath'ring daisies from His sod,
Have ruled in fear and yet in love,
True 'semblance to our God above.

Our presidents have learned at bench
How from the brow of Labor wrench
That glory never found by kings,
That glory naught but toil e'er brings.

Our flag encircles every sea;
And makes a net-work on the lea.
Our flag doth show that they preside,
Who are a nations greatest pride.

Our presidents aye staunch and strong,
Do help the savage race along,
By placing flag on ev'ry isle,
Where aye Old Glory now doth smile.

Our presidents go plainly drest
For which men say "May they be blest,"
Our presidents of lowly mind,
Ne'er leave their friends in want behind.

Our presidents are plainly reared,
By mothers who have heaven neared.
Our presidents have borrowed light;
From land that knows no day or night.

Our presidents are grand and true
Like those in land beyond the blue,
Where angels bend to hear God's voice,
And makes this wish their ev'ry choice.

The Battleship Maine.

It was ten of the chime in distant clime,
And angels of light were guarding the right;
Our boys lay asleep in the boundless deep,
Asleep in the Maine regardless of Spain.

The Battleship lay in Havana bay,
The moon's face half-hid as if she would rid
Herself of the sight, in yon Harbor bright
Where our boys do sleep in the hidden deep.

The crash came at night to that vessel bright,
It shakes the dark deep where waters must weep
For our beloved slain forever in the Maine;
Quick as arrow from bow each man lies low.

Four hundred and more never saw the shore,
Four hundred and more perfect bliss in store;
"Nevermore, Nevermore," to tread the shore,
Evermore, Evermore, reward in store.

For boys of the Maine we'll never see again;
Sad, sad, tolling bell, where all *had* been well;
Sad, sad, is't to be buried in the sea,
Sad, sad ne'er to see the friends on the lea.

Sad, twice sad, forever, to those who never
Have ceased their weeping for those who're sleeping
In Havana Bay, far, so far away;
Sad, sad, tolling bell, where all *had* been well.

There's many a father who would far rather
Rest among the slain than think on the Maine.
Many mothers are, who must weep afar
From that dreaded spot, never to be forgot.

One from Tennessee did love sisters three
Whom he left for the Maine ne'er to see again;
One from Kansas came ne'er can die *his* fame,
For *he* left a love, who loves him above.

An angel of light was guarding the right,
And Sigbee was led to avenge the dead;
Angel-led from sea, he stands safe on lea;
For spirits from Maine guard him for the main.

Armed with God's own might, because in the right;
Our leader at helm well guarded this realm,
For boys in the Maine, we'll see not again;
So from every state, answer came not late.

"We'll your summons obey, and come right away."
Even the great South faced fairly about,
And that loyal Lee was sent over sea,
That the valiant South should not be left out.

The North ever true as when she wore blue,
Answered battle-call: "The union ne'er shall fall!
We will strew old Spain all over the main;
And then build anew Cuba of the few."

O thou fallen foe, what can the world do?
God has done His best and thou art not blest.
Avenger of wrong hurries Spain along;
She crosses the main, but is it not vain?

Our boy's spirits sped but grief is not fled;
The light's lurid red falls upon the dead.
Spain may cross the main, but we'll meet again;
For angels of light must avenge the right.

O Battleship Maine! thou hast won the main!
O cruel old Spain! we forgive again,
And extend our hand, "Welcome to our land,"
This land of the free, free shall ever be:

O land of the free! tho' not born in thee;
Were the poet loud as he is aye proud,
He would send this rhyme into every clime
That the good ship, Maine, should live e'er again.

To the Grand Army.

Grand Army of the Republic
So well hast thou served the public
That not one suit of gray
Can be seen to-day.
Well hast thou done thy part
To keep the Union one in heart.
Thou hast shed thy blood
So we're not whelmed in flood;
For in thy suits of blue
Thou hast, and will be true;
And in this war with Spain
Men from thee, avenged the Maine.

To the South.

O South with breeze that blows so free,
To tell of orange-blossomed tree:
To tell of sweetest flow'ry dell,
Where summer reigns with magic spell.

O South that fought so fierce for Lee,
So firm so true to Cuba free;
O South you follow flag o'er sea,
The flag you once despised on lea.

O South you learned to graceful yield,
Hang up your sword, lay down your shield:
You learned to love that mighty flag,
You follow far and never lag.

O South we know you love far North;
Since Cuban war hath brought you forth,
To lay your lives on altar true,
And fight with us beneath God's blue.

O South for freedom you will fight—
You keep your swords your shield aye bright.
O South your love for right is true—
It comes from Him beyond the blue.

Kansas.

O Kansas, center of the States,
How oft thou wilt decide the fates
Of races yet unborn unknown,
Who will thro' thee to all be known!

O Kansas, Sun for ev'ry star,
That doth revolve both near and far
Around the Sunflowers' mighty form
In sun, or shade, or snow or storm.

O Kansas, thou hast gleaned so well
The *good* you hold by magic spell,
From ev'ry age and time and state,
That well you may decide all fate.

Ay, Kansas is the sweetest state,
To which so many came not late:
The blood is new this Kansas flows
From strength to strength it onward flows.

Ay, Kansas leaves the sham and shame;
And speaks to-day in Honor's name,
And Kansas will not license wrong
As age to age she moves along.

Wyoming.

O State where women have full sway!
O State whose months are all sweet May!
O State where all our virtues meet;
For fairest fair doth office greet.

For years we've sought a cure for ills—
Were turned aside by money-mills;
But in this state we all do find
A cure for each and all mankind.

Here, woman has her rightful place;
Here, woman doth each office grace.
Here, woman's woe is turned to bliss,
A heaven-world is found in *this*.

Here, man has naught to lose or gain;
Here, man has naught to keep him vain,
Here, man hath lost his vantage ground;
Here, woman all her rights has found.

Here, is a land of pure delight,
Where woman is the only light.
O man, ally with woman fair;
Or vanish all your hopes in air.

A Living Death.

Old Spain whose dead and clammy hand,
Had rested long on Cuban land,
Where Right by Wrong had been displaced;
And Hope, herself, had been disgraced.

This Star all red in gory stain,
Had fought long years with hated Spain:
A war unequal she did wage,
And yet Old Spain did well engage.

This Star while melting in her blood,
Defied the force that came like flood,
Across the ocean wide and deep,
While all the world seemed aye asleep.

The world awoke one morning wild,
All shocked she sobbed for her own child,
The *Maine* all buried deep in Bay
Forever still her crew did lay.

Old Spain had crossed the bourne that kept
All nations still as if they slept,
On verge of grave forever filled,
By those whose woes our hearts had thrilled.

A call, "To arms!" was heard afar;
"We must avenge the Cuban star!"
The boys did answer, far and wide,
"Old Spain we'll riddle and deride."

Among the first that did avow,
"We'll make Old Spain to us now bow,"
Was one who came from Kansas state—
A state that ne'er can find her mate.

The girls knew him as Willie True:
And ne'er his mother did him rue
Could all the land find one so fine—
He seemed to be almost divine?

The morning that he marched away,
The tree tops bowed tribute to pay
The flowers he trod did fragrance bring;
To him who walked—ah more than king!

The birds in air sang sweetest song,
As Willie, spry did spring along,
The old and young did all agree:
"The Star from Spain shall *now* be free."

Alas! So early in the strife,
Sweet Willie yielded *more* than life:
His form bedrenched in blood one day,
Was borne from battle field away.

He lay in cot with whitewashed wall
And heard no more the bugle call:
A ball had lodged so close to brain—
The curse that clings, comes aye from Spain.

A year and Willie doth come back;
But ah! so much did Willie lack,
Where was that tread that bounding went,
Before old Spain her force had spent?

Where was that voice as clear as bell,
Which on the ear like music fell?
Where was the bloom that once we knew
So fresh—now vanished from our view?

Where was the *man* who went away,
To fight Old Spain one summer day?
Where was the love he bore that one,
Who prayed "O God thy will be done?"

All these were left on blood red field,
Where curs'd Spain was forced to yield
Her vaunted right in Cuban land,
All wrested by a stronger hand.

And who was this who walked between
Two friends across the village green,
Where flowers drooped in sore dismay?
Can this be *he* who went away?

His love did weep both long and sore;
But said, at length, "Ah nevermore!
He doth not know his love to-day!
Ah Spain, how dear you made *me* pay:"

Sweet Willie holds his living death;
But ne'er doth speak beyond his breath,
It were far better in his pain
That he had died by hand of Spain.

The American Eagle.

O Eagle, with your mighty wings outspread
From shore to shore you bid the nations tread,
Aye soft on bounds that circle others' rights—
You dare the great to blot out smaller lights.

In times just past old Spain in hate defied
An island that on Right alone relied:
By Starvation's slow and relentless woe
Old Spain would conquer this, her smallest foe.

The eagle, mute and sullen, sat on crag,
That long o'er looked the nation's lazy lag;
And then her wings alit in that clear light,
Which swept aside the Spanish darksome night.

Her eye o'er-filmed as when her eaglet falls,
All bruised and crushed in weakness for help calls;
And then a flash—it seemed the lightning's gleam.
Displaced the film as speeds the swiftest dream.

The eagle, a flash of most brilliant light,
Bore down upon old Spain, whose endless night,
Had sunk the Cuban Star beneath that wave of woe
Old Spain hath bro't each age to weaker foe.

Old Spain's fleet staggers like a drunken man—
It reels, it sinks, when war, but just began—
The eagle's look is dagger to the heart;
It banished coward and his coward part.

The eagle soars in circles highering;
And aids all nations for aye inspiring
To reach that place of light and love and hope;
So high, so far, that none of earth can cope.

The eagle soars beyond the Stars and Bars;
And angry, flashes light from war-God Mars,
A light that burns some nations in their might;
But points the others from their endless night.

O Eagle, swiftest of the feathered race,
You calmly sit in heaven's highest place.
In days of peace, you fold your wings in light,
In days of war, you speed for Justice, Right.

The Union.

So wide, so great, so mighty shown,
With scarce a century past flown:
Great Arbiter in war for lands,
That harbor hate with cruel hands:
That shackle those
Whose love would make a strong repose.

O Union fortress of the free,
O home for those who distant be,
Whose land their own drives forth in fear,
Which leave they must with scalding tear
O Land that's free!
Free, shalt thou for ever be?

Thou shalt be free while willows bent,
O'er streams that to them glory lent;
Thou shalt be free while breezes blow;
Thou shalt be free while white is snow;
Thou shalt be free!
O Land so free, free ever be!

Thou shalt be free while ocean's tide
Her waters bear to rivers wide.
Thou shalt be free, when sun grows dim;
For Time's cup's full up to the brim,
O Land so wide,
You're kissed by many oceans wide!

O Land that gave great Lincoln birth
Who did with glory you begirth,
You stand alone in Freedom's race;
And scorn the lord, aye to his face,
Your love is sure;
And Freedom must with thee endure.

Ye have in many wars engaged,
And greatest powers thou hast enraged;
Because ye seemed as naught to them,
And yet their bravest did'st thou hem
In narrow place;
When fought they foe aye face to face.

Ye fought—they fled—but left their dead,
Where trophies they had hoped instead.
How many lands have tried to give
The death—blow to us—yet we live,
O Land, your light
Has banished Cuba's awful night.

O Land, no North or South is known,
Where this Great Union strong has grown.
The South doth seek Old Glory's weal
To force foe back that on us steal
O Land of love,
Ye chartered came from Christ above?

O Land, that gallant Grant us gave,
Who freed the slave from wave to wave;
O Land that did great Garfield rear.
Who did to us bring heaven near,
Earth's jewel he
That heaven might we in Thee see.

The Grand Army of the Republic.

O Army Grand, that doth us bring
More blessings than an earthly king;
You showed by War's majestic art
The whole is greater than its part.

You saved the Union from the fall,
Which comes to nation, great or small,
When half the race doth trembling stand,
Before the master lash in hand.

You heard the call from Lincoln true;
And left your homes to don the blue,
In which you fought your brother brave—
You fought to conquer yet to save.

You left your mother, sisters mild;
    You left the sweetest little child.
You left your love to care for farm;
    And prayed that God would keep from harm.

You tho't not once of wages then,
    As fierce you fought the foe in fen,
Where left your comrade on the field
    With clods of earth to be his shield.

O Army Grand we follow thee:
    O Army Grand you made us free;
O Army Grand you are as true,
    As bends the bow beneath the blue.

George Washington.

O Washington the days do teach
How few who can thy greatness reach;
Each year doth prove to us thou art
Of God himself a noble part.

O Washington, so firm, so true
As God himself beyond the blue.
O Washington, whose noble mind
In God alone we now can find.

O Washington, at Valley Forge,
You pierced the heart of English George
And sent our flag along the lea
Till now it floats the land and sea.

O Washington, once known to few,
Thou art now held to millions' view.
O Washington, the sun doth shine
On land that know thou art divine.

O Washington, each year you grow,
More pure to man than driven snow.
O Washington, the world is blind
That knows not yet thy mighty mind.

Washington.

O Washington, thou art divine
No name so sweet to us as thine,
This day which brings to mind thy birth.
In glory all is now begirth,

Because you made our mighty race,
To stand 'fore God aye face to face.
You little dreamed how great that life
You spent for us in ceaseless strife.

You fought our foe so fierce his hate,
Did drive thee oft to heaven's gate;
You brought from there that halo light
By which we read thy worth to-night.

O Washington, so great, so good,
Not yet by men quite understood
Altho' the light of this great age,
Has left thee *first* on hist'ry's page.

O Washington, you fought in love,
As true as God, himself, above,
O Washington, your light so true
You bring to us from yon bent blue.

O Washington, we know thy *God*,
Ne'er left *thee* buried in the sod;
But by himself He doth enthrone
Thy life aye lived in Him alone.

Oswego Department.

A Place Charmed.

There is a place that I know well,
Which one doth hold with magic spell;
It is controlled by one fair maid,
With whom three others long have staid.

There was a time when I engaged,
To toil this place wherein were caged
Two sisters fair as this world knows;
For fairer than the lily grows.

In early morn I swept the shop;
And then at noon I had to stop
To entertain the many fair,
Who came with brown or yellow hair.

I felt so big my head grew large,
So these fair maids did me discharge.
Each day since then is very sad;
For I no hour have e'er been glad.

Larkin.

Young Larkin is his father's son;
And works with him in unison.
He is a bachelor just now;
But will this remedy somehow.

In ninety-eight he came to town;
And has since then five inches grown.
He is a part of greatest skill;
And doth the magazines all fill.

He is a lad of whom we're proud;
And well appears in any crowd.
He is to-day his father's joy;
And all around he's a right good boy.

He doth some time keep ope the jail,
But never doth at prisoners rail.
He feeds them well on beans and soup;
And never loses one of croup.

He doth the preachers use quite well;
As if they held by magic spell,
He boards at Skillin's ev'ry day;
And never is behind with pay.

Lover's Leap.

There is a cliff beside yon stream,
Where swift the waters dash agleam
In light that comes from heaven true,
A place deep hid in yonder blue.

'Tis said that years long gone a maid,
Whose tribe by sweet Neosho staid,
Was crossed in love to noble chief,
And sought this cliff to find relief.

It was a night so dark and drear,
That all the air was filled with fear;
It suited well the purpose wild,
That now possessed this love-lorn child.

So slow her step, so sad her face,
As wrath of heaven grew apace,
She ne'er made pause to change her mind;
But soon the summit she did find.

Her nature for a moment failed,
And seemed that reason had availed;
And soon Despair regains his hold
When plunges she in waters cold.

The billows far below her lay,
And rushed along in mad'ning play—
The water-wraith shrieked deep from wave,
That now became this maiden's grave.

The search for her was made in vain—
Her grave moved on to God's own main,
Where now she waits for Him who makes
The best of all we call mistakes.

An Indian maid is said to have leaped to death from this cliff.

Marriage.

Questions asked the couple at marriage ceremony on the band stand Sept. 7, 1900, 4:45 p. m.. by the author, who had the marriage in charge, at the Oswego Street Fair.

TO THE GROOM.

Will you to-day this lady wed
And all your life by her be led?
Will you for her aye build the fire;
And dress her in the best attire?

In case we gas find more or less,
Will you buy her a brand new dress?
When she grows sour will you grow sweet;
And always with a smile her greet?

TO THE BRIDE.

Do you agree this thing by him,
To make him aye your seraphim?
If gas is found you,ll buy a suit;
And never call him an old bruit?

Carrell.

Legs-crossed he sitteth on table;
And works as hard as he's able,
He's young and fair and handsome too;
And loved by girls and not a few.

He's sweet sixteen the boys all say,
With step as light as fawn at play.
He whistles at his work all day
And plies his work pay or no pay.

His friend, the good Harry Tinker,
Is no slough but a bright thinker,
This Harry is the fairest boy
And gives his father's heart much joy.

These two are good as good can be;
And bound for sweet eternity.
Where there they'll ply the tailor trade
And will with vests the shelves all lade.

Neosho.

Neosho flows thro' mighty plains,
Which still bear not a few remains
Of customs, laws to heathen known,
That we boast now to have out grown.

We find the skulls of horses lay,
Where they tribute to chief may pay;
The chief whose passions ruled his life,
And kept adrift in battle strife.

These skulls are dreamless as the one,
Whose ashes say, "Thy will be done,
From dust we came, to dust we go;
It hath and will for aye be so."

Neosho, sweet and fair you flow,
Where now the garden flowers grow.
Neosho, can thy spirit see
The changes that have come to thee?

Neosho, can you backward see
How barques afloat were borne on thee,
Apast the wolf's aye yawning den,
Hid deep beyond the haunts of men?

Neosho, can you see the chief
To storm or seige or bring relief,
As arrows swift and swifter fly
To meet the arrows that reply?

Neosho, do you know the past:
How lives in former days were cast
By lot or chance in battle grim,
And left to light now death-like dim?

Neosho dost thou know the grief;
For which no balm can bring relief;
The grief that stays with mothers wild;
Because you robbed of sweetest child?

Neosho, have you heard the voice:
Of man who made the maid rejoice;
Because he whispered out his love,
As true as God is throned above?

Neosho, have you heard my name;
How years not long to you I came
To see the sun-gilt ripple play,
Coquetting with Sol far away?

Neosho, can you never know
How much you tell as past you flow
In haste to reach the searching sea,
That longs for you to leave the lea.

You widen, deepen, sweeter grow;
And back to him at last you flow,
Just what he gave to him returns;
And while still absent to him turns.

Oswego

O Oswego! fair Oswego!
None ever rue they come to you.
O Oswego, sweet Oswego!
A town so fair not one so rare.
Your people fine arise at nine,
On Sunday morn in spite of storm,
Arrive not late at heaven's gate.

Sit still and muse, but ne'er abuse
The preacher true with tho'ts but few,
Who tries to tell the story well
Of *Him* who came without a name
That all might live and ever give
A measure true in Oswego.

With fire alarm there can no harm,
Reach Oswego where lilies blow:
We need not hire for cry of "Fire!'
As people true will rise at two
To quench the flame in Honor's name.
Alarum bell, it rings so well
That mule in stall takes up the call.

In charity she's ever free
To do her best that all be blest.

O Oswego with Neosho,
That ever flows where daisy blows
In leafy dell we love so well,
Neosho flows between the snows.

Oswego knows. Oswego grows.
She grows so slow that men may know
The way back home tho' far they roam
In dale or dell they love so well.

She grows so still there's no ill will
From town apart that's e'er alert
To work us ill and chances kill.
We make no haste to build in paste;
But build as true as heaven's blue.
The poet knew old Oswego,
In distant past before the last
Great war with Spain gave us the main.
She has not changed, but has remained
As sure as fate comes soon or late.

She has good schools not made for fools.
Under the just who know they must
Make Parsons rue she ever knew
Orator tall she met last fall,
Her cresents fell ashamed to tell,
So hides her head in sulky bed.

Altamont too then learned to know
Our school's no slump since taking stump,
Besides these two who came to rue
They ever knew bold Oswego.

Skater's Accident.

It was the first day of the year,
When young and old without a tear
Neosho sought to have a skate.
Among the braves that came not late,
Were two who felt themselves too proud
To mingle in the common crowd;
So up the stream they both
As tho' all fate they would defy;
Each felt they knew the stream full well
And would not heed the chance befell
A luckless wight, but few days past,
Who fell in stream for time the last.

These two did go, and go and go,
For one a poet was, and so,
He felt he must reach "Lover's Leap"
They passed at length a bluff most steep
And one whose feet were ne'er forgot
Said; "Let us sit down on this block."
The poet said: "'Tis well my friend,
For of this ice there seems no end."

On their return, the poet said:
"Let us keep this bait ahead,
It will give each something to do,
And make us feel far better too."

He picked a shell from near the shore
For them to chase for ever more.
The poet on skates had oft been,
And now while his dear friend was seen
To fall on smooth deceitful ice,
The poet felt he could suffice
For two, and darting in and out
Like one who knew what he's about,
Shoots at last like lightening's glance
To ice the other viewed askance
"You'd better take care there' said he:
"Or you will in the water be."
"O there's no danger," was reply,
"For I can well this ice defy."

Just then there was terrrific plunge,
Which did not end till dreadful lunge
Was followed by many a stroke
From one who never a word spoke;
For he was most deeply engaged
As tho' he had been duly waged,
To do so much on first New Year,
And do it too with all good cheer.

The other flat on shore did lie
For safe himself could well defy
Both time and tide and stream as well,
For some must live to ring the knell
Of those who fail to live their days
And give to Him who merits praise
Tho' rash desire or folly bent
The hours, the weeks He to them lent.
If some must live, why not be Jim
To tell the fate that befell him,
Who plunged the water deep within;
And thus to self, death early bring.
Our hero struggles in deep flood;
For he doth vaunt his English blood,
And once Niagara he plied;
And her strong waters he defied
While swam a mile from shore to shore
And hence he felt that ever more,
He must old Neosho aye keep
Well under his own skated feet.

He felt it easy to keep cool
While blamed he himself for a fool
While swimming round and round and round
This poet's eye at length had found
A place where ice seemed firm and strong;
And dragged at last his length along
So weary, worn and almost spent,

His ear to Jim is not well lent;
For shame to tell this swimmer bold
To honest Jim felt rather cold,
And hence when asked, "Can you get out?"
Replied: "I know what I'm about."
One skilled in climbing unto ice,
Knows well that *strength* will not suffice;
But he who keeps his head cool
And feet warm, is not Fortune's Fool;
And so it was with skater bold,
Who did his form on surface hold,
Till friendly ice his feet did meet;
And soon his friends did swimmer greet.

Next time he goes to have a skate
The poet hopes that kindest fate,
Will give him lucky, lucky Jim;
For Jim will surely rescue him.

The Picnic Chicken.

The sun arose from his repose
On Tuesday morn, and none did scorn;
But viewed the world, whose smoke was curled
From chimney tall and chimney small.

He shot his light thro' darkest night;
And forced his wedge thro' window's edge
Till brightest beam fell on men's dream;
And filled their night with endless light.

When sky was gray a bird held sway,
In tones most loud; for he was proud,
Of his own might in morning's light
He knew the way himself to sway.

In early morn this bird picked corn,
Inside a pen beside a hen;
He had no light to tell the night,
Whose shadows fall on great and small.

He did not know that far below
This world of ours the Fates count hours,
To birds belong of sweetest song;
And that *his* fate would come not late.

Just as he thought I've often sought
Yon thickest shade, and there have made
The chickens small, seek shelter all—
I'll go that way to-day I'll stay.

A woman came—we'll not tell name—
Before he knew he was in view,
She cast keen glance and did advance—
The tale's so brief, it fills with grief.

With latest breath he danced his death;
His head was found upon the ground,
Where once he fought and vict'ry bought,
By strength and skill and blows most ill.

Next day high noon—alas so soon—
He sought the shade with lemonade,
In Heltzel's woods with other goods,
As pie and cake which picnics take.

We buried him, great seraphim
In graves apart but near the heart—
In graves so round not found in ground
Each part found place all hid in face.

In laugh and jest we did our best
To show *we* cared not how *he* feared
The day before—ah evermore·
To strut and crow on drifted snow.

Next winter mild will find the child
Of feathered race moved on apace,
In ruddy blood he may cross flood;
Or pass the snows where river flows.

But ne'er again he'll crow for men
To rouse from sleep so strong and deep;
And ne'er in morn he'll pick his corn,
Beside his mates so sad the Fates.

To Mr. Merit C. Read.

My Friend so dear, you've come at last
To bring to mind the sweetest past,
When true as Truth, you stood by me
In cause of Christ to make men free.

I'm glad that He who rules your life,
Doth give you help in every strife,
He loves His own as has been shown,
By fact that thou art like Him grown.

In days not yet you'll ne'er forget,
Thro' dark the past you did not fret,
When hid the sun behind the cloud
For then God's rainbow thou hast found.

What a Dollar Did.

One morn I rose from out the ground;
And soon a place too hot I found.
From which I sprang to go to mint,
There titles come and not by stint.
I found myself with double face,
An eagle winged to fly some place,
All thro' the great United States,
There I myself decide the fates
Of man and child and hapless horse
Now stalled by Mac. or Fish. by force.

This eagle said: "In God we trust;"
So may "combine" and "fraud" now rust.
I have a woman's face as true,
As God himself beyond the blue.
I love the fair, because they spend;
But failing this they all do lend,
My ear, marked pluribus unum
Was pierced in year eighteen ninety one.

I went to Condon's first to stay
An hour before I came away.

He said to me: "I fear you'll spoil,
I'll lend you now to man of toil,
In came a man by name James White,
Who know no guile and ne'er held spite,
So Condon said: "See here my friend,
This dollar you may have to spend."

So White did take to lettered (J. D. H.) Reed
Who changed for corn with greatest speed.
I found myself in hand of steel
Of one who quick to Read's did wheel.
Who took me in for frying pan;
And sought his safe like careful man.
I was about to go away,
When one called "Read, hold there I say:
Have you not cash to spare just now
I'm always out of cash somehow."

So Read just turned and handed me
To preacher small who went in glee
And paid my price for printer's press;
But money had and none the less.

The printer paid me to his hand
Who feeds his flock in this sweet land.
So Van himself did take me in
But soon he sent me on the spin;
For married is he—I need not tell—
And so I say oumgh! houmgh! ah well.

That night I rode on Katy line
And Kansas City found by nine.
And then a parasol I bought,
While man got me who Spain had fought.
He since gave me to Utterson
And lives with his wife in unison.

For years I've been in some one's hand;
And hope I've blest this sweetest land.
Last night I slept in Marley's vault:
And felt ashamed because for malt
I once was changed when I was young
Before the days when conscience stung
O'er boys and brains that beer did kill,
Who sleep to-day beneath the hill.

My face is worn with eagle dim;
And now I'm old and filled with whim.
One thing I've done since I came out—
A day book kept and know about
How much I've done since I began—
I've paid my way like any man
I've paid in all ten million bills;
And now can sing as sweet as rills.
And now for you I will sin'—no I can't
I hear Marley—harsh sound of key in safe
(Silence, deep and painful.)

Pansies Presented.

Among red, white and pink flowers,
Sweet pansies came to wile the hours;
And what! Oh, what were they to me,
But fairest fair that I could see!
A patch of blue, bending sky
Had fallen to me from on high,
And pansies sweet met one forlorn,
So luckless starred to drift in storm.
O, pansies dear you are as true
As woman's love from heaven blue.
How many kind steps were taken,
To bring you to me, forsaken
Of health, of cheer, of power to do,
To wrestle, to struggle with foe
In shape of death as dark as hell,
Where never strain of music fell.
But, pansies, ye daughters of earth,
Yet nurslings of the sky, your worth

Has soothed me and sweetened sad life,
And shut out the world's awful strife.
O pansies pure, you must endure
In poet's heart, steadfast and sure,
As our God's rounded, bending blue,
Where, sweet pansies, you broke through;
Then did exert all your powers
In smiles that did beguile the hours
Of weary, weak and helpless child,
Whom naught of earth could have beguiled
And when the end shall come to me,
May I in this great Union be,
So when kind death shall close my eyes
May their last glimpse catch Kansas skies;
And may kind friends place pansies dear
O're my lone grave to give me cheer.

Thanks to E. T. Read.

Please accept this rhyme for help in past time;
For thou'st often blest my soul and the rest,
Who in His great name have failed to bring fame
To that lovely spot, which he ne'er forgot.
The story that's told will never grow old.
Tho' we do not see the blessings flow free,
From Him who can e'er grasp worlds in a span,
We hope to receive crowns if we believe.
Shall we not press on, altho' all seems gone?
Had Christ stopt to think, mightn't we be on brink
I will still press on; it will not be long.

The Morning Walk.

I saw the sunrise just this morn,
When all the air was filled with storm;
I saw the clouds so closely pack
That held the surf upon their back.

There was a strip across the east,
Whereon my eyes did longing feast;
I gazed right on so long and still
That all my soul did seem to fill.

It was a lake with borrowed blue,
All backed with circling land so true;
The waters splashed about my feet,
While music seemed my ear to greet.

It was the music from the bar,
Where billowed-waves had crossed from far;
And rushed on shore like mad'ning steeds,
As swift as storm bears past the reeds.

I saw the billows raging white,
That lashed a neigh'ring isle in spite;
I saw some boats, white-sailed adrift
To 'scape the isle did ever shift.

I saw a steamer stern and strong,
All followed by dense smoke along;
It anchored silv'ry-sided shore,
As if to stay forever more.

I saw dark pines on islets rock,
That seemed this world's vain hopes to mock;
All dark the background sullen lay,
While islets dotted every bay.

That world enchanted nearer grew,
Till all complete it filled my view,
The sun was hid behind that cloud
That belted all the world around.

And yet His glory made this world,
Where Beauty's self her flag unfurled.
'Tis sure that God will ever meet,
If we but stop his face to greet.

Moneyed and Moneyless.

At last the weary day did end—
A day in which he much did lend:
"Just two per cent per month he cried;
On these hard times I have relied."

He loved to hear his money chink;
But ne'er of heaven did he think.
He cursed the men who poor by fate,
Brought him their gold a day too late.

He sent afar for raiment bright;
And curst his town with all his might;
Because all did not buy of him:
His humour best was almost grim.

He pushed his way to palace home,
All but as rich as Peter's Rome,
He met his child with brigh'est face,
A face so full of God's first grace.

The child did prattle of his play;
And tell how he had spent the day.
In joy his wagon he did fill
With wheat to grind in yonder mill.

And then the poor he did supply—
The lack of money did defy,
The father felt the bitter sting,
Which this sweet child to him did bring.

While prattling of the gay, gay day,
Which father spent in forcing pay,
From men whose farms with toil were bent—
Their lives for him they each had spent.

City Hotel.

Our Dave doth give the best of meat;
And will insist on more shall eat,
His beds are soft as eider down;
And we return as birds home-flown.

He doth not push us for the pay;
But waits on us a long, long day.
His dining maids are Beauty's own
As years long gone to us have shown.

He has a brother we call George,
Whose father fought at Valley Forge,
This George is Honor's own dear child;
And not a hair of *George* is *wild*.

Wandering Willie From Heaven.

Our Wandering Willie from heaven came;
And bro't to us angelic fame.
He wanders, wanders all the day,
From heaven strayed so far away.

He is a boy that we love well--
He holds us by his magic spell,
He works and toils that he may give
To *us* a better chance to live.

He barrels makes the long, long day,
That he may give away his pay;
His wealth he gives to tramps who ask,
Tho' ne'er so thin may be their mask.

When left he heaven for this earth,
He was in glory all engirth,
That glory still see we in him,
He bore alone as seraphim.

His heart is greater than his wealth;
He never can grow rich by stealth.
To all the boys; he is *the* boy
They ever hail with greatest joy.

In form and face he is a man,
As fair as Eve when world began;
He is so tall that he can see
What things to-day in heaven be.

He is in love with all the fair;
And hence not much disposed to pair;
He is too *young* to marry *yet*;
But some fair day don't you forget.

Of Wandering Will we are so proud,
We'll sing this rhyme both long and loud;
Because he never fails his friends;
But all his wealth to them he lends.

China Wedding.

The twentieth anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Kingsbury's wedding, was celebrated at their home by a china wedding on November the 14th, 1900. The author was an invited guest. The following stanza accompanied his present.

May twenty years again return;
And Love's pure light for your aye burn.
May all your years like rivers flow;
And all your pathway brighter grow.

Marriage-Fee Presented.

I send to thee this marriage fee,
That is just earned from one most learned,
A doctor bright, who is alright,
Who ever wills to cure life's ills.

By his own mind he aids mankind;
He drives the blood like living flood,
To ev'ry part right thro' the heart,
He is a man who holds the van;

Because as brave as ocean wave,
That all alone will mount his throne;
And cross the bar to realm afar—
No guide it knows where'er it flows.

So he alone did mount *his* throne,
A throne of doubt which men did scout.
He still holds sway and has his way,
Altho' in spite men *we* tho't white,

Did track with hound his ev'ry round,
They have in vain declared him slain;
He lives as true as yon bent blue,
Doth stretch yon rill, just by the mill.

In all his woe he found no foe,
In one fair maid, who by him staid;
Her life so pure did him allure—
Her love to him will not grow dim.

To-day she gave her hand to save,
This bach'lor's life from lonely strife,
Where he has fought and honor bought,
Enough to share and both well fare.

To Dr. William Caldwell.

Thou hast for years been aye my Friend,
And such will be until the end;
You are as polished as the past,
Where you were first and shall be last.

You are so staunch, so firm, so true;
You bending yield, like yonder blue,
Your manners from the South are brought;
Your honor never yet was bought.

An Hotel.

There is a place that I know well—
    It is Dave Scillin's good hotel;
It is a home for all the lost
    And at the very smallest cost.

It is the finest in the state,
    To which we all come soon or late;
The beds are soft with feath'ry down—
    The finest springs in all the town.

Whene'er he sets us down to eat,
    We find the finest tend'rest meat.
He has a clerk, we all call George,
    As brave as days of Valley Forge.

A woman came one moon-lit night;
And challenged Dave, "Come out and fight,"
He begged for her to wait for George,
Who fights like men at Valley Forge.

"You owe a dollar," she exclaims;
I base on days gone by my claims,
When paid for room I never gained;
Because in town I ne'er remained."

She clinched her speech with one great rock;
And then at Dave she threw his clock;
The State doth now her bills all pay;
In building brick, across the way.

Poems of Love.

My Queen.

My queen has hair as dark as night;
Her eyes o'ermatch the starry light,
That tells the earth of heaven home,
Beyond the deep and bending dome.

Her form is lithe as willows be,
That bend o'er stream their gods to see,
Her smile is all that heavens give—
I would miss all with her to live.

Her face is all alit in light,
From land that knows no day or night.
Her step is quick when I appear;
Her smile most sweet when I draw near.

And can I, shall I, doubt her love?
Ah no! as will doubt God above!
Her love, her life, her self is mine;
And she herself is all divine.

Her life strikes mine as in the yore;
And shall strike mine forever more.
Come life, come death, come all that be,
My love awake, in sleep, I see.

She Left me for a Richer Man.

O love, my love, my pure, my fair,
I know that we shall never pair:
I know our lives are severed wide;
For so the Fates do now decide.

It was a father's cherished hate,
That took you to the Golden Gate,
Where sad your eyes the Ocean view—
Your love to *me* is ever new.

I know the man who tries to win
I see him now with senseless grin,
How can *he* gain my Nellie's love;
And heaven know a God above?

He was my classmate in days past,
The drag, the drudge, the dunce, the last;
His forehead slants too far for brain,
Shall he my Nellie ever gain?

I do not know—a father's will,
Hath left him wealth in land and mill,
He has his *time* to give to thee—
And canst *thou* change, take *him* for *me*?

Ah, yes! I see an island bare—
It is the place where I must fare.
I watch yon ship on tidal wave
And wish to be within my grave.

It is the barque of two I know,
Borne on the ocean's stormy flow.
I dare not wish the vessel harm;
For this would cause sweet Nell, alarm.

O God, how can I, pray for Nell;
And wish that villain ever well?
Ah yes! these *two*, I'm told are *one*;
So help me say *thy* will be done.

The City Chap and Cora.

Joe loved sweet Cora with his might,
Tho' oft his love would Cora slight.
At length a ring this Cora wore--
Such bliss plain Joe ne'er knew before.

The days flowed one till that one came,
When Cora vowed to bear *Joe's* name.
The wedding guests drove in from far;
But where was Cora, faithless star?

A note she left that did explain;
"I know Joe's love I'll ne'er regain
He has been patient all his life,
Tho' I have made him awful strife.

He begged me leave the city chap,
Whose drink at last would bring mishap.
He found that Charlie and I met;
And this forgave and seemed forget.

He does not know our secret plan;
He is too pure, too good a man
To think that I so false could be—
He could no fault in *me* e'er see.

Before you read this note of mine,
I shall be wed by laws divine.
I do not ask you to forgive
So false a life I now do live."

* * * *

A year passed by and then the grass,
Began to grow on grave, alas!
The grave that covered Cora's form—
She had been wrecked in fiercest storm.

* * * *

Ten years dragged on and no one knew
About poor Joe; for he withdrew
To parts unknown on that curst day,
When Cora passed from him away.

And then her mother's sweet, pale face,
Was hid, where flowers strew the place,
A stone's throw from that dreaded spot,
Where flowers begged, "Forget me not."

So some went o'er to read the stone,
Where Cora's form was all alone.
The foremost stopped and shrieked "I see
Some form upon her grave there be."

It was the form of stalwart Joe,
Too good betray a friend or foe;
He died upon that maiden's grave,
Whose life he tried in vain to save.

Flo's Summer Friend.

Why sit so sad in this glad time?
Know not that Spring is in her prime?
Why not, sweet maid, in month of May,
Be happy all the day and gay?

"It was in Spring when Charlie came—
I never meant to tell his name.
I tho't he was like heaven, true,
As God himself beyond the blue.

He left 'fore Fall could quite decide
How just the seasons should decide.
He wrote a time or two and then
He failed in that, in word, in pen.

At length the days so long became,
That Spring had time to write her name
In blossoms white and blossoms gay,
Till men declare once more "'Tis May."

And then a paper came to me,
In which his *marriage* I did see:
He won my love to throw away—
What care I now for month of May?

"Ah yes! my Flo; but then you'll meet,
In land of love where lovers greet,
And there your love will aye be new;
For aye your love will be in view."

'Tis true; but then he'll love his love,
In that fair land which is above.
And in that life I'll ever see
That hand-in-hand *they* aye will be."

I Loved Her but She Left me.

She passed adown the grassy glen,
To house once built by busy men;
And here she robed with lightest breath:
Alas! she robed for her own death.
She stept into the waters deep;
And moved as one will do in sleep.
She little knew Niag'ra's flood,
That had death-chilled the youngest blood.

It has been known to fiercly hurl
The strongest men in mighty whirl.
There are no hopes unless you know
Just where the waters treach'rous flow;
Just where the rocky ledges bend,
Where life and death do ready blend;
Just where all feeble made the will
Of many men now dead and still.

She saw her sister struggle fierce—
And did not wait her cry to pierce—

But soon forgot her own young life
To help the other in her strife.
She reached her hand; but all in vain:
She failed her sister to regain.
And then the current mighty grew,
Till took them both from mortal view.

She had for three brief years been mine,
And knew I well she was divine.
But little tho't I that her God
Would make me pass beneath the rod.
A wand'rer for so many years
In spite of penitential tears.
I know her life so good, so pure
That heaven did her aye allure.

But little dreamed that she would be
So soon, my God, at home with thee.
As years roll on what doth *she* know,
Of tho'ts *my* own which upward flow,
As clouds from stream or silent sea,
Will rise and rest on highest lea?

Is she asleep where daisies grow.
Or far beyond with crowne'd brow?

She's gone, I wander all alone;
It seems that God forsakes His throne;
The dark doth drive the light apace—
Forever hid is God's own face.
Long yesternights all ghastly grim,
O'erlap my past, all dull and dim;
My future is a gath'ring night
Too dark to pierce by strongest light.

Katy Lee and Charlie May.

They walked across the grassy field;
For Charley was fair Katy's shield.
In school and out, as days sped by;
And Katy's eyes aye made reply.

They reached the bottom of the hill,
Where babbled by the noisy rill;
And here her eyes of sweetest blue
Just caught his own of brown so true.

Their cheeks turned crimson in their hue,
Whose eyes were brown and eyes were blue,
At length said Kate to Charlie meek,
Whose honest blood still flushed his cheek:

"You carry aye that basket wide—
It must be heavy at your side:
I will help half up this steep hill"—
Each carries half with right good will.

The eyes of brown met eyes of blue;
But turned away some sight to sue,
Far up the height up which they past,
Two pair of eyes an instant cast.

The years speed by and eyes still blue,
Are bent on basket to pursue
The dimple's on a baby's face,
That had begun life's earnest race.

This basket was both high and wide;
And had two rockers at its side.
The eyes of brown and eyes of blue,
Were each to each forever true.

No New Year's Gift, Love.

O Love a year ago we stood,
Beside the altar of the Good;
And there we vowed each other love,
Before our God who rules above.

The vows then spoken I re-call;
And know them broken one and all:
You spend your days in business place;
At night I rarely see your face.

Your club, your chess, your cards, have care,
While I alone at home do fare:
You spent your Christmas at the Hall,
While none on me all day did call.

You bring to me no simple gift,
The cloud of grief from me to lift;
You know my mother lately died,
Altho' on her I all relied.

You brought no ribbon for my hair—
O Love, am I no longer fair?
I know to you I am as true,
As God's own self in yonder blue.

And yet you slight me evr'y day;
And stay all even' far away;
O Love, my heart will break for love,
You promised me 'fore God above.

Adieu My Love.

Adieu, my fair, my sweet, my love,
As fair as God's own self above,
Adieu my love, thou hast been true,
As heaven's self beyond the blue.

Adieu, my love, we met so sure,
As heaven's self did aye allure.
Adieu, my love we shall aye meet,
Where rain-bow glory doth us greet.

Adieu, my love in mansion's fair,
We shall aye meet and ever pair.
Adieu, my love, more pure than snow,
My heaven, hope, my all below.

Adieu, my own, with eyes, so blue,
Adieu, my own, with eyes so true,
Adieu, my love, more fair than rose;
Adieu, my own, in calm repose.

Poor, but Happy.

I had one dime within my vest;
And was more happy than the rest.
My life was filled with happy glee;
I loved sweet girl, no wealth but thee.

Those were my brightest, sweetest days;
I sang so free our roundalays.
I knew my Mary ever fair;
Was not in haste with her to pair;

Because my faith in her was all;
Which naught could wreck or great or small.
The days sped by in countless flight;
And there came on this direful night.

My Mary worked to help me gain
That curse'd gold I still retain:
I failed to see how much it cost,
Till Mary, all I had, was lost.

O Mary, little did I know
The weight you bore on earth below—
And all that I might gain great gold;
And place my fair in ground so cold.

My Fair.

She is as pure as lilies fair,
With eyes so blue, a matchless pair.
She dances on the brow of day,
Like skiff agleam so far away.

To do for her is sweetest task;
Yea, all the joy that one could ask.
Her smiles are more to me than life—
They banish ev'ry form of strife.

The boys all jeer as we pass by,
But not to them we deign reply;
I soothe her feelings with a kiss—
The gods ne'er know so great a bliss.

The Woman I Love.

What is she to me?
My earth-star, image, gleam of light,
Once born to banish endless night.
As morning star is not of earth,
Too modest to know its own worth.
Retires as soon as day appears.
So she divine, divinely bears
A human form—ah, such a form!
Her hair takes twilight from strong morn
Blends not with gold or silver mates;
Its hue from every beauty takes.
Her eyes will change—but count them blue—
Her cheek disdains the roses hue;
And will not own the lily's white.
Her lips so ruby-red, invite
The pure, the good, the ever true;
And words from them ne'er formed to rue.
Her motion's free with modesty.
She glides as silver stream at night
Majestically moves 'tween the snows;
Or where the fairest lily grows:
So moves she down the path of life
In calmest calm or awful strife.

Is my love strong to her?
Do you doubt Niagara's strength,
Uprooting rocks thro' all her length:
And forcing trees from destiny?
And thus she blends both rock and tree;
And buries luckless wight in sea,
So strong is my love to her.

How deep? As deep as all ages
Yea, as Eternity's wages.

How enduring?
Tell me how many drops there be
Of water in the deep blue sea;
Tell me how many moments take
The round eternity to make.
Then ask me how long I shall love
This love whom I shall love above.

But what of her love to me?
Well, it is passionate and pure;
And when heaven's gone, will endure.
It does not come from this, our earth;
Its source is heaven where its worth,
Will hasten ever as per force

A river returns to its source.
So her love seeks aye its own place;
But when returning with quick pace,
It lodges a moment with me
Before reaching eternity.

But why dwell we so far apart,
If, as vowed, we are, of one heart?

Barriers are not burned away;
For as a ship's compass is true;
And the load star almost in view;
Yet, if her helm will not obey
The master's hand she drifts away;
So with me for I will not heed,
And hence drift, drift with awful speed.

What will be the end of all?
At last I hope God rights mistakes;
And in the silent valley takes
These hands, these hearts, these hopes, these fears
And hides them where but love appears.
When into her image transformed
My next life shall not be deformed.

I Dreamed that Love was Dead.

A solemn silence reigns in air,
A dismal dark has draped the fair;
And sweetest spot Oswego knows,
Where soft and still Neosho flows.
'Tis found away from busy town
On banks as green as God has sown.

'Tis found where God's own Hand is seen
In gayest dell thro' leafy screen;
Where Hope may live and Faith abide
For all the day till eventide.
There, modest curtains weave in gray
To close the long and dreary day.

I gazed adown the dreary dell;
I heard the fruit that lonely fell;
I climbed the weary, weary hill;
I listened to the gurgling rill.
Adown the glen across the stream,
I heard a sober screech owl scream.

The crows were blown 'gainst blackest sky
They seek the dense dark pine whose high
And great branch beckons to one alone.
Alone, he stands, all, all alone!
For Love is dead, there's naught instead.
My Hope, is fled for Love is dead.

No bird in air, no bird on tree,
Pours forth its sweetest melody.
For me no more the rose shall blow;
For me no more sweet lilies grow;
For me no more the rainbow bend;
For me no more the daisy lend

Its fragrance sweet in grassy dell.
To me the night grows dark as hell,
I wake and great is my surprise
To find that Love stands by and smiles.
Ah Love will live beyond the bar,
And aye will be my rising star.

Certainty.

There is a place to which I turn,
An altar that doth ever burn,
With love as pure, as holy true,
As God himself beyond the blue.

There is a life enrapt in mine,
A life of love that is divine;
There is a life as pure as snow,
A life divine altho' below.

There is a life so sweet and pure,
It doth the heavens aye allure.
There is a life with so much grace,
That God is written in her face.

There is a life that doth me give
The hopes, the fears for which I live.
There is a life that's grander, far
Than God's own ling'ring morning star.

Without a Wife.

He passed adown the dreary, dreary dale;
Alone he views one cloud of fleecy white;
So lone it comes between him and moon pale.
The widowed moon close vails herself in spite
Of fact, her lord, her glory, deathless power
Shines full and free beneath yon circling bound
And gives her life her woes her every hour,
When night her modest curtain draws around
The sunset hour thus hides our world profound.
He hates the shadow that fill every bower,
He feels the darkness steal his little light;
He shudders, shrinks from shadowed power
That holds him, strive as he may to be bright
Yon cavern deep with mouth agap so wide
This wretch doth mock and seem to say: "Cease strife
For here this dark and lone spot will decide
Your fate, most luckless wight, without a wife
My name is death, and my embrace will end thy life.
As wifeless man doth pass the lonely wood,
One crow caws, caws at him from tall tree
He hates, he hopes, he fears that nothing good,
Can come to one who loves no one to be
A sharer of his home, his wealth, his love
He thinks yon bending blue may vengeance take—

He fears this life and dreads the life above:
He finds his life one terrible mistake
He asks himself "Why did I not a wife once take?
This man was rich and in mansion dwelt,
And Tom, his valet, his horses tended;
Now Tom did this for pelf, because felt
No throb of love for one who pretended
That he detested love and women sweet,
Tom, master of his master in this life;
For in his cabin his eyes aye did meet from wife,
That glance of love that comes not save from wife,
And Tom's home sweet was haven safe from worldly strife.
This wifeless man was out of harmony
With woods, with dale, with hope, with self, with love.
Nay; fought he uselessly his destiny;
For cloud in air will seek its mate above
And failing this dissolves itself in tears;
Thus seeks its own in stream or ocean blue;
Yea; even the lily milk-white modest rears
Its slender form to kiss the sunbeam true,
All things by love are planned and made forever new.

With a Wife.

This man so vile as not to love
A brother had who was above
A life so mean ne'er Cupid caught,
Whose path by Love was aye web-fraught,

In truth his feet were ever found
Pursuing Love's enchanted ground.
At nine he first began his race
In Cupid's land, where face to face,

He met with May beside the rill
Where gurgling waters kissed the hill.
Next Lily won his heart one day,
When birds sang love in month of May.

Then Jennie, sweet, his love compels
And lists while he the story tells,
Now, as the boy, his toy-ship tries
On creek and bay, his father plies.

So Edward e'er he tries the main,
Must love and love and love again.
At last the boy will leave boy's life
And seek the world and worldly strife.

Then leave his play-ship on the shore
And seeks one that shall evermore,
His fortunes share from sea to sea,
Till tide brings in eternity.

So Edward left these early toys
Before began life's pains and joys.
He wandered long in many climes;
And heard St. Peter as it chimes.

O'er Tiber's wave, so strong and true,
There hangs the sky in endless blue.
He saw the fair in London gay;
He heard the birds sing love in May.

But back he came to native land
Before he sought and found her hand,
Whose eyes spake love to him in life,
Whose voice could hush the awful strife.

Which comes to all who fight the fight
Of truth and right in heaven's light.
His craft was borne adown the stream
Where life is dark without a gleam,

Of heaven save from woman born
To love, to rule, to calm the storm
Of life, so rugged, so danger bound,
So Edward in her fond glance found

A home of light, a victory,
A power shaped his destiny.
Her bow, her glance, the touch of hand
Empowered him in dismal land,

Where all was dark and hopeless fight,
Brought gleam not one of heaven's light,
As lone star brings the ship to bay;
So Edward's wife failed not a day,

Till Edward's voyage on life's sea,
Brought him the bliss eternity;
And now he waits in realms afar,
Where he has met his earthly star.

My Mary.

I loved her in the time of May
When burst her roses into gay;
I loved her much in month of June
When birds pour forth their sweetest tune.

I loved her in the bleak, bleak fall,
When pine bowed low its tassel tall,
While winds swept by in hurried race,
As if they sought a safer place.

I loved her when the winter wild,
Cried loud and long as if her child,
Had died before the robe of snow,
Had buried deep all things below.

I loved her when I saw her form,
Close-cloaked to brave the fiercest storm;
I loved her when her form was bent
Like Shepherd crook as aid she lent

To child by dire misfortune cast,
Beside the way while hurry past,
The men with mind all bent on gold;
And leave the waif to die of cold.

My Mary's dead and torn from me
She sleeps the sleep Eternity.
The mocking bird makes music now
On weeping willows bending low.

The willow bends o'er gurgling stream
Whose waters bosom sunset's gleam;
The willow shades that sacred spot,
Where lies the fair I ne'er forgot.

My Mary makes my heart most sad—
The neighbors say I'm raving mad:
I know, I feel I am most wild;
For I am Melancholy's child.

O Mary sweet, I love you yet;
Your love to me I'll ne'er forget,
O Mary, tell me dost thou know
The tho'ts of mortals here below?

O Mary, tell me, gentle, good,
Hast thou my love yet understood?
O Mary, tell me hast thou light,
In land that knows not day or night.

The Young Millionaire.

My father's home was built by stream,
Where waters dance all day agleam.
On island backed by rocky cliff—
In bay on front lay father's skiff.

My father was a banker kind,
Whom poor and rich did always find
At home to all their wants and pains
To bless the worthy with his gains.

My mother with her angel light,
Would banish aye the darkest night.
She kept her youth so fresh and pure,
It seemed she heaven did allure.

My father's doors were open wide
For all who nobly did decide
To launch their barque on life's greatest sea,
To try their fate away from lea.

A ward the poor our home had found,
Most happy place above the ground;
Our fathers' once were college mates,
Ne'er kept apart by many states.

Before his prime her father died;
And she on us has since relied;
Because her mother tasted death,
When drew her child its first life's breath.

At school while still a young lad raw
I bent my efforts to the law;
At nineteen came I to the bar
And hoped ere long to be a star.

My father planned two years at Rome,
Which mother had me spend at home;
Because my health was more to me
Than all old Rome could ever be.

Now Alice was a graduate
And soon alighted at our gate,
Where she as ward had lived so long
She found her life as blithe as song.

And soon sweet Alice kept me home,
Thus ceased my care for ancient Rome;
The days more swift than Fancy's wing
All joys from Cupid us did bring.

The love to me which Alice brought,
Ne'er came to me till I had sought
To find such love in circles gay
In mansions great so far away.

Tho' young, I was, I had been taught
That glitters glare is dearly fraught
With foes so fierce that they will find
A place to canker purest mind.

So Alice, nature's sweetest child;
Was fair to me as flower wild,
Which braves the storm on mountain's brow
To hide the time when sun shall glow.

There was one thing which made me sad,
Or else my heart had aye been glad;
As sweetest bloom upon the tree
May carry death within you see.

As sad I was as sad could be
Tho' birds sang love on ev'ry tree;
And Alice' love was true to me,
As heaven's self could ever be.

In day or night I viewed the lake,
In day or night would Alice take,
Behind the men I did not lag,
Tho' of my skill I need not brag.

My friends up town would tell me how
Renown for me would crown my brow;
Because my father's wealth so vast,
Would push me forward to the last.

They pointed to my college race,
Where once I held the chiefest place
And said: "Why stop till you shall know
The highest place on earth below."

As some great ship on ocean wide,
May spring a leak, yet waters ride;
And proudly call to make reply
To other ship that passes by.

But soon as past in bitter pain
Cries out for other ship remain;
For souls on board will perish soon,
And black as night is brightest noon,

So in my heart I carried death;
And felt her pangs with ev'ry breath.
I was a wreck on life's great tide,
Tho' knew not she, my promised bride.

I dared not tell her what I knew—
How dim were all things to my view
Each day I felt my sight give way
Each day my eyes would lose the ray.

Now Alice to her uncle went:
And there the summer months she spent,
While dreamed of bliss that soon would be—
But never dreamed I could not see.

I did not tell my father kind—
He knew too well his son was blind;
And mother wept to see me stand
To wait for guidance from her hand.

The doctors summoned far and near
First filled with hope and then with fear.
One said the ball was hard as stone;
And I could never go alone.

Another that the optic nerve,
Was dead and never could me serve.
They left me worse each time they came,
Till Hope displaced her very name.

I thought that Alice ought to know
How changed my prospects here below.
I sought her hand when all was bright—
How would she bear this endless night?

I tho't her letters now quite cold.
Ah! has she found a lover bold?
Or did she know that I was blind,
And could she be to me unkind?

Or would she rally to my side,
With love that conquers even pride?
At last a letter left at gate,
Said: "Alice will be there not late."

Just then my father sudden died;
And wealth on which we had relied,
Was swept by panic great that year;
Which filled our lives with awful fear.

My mother, noblest of her race,
Gave up her all, e'en island place.
She said for debt take all you see:
But leave my darling son with me.

I wept to hear my mother's voice;
And in my blindness did rejoice,
Tho' I was sad to think that she,
Should burden bear in useless me.

I could not tell my mother sweet—
My blinded eyes could not hers greet
To tell how much I loved that day,
When all our wealth was swept away.

But soon my mother quickly saw;
For Love's not bounded by a law;
And placed a kiss upon my brow
And said: "My son *I* love you now."

We lived on father's pension then
In cottage small just by a glen,
Where happy birds their songs did sing,
As sped they by on swiftest wing.

I learned that Alice had a name
On stage as actress and her fame,
Had gone abroad so far and wide,
That rich would boast they'd heard with pride.

My love to her was stronger now;
Than when I gazed upon her brow,
So full and broad with Fancy's thought,
Which training long to her had brought.

We took her when she was a child—
A flower sweet and fair, tho' wild.
Would it be bread on waters cast?
Would she remember what had past?

At length she came as was arranged;
But ah! so much she had been changed.
She placed no kiss upon my brow
Her hand so cold—I feel it now.

Her love to all who had been kind,
Had fled from me for I was blind:
She told me she had met with him,
Who once did court her for a whim.

Young Willie Wade had woed and won
And so their hearts in unison,
Would beat and throb on life's great stream
Which me denied of light, one gleam

In days gone by we were class mates
Altho' we hailed from diff'rent states.
He was the sneak in ev'ry class;
Because the foot knew him alas!

One day my Alice he did slight
In word to me; because one night
At party Alice did him show
Disdain she felt for one so low.

I struck him full upon the face,
And on the ground he found his place:
He bled like Abel struck by Cain
And tho't I then vile Will is slain.

And yet my heart did not regret;
For hot the blood that made me fret
To think that Alice sweet should be,
Reviled by one so vile as he.

At length a doctor to him came
And saved a life; tho' vile the name.
From then the gulf did wider grow
No face on earth can bridge it now.

But then *they* met upon the stage,
That season she was all the rage.
So soon will sound the marriage bell,
While I am hid in deepest hell.

I clinched my hands when Alice told
How she her life to Wade had sold.
I felt my lips so tight compress—
No word escapes—"curse or to bless."

I left her in our parlor small
And groped my way along the hall
To place that hid me from her view,
Where thoughts apace upon me grew.

I found my mind was filled with blood
As hate poured in its awful flood
I knew why Cain his brother slew
With God's own altar still in view.

Oh, foul the Fiend, you Jealous Hate,
Why 'bide so near fair Cupid's gate,
How can you dwell in home of love,
Which God doth enter from above?

How can my heart my neighbor hate
Still sue for mercy at the gate,
That opens wide or day or night;
And never doth the vilest slight?

So long I lay upon the bed
With hands unstained in crimson red
Tho' breathed foul murder in my mind
In hate to him who was my kind.

In sight of God I stood that day,
As far from him as Cain away
In days long since when Abel died;
Because He on His God relied.

Just then my mother came to me,
Bright harbinger of peace was she:
And placed her hand upon my brow,
And left a kiss that seems there now.

And then she vanished from my side:
So vanished too my haughty pride:
I cried as child, then sobbed aloud
And asked myself, "Ah, why so proud?"

At last our Alice passed away
To wed with Wade, so vile tho' gay;
And soon I learned that marriage bell,
Did sink her life with ne'er-do-well.

A year thence mother came to me:
And said "Don't hard with Alice be:
You little know how much you've changed,
Since loss of sight your life deranged.

You shun the things that once you sought
You hate the things that once you bought
By toil so hard both early, late—
You lost your sight at wisdom's gate

Ah, then prevented by your pride
You never sought sweet Alice side:
To her you seemed to grow most cold;
And hence she sought another fold.

Just then the world her talent knew;
And Fortune's gate wide open flew.
You never tried this gulf to span;
And then she met this other man.

O son my own, my darling boy,
You are my hope; yea, all my joy;
You know for you my life I live;
I would have you all men forgive.

You seem to hate this vile young Wade;
But know you not that soon the spade,
Will turn the sod to make his grave,
E'en now in tremens he doth rave.

Sweet Alice with her baby lives,
Where this poor world no honor gives—
In poverty she's sunk so deep
The hill you climb is not so steep.''

Black Dina came one day in five
And news from her I would derive:
Was glad to hear her good and true,
When so much else I had to rue.

Black Dina saw our better days,
When Alice sang her girlish lays:
And Dina often to us came,
Tho' lost our wealth and all our fame.

I much disliked our frugal fare,
And tho't we better could prepare;
For selfish as a man could be—
Poor mother's pains I could not see.

But Dina said that mother saw
The time would come when on the law
I should depend for daily bread,
Unless she saved for me instead.

The nurse kept on her awful tale
Till shook my frame as oak in gale—
She told of mother's faded dress;
But people loved her none the less.

They said how changed the banker's wife,
Who once was all of Fashion's life;
She once had been the first in town,
Who now denied herself a gown.

How glad I was when Dina stopt;
For cruel were the words she dropt.
I felt like thief that was entrapt,
With stolen goods on person wrapt.

My mother was of Southern birth;
And by the noblest once engirth:
Her pride I knew as great as mine;
And yet of late she seemed divine.

This double night thro' which I past,
May bring to me the light at last,
From him who is this dark world's light,
From Him who knows no day or night.

The story of His matchless life,
Which ended 'mid such bitter strife
A crown of thorns upon his brow—
It seems to me I see Him now.

In days gone by I used to think,
That men who preach from Moses' drink,
Before they told how sun grew pale
At noon seemed but a fairy tale.

That Christ should die for fiercest hate—
For them to enter heaven's gate
That He might change their nature's wild
Did seem to me but fit for child.

But since for self I ever live;
And yet I've one that now doth give
Her life, her hopes, her all for me
I can Incarnate One now see.

I spend this life in endless night;
And yet may find sweet heaven's light.
Perhaps at portals of the grave,
May dance the light on boundless wave.

Perhaps my barque is anchored now;
And waits with Him upon the prow,
To bear me where 'tis ever light;
And leave behind this endless night.

I am not yet for Him transformed:
My life by sin is all deformed.
And yet my mother's God may be,
Will send me light and set me free.

Under The Willow.

Under the willow she's sleeping now;
Under the willow with placid brow.
Under the willow with hair of gold;
Under the willow so still and cold.

Under the willow now sleeps my fair,
Under the willow with golden hair;
Under the willow she's slept for years,
And still are falling these useless tears.

By the willow fresh do waters gleam;
By the willow the same dear old stream,
On whose water our boat did glide,
Days long since when she was by my side.

On the willow the mocking bird sings;
But joy none to my heavy heart brings.
Under the willow now sleeps my fair,
Under the willow with golden hair.

The Lady Flirt.

You are as false as you are fair;
I hate your face and yellow hair;
You tried your art upon *my* mind,
But failed in me a dupe to find.

You spoke to me with eyes so blue—
I knew your wiles were all untrue;
You met me when I passed your street,
And with the sweetest smile did greet.

Your lips did part in seeming smile;
And all that you might me beguile;
You came with charms to catch my cash—
Than yield to you I'll suffer lash.

I am as cold to you as he,
Whom we on earth no more can see—
His ashes lie so cold and still;
He never hears the bubbling rill.

You duped the boy with your fine art,
So well you played the fiendish part.
His sister hates your very look,
For you from her, her brother took.

Your form, your face, your dress, your wealth.
Will never gain my heart by stealth.
Go show the world how better live,
Your charms, your wealth to poorer give.

The Gentleman Flirt.

You winking, blinking coward fool;
You are your own and others' tool:
You are despised by all the men;
You should be barred secure in pen.

You look and leer and love and hate--
You are not worth the meanest mate.
You work to woe and win that one,
Who'll dupe you sure when her part's done.

The ladies laugh when you go by—
How can they now on you rely?
They love the all-souled manly man;
And have since Eve our race began,

They are more shrewd than you by far;
They wish you o'er the ocean bar.
Your name would not on card appear,
Were it not for your sister dear.

Go! change your vicious, coward life;
And bear a part of battle's strife.
You are the meanest of your kind;
Go where you will, no worse you'll find.

The Lover's Lament.

She said she'd meet me on a block—
I little dreamed that she would mock:
I walked and walked and walked that night,
Before the stars peeped forth so bright.

She saw me from her window wide,
While all my hopes she did deride.
The moon appears with face half-hid,
As this false maid did lover rid.

I knew the moon looked down on me;
And yet her face I dared not see.
At first I tho't my loved detained,
While on that block I long remained.

At last I knew that I was fooled;
And then my love for her soon cooled.
I sneaked adown a desert street;
Lest some fair friend my face should greet.

I found the door from Jones' back yard;
And sought to shun my dearest pard.
I sought my study, sullen, stern,
As if I had been vilest kern.

I tried to study out some plan;
By which I might regain the van;
For knew I well I had been led,
While my poor heart within me bled.

I tho't; but banished ev'ry plan.
And viewed myself a vanquished man.
I said at last this girl of mine—
I know she cannot be divine.

I'll bide *my* time till some fair night,
I'll get my chance this girl to slight;
I'll ask some night to see her home;
And then I'll let her go to—Rome.

I tried and tried that girl to meet.
And vengeance gain by my deceit.
The dear girl dogged me ev'ry time
And stayed too close to new Sam Slime.

When passed I them they seemed to wink;
Which made me more than bitter think,
Of some new plan to them divide;
And set my rival aye aside.

She had some wealth, and I supposed
That Sam would have this all enclosed,
By fence and guard on ev'ry side,
By making May his own sweet bride.

At length I learned that Sam had left
Our lovely May so sore bereft:—
He was not in the least to blame;
For far and wide had gone his fame,

Among the men who safely lodge
The youth who vain the law would dodge.
While now *he* looks atween his bars,
I still may gaze at twinkling stars.

He was not for a moment blamed;
Because his past had numbered, named
Poor Sam among the men-of-stripe—
Poor Sam who once my May did swipe.

At first it was a shock to me;
And then I laughed in fiendish glee,
Till my poor May came 'fore my mind:
And then my tears their way did find.

I once met May by her own gate,
One night when I came home quite late;
She was alone and gave me chance
To make at least one slight advance.

I tho't; my May I'll let you be;
For I to-day am once more free.
Our looks were all we did exchange
No force on earth can now arrange.

* * * *

The "boys" now often say of me;
"I wonder why our Will is free:
He has his hair always in curl;
I wonder Bill has found no girl.

There are so many round about,
I think *we* could pick him one out;
We never see Bill on the street,
When he seems out his girl to greet.

I love the maidens one and all;
But ne'er again I'll feel so small,
As when I entered Lover's School;
And left not quite so great a fool.

Love Hath Lost its Charms for Me.

I wander, wander all the day alone,
As sad as sovereign whom subjects dethrone;
And free to flee, from fireside friend so dear
To seek such shield as soverign far or near,
May give in pity banished brother late
Potentate who pushed his bound to that gate,

Now opened far enough to admit one,
Who all his life as conquerer had done
His utmost take by force the very land
To which a beggar he now came with hand
Of hapless, hopeless, helpless, harrassed men,
Who long had borne fatigue in moor and fen.

Just such a man I am the long, long day,
Since Nellie sweet has ceased to me be gay.
I take long walks with rod and gun to find
Some solace sweet to my aye darkened mind—
I find none whereso'er I now may roam,
Tho' millions bend to waters splash and foam.

The fish may bite but I forget them now;
And see on water's bosom one fair brow,
Like hanging cloud that covers mountain high—
Beneath I see the eyes of blue, and sigh;
Because I know it is a phantom wild,
And not my own, my sweet, my Nellie mild.

The boys all sit and jeer at me and my lost love,
And say: "Ah, where is that Nellie dove."
I know too well she's false as false can be;
And hope I shall no more my Nellie see.
Ah! yet long years agone I loved her so;
But now thro' all this world alone I go.

He Woed to Wed his Own Wife.

I walked, I talked, and roamed on stream;
And lived each day in heaven's gleam.
I was the envy of my race,
Had wealth enough to keep apace.

My wealth in Funds did not decrease:
And naught but England could release.
My college days had ended well,
My health seemed held by magic spell.

My friends, were all so young and gay,
Aye kept my home as fair as May;
And yet my days were dark as night;
For in my soul was fading light.

So slow, so sure, my *sight* did fade;
And sad I moved on stream, in glade,
My father tried the finest skill:
But all was vain except his *will*.

My father died, and I was left
Alone, of parents both bereft:
Our nurse alone stood by my side,
Or weal, or woe or Fortune's tide.

Her earnings long placed in the bank:
She had her home with none to thank.
Her love to me did ever burn;
And now to me she did return.

The days, the weeks, the months, dragged past:
I knew my home, and yard at last,
But Polly kept me aye in view;
And dear to her I ever grew.

One night while fast asleep she lay,
I stole with latch-key out, away.
I walked quite fast with my new find:
I was alone! what joy of mind!

How far I walked, I cannot tell:
The balmy air did please me well.
I heard the Minster clock, twelve, strike,
While rung a bell on distant bike.

At length a man came in my way—
    When shock was o'er all flat *he* lay
While *I* fell out upon the street,
    As fast his words my ear did greet.

"My Friend," I said, "I am stone blind:
    And never meant to be unkind;
I must in haste, my home regain:
    Or nurse, I fear, will feel much pain."

He made reply, "You see I'm drunk:
    But I'll lead you to your own bunk,
What is your street and number tell?
    I'll see you there all safe and well.

Of course when blind will lead the blind,
    They both the ditch may often find.
But then, old pal, lock arms with me;
    And, to your home, I will you see:"

At last he said, "This is the spot—
    Our meeting ne'er shall be forgot,"
I heard him leave with drunken pace:
    Then turned my key in 'customed place.
* * * *

Spell-bound I stood within that hall,
While music came like heaven's call.
Two parties parted seemed to be,
In rooms apart—how could I flee?

The song my soul did soon possess,
While stood I there all motionless.
Just then stern words across did come,
"*I* want *my* money, will have *some*."

A fall, a thud upon the floor
I forward rushed thro' open door,
And heard a shriek, a cry of pain,
From her whose voice I did retain.

I stumbled on a prostrate form:
And heard foul words—a curse'd storm.
My hands dipped in the horrid blood,
While swarmed the curses like a flood.

I felt a hand upon my throat,
While rocked the room like storm-tossed boat.
I cried, "I'm blind, Oh, let me live;
And my mistake to-night forgive.

I tho't my key unlocked *my* door;
Shed not my blood upon thy floor.
Alas! my life was sweet to me,
Tho' long wish I all dead to be.

I felt a circle on my brow—
I shudder as I feel it now.
"Don't shoot," I heard some one then say:
"One crime's enough for this curst day."

So slow the pistol was displaced;
And would-be murderer seemed faced
About with scowling, seething hate,
While said, "To-morrow will be late.

I know the dead can tell no tale
Let's kill and hide in yonder vale."
The first to speak bro't near a light;
Then said, "His day is endless night.

He is as blind as any stone:
I will not for his life atone:"
And then he turned and said to me:
You nothing know; you cannot see.

Fear not; we will not take your life:
Just breathe *this* deep and cease all strife.
A drowsy feeling to me came;
And I forgot my very name.
* * * *

When next I knew my nurse was by;
And to my ques'ning made reply:
"When bro't home here your sleeves were torn
You were the saddest, most forlorn.

Your hands and arms, in mud were dipt,
As if from walk to ditch, you slipt."
"Who brought you? This I never knew
So quick the carriage closed withdrew."

I told my friends of what had past—
They laughed in scorn from first to last.
I pleaded to investigate
They said, "Claude, you were drunk not late."
* * * *

At length all heaven came to be;
For skill restored my sight to me.
The doctor warned, "Your glasses keep;
And never read at night; but sleep."
* * * *

I traveled with one friend, alone,
All anxious for lost time atone.
I went to Italy's far strand,
Where men are freed by their own hand.

While there, I saw two on the street:
I would my all for them to meet.
The one was old, some bent, and gray;
The other's life was scarcely May.

The one so young, so fair, so pure,
Would heaven's self for aye allure.
I told my friend such beauty true,
Was rarely met 'neath yon bent blue.

He said, "Her beauty is quite strange
And not within my humble range
Those women both are queer to me:
I cannot much in either see."

I could the one to me was all;
How could I find and on her call?
I saw at church near altar-place;
And soon met them all face to face.

I did my best to Imitate--
Would cheat my God, O vile ingrate;
And yet a man will Christian be,
That he his worshipped may just see.

At length they vanished from my sight:
Then came to me my dreaded night.
Returned I all dark and drear
I found Old England once so dear.
* * * *

I met one day upon the street
That one I longed so much to greet.
The woman old had her in care,
As days agone they used to fare.

Not seen by them, I followed far;
And saw them enter the Lone Star.
I bribed the landlord and soon knew
The room o'erlooks Saint James' Park View.

The woman, old, was paid to care;
And see the young should aye well fare.
I bribed her well to let me walk,
With her sweet charge that I might talk.

The maid would make me brief reply:
But all my love she would defy.
I spoke to her of Shakespeare's book.
She answered by a staring look!

I made no progress in my love:
My cage was sure—not so my dove.
My bribes did multiply apace:
My heaven was to see her face.

The *other* woman fixed the date:
Some friends came to our marriage, late.
My bribes profuse—we travel far,
With charmed words, "A private car."

We traveled for sweet Scotland north,
When I my love to her poured forth.
With bended knee, I pleaded mild,
For her not to act so like a *child*.

I begged her listen to my love,
If she believed in God above.
I stood aghast, for then I knew
I had a woman, mad in view.

That woman, too, was my sweet wife—
To me far more than heaven's life.
I soon returned from Scottish shore;
My life more bitter than of yore.

I failed to find the woman, old,
Who sold my life for greedy gold.
Who was this woman I had wed?
That one who knew, alas! had fled.

At length a man, Magenta named,
Who was afar, but badly famed,
Came to our home. and said he knew
About my wife, facts, not a few.

He spoke ill of my darling wife,
Which roused in me a murd'rous strife.
I would have slain him at the time;
But was debarred this awful crime;

Because my wife seemed in him charmed,
By him alone could be alarmed.
I kept my angry feelings back—
My home to him did nothing lack.

He wished a place that I could give;
Till then near me I had him live,
So oft he dined with wife and me;
Then naught but *him* she could aye see.

She watched his hand, his face, his form;
Yet shrank from him like leaf in storm.
I tho't "This girl not yet my wife
May gain her mind thro' mental strife."

One day he told of bloody strife,
When Italy fought to win life.
He raised his hand with dagger bright;
And struck the table with his might.

My girl-wife, panic-stricken falls,
As he this bloody deed recalls.
For days she lay in awful pain;
And then Magenta left for Spain.

As days dragged on, she better grew;
And Italy I kept in view;
For there my girl-wife had her birth,
A land all glory now begirth.

Magenta said her uncle's home,
Was not far distant from Old Rome.
A doctor, Cirillo, by name,
A man of naught but village fame.

I sought the land, once Pauline's home,
And found that place, not far from Rome,
Where Cirillo was said to live—
No news of him could any give.

A doctor had been in that land,
All sent adrift with lawless band.
Was banished by a Northern state;
And sent to penal mines just late.
* * * *

I sought the Czar, as kind and true,
As ever known beneath yon blue;
He passport kindly gave to me:
And said, "May heaven go with thee."
* *

Cirillo found in a filthy cell,
So dim, so dark, so much like hell;
He answered quickly to *that* name,
He bore, while fought for honest fame.

My passport, and the force of gold,
Gave him an hour from cell so cold.
When wine released his tongue for him,
He spoke as free as seraphim.

He said, "My niece; and now your wife,
Was born at Parma in the strife,
Whose throes her land made once more free—
Her father slain, left her to me.

Her mother died within a year
Her last words, 'Fight and do not fear
For Guidi or Pauline, so sweet—
A coward ne'er can heaven greet.'

I used the wealth just as I thought
My sister would have freedom bought.
Our plots and schemes brought us disgrace;
We had to seek a safer place.

We took with us *M*agenta wild,
Who worshiped Pauline, tho' a child.
She had for him a loathing dread;
And oft *I* wished that he was dead.

He had fought well in that dear land,
Since governed by a savage band.
But Guidi ne'er disguised *his* hate—
A fight must come or soon or late.

Young Guidi would for money ask—
He ne'er a moment wore a mask:
We dared not tell him we had spent
It all in cause where rainbow bent;

Because he was too young too care
How ill or well his country fare.
That night—you know the dreaded place,
Where first I met *you* face to face—

He slew young Guidi in his hate;
(And since I am at hell's own gate).
Sweet Pauline shrieked—her mind gave way:
But London soon become quite gay.

A doctor certified disease—
For money, have just what you please—
We took him in the light of day;
To native land where still he lay.

* * * *

I quick returned to find my wife,
Secure and free from mental strife:
Her mind was calm as on that day,
She lost her brother, brave and gay.

I stood behind some willows green,
Where I was hid by leafy screen,
From her, my wife, *but just in part*,
How should I win—by what strange art?

How should I woo to win my wife?
Was ever man in such a strife?
I watched her bosom rise and fall:
How much I longed her name to call!

How long I stood I cannot tell,
Just held by Love's majestic spell.
How could I ask her how she fare?
How could I now my love declare?

Her cheeks did rival blossoms gay,
We see in orchards, month of May;
Her lips were ruby as the rose;
Her eyes, deep blue, yon sky oppose.

Her mien did bear a sweet repose—
A something none would dare oppose.
Her ear like coral from the strand;
A white, and shapely jewelled hand.

I gazed enrapt upon the sight,
My being filled with all delight.
When sudden she from bosom drew
A ring, and held it full in view.

The ring was one that *I* had bought;
And placed on hand that I had sought
In marriage, all so long in vain--
The hand, but not the heart did gain.

She murmured low, tho' I could hear;
"They say he loves me, calls me *dear*;
Good Polly tells me of his love;
I shall be true as Noah's dove."

Some years have gone' and children three,
Have filled our home so full of glee,
We often doubt, as horrid dream
The shadow changed for heaven's gleam.

Rescued.

Mr. J. J. Vermillion, of Oswego, Kan., rescued Miss Elsie Porter from drowning, as the result of a boat capsize on the Labette, east of the bridge, in April, 1900.

It was the time when roses bloom,
And birds bear highest on the wing;
And lillies whiter than the snow
Upon the waters glory fling.

It was the time when perfume fills
The air as blows the highest tree;
Or lowest flower beside the rills;
Or hawthorn bear so full and free.

It was the time when winter's chain
Let loose her hold on stream and glen,
And Death was driven over main,
And Hope renewed its hold on men.

It was the time when Fancy's gleam,
Was shot athwart the young man's mind;
And sent his barque adrift on stream,
In search of one he would aye bind.

He would enchain two hearts in one;
He would for aye enfold two lives;
He would her wed and let be done
His hope, his joy, his life, he gives.

It was the time when maidens blush,
As list they to the sweetest noise,
Which comes to all in that deep hush,
When Love makes two in each rejoice.

It was the time when flowers clasp
And each enfold the other's form
As love doth teach them each to grasp
And strengthen each against the storm.

So Jim with Elsie left the throng
To take a boat ride on the stream:
He plied with might as do the strong;
And swift they pass thro' sunny gleam.

With oar applied the boat did glide,
Till treach'rous snag the boat did find:
And then so soon did end the ride,
As if the boat had changed her mind.

The boat was struck in full broadside,
And on she dashed all tipt to lea;
So Elsie ended here her ride,
Was buried deep as if in sea.

Now Jim did bound to waters wide;
For Elsie's hand outstretched for aid,
Did Hero's will at once decide
And save he must this lovely maid.

He siezed her in his manly grasp:
And bent at once to reach the shore;
But soon her arm around him clasp,
And sank they deeper than before.

You know how tight a vice will press,
So tight did she his form embrace.
As thrice they sank his strength grew less;
Yet to the shore he turns his face.

Each time he rose her death-like face
Inspired him to his task anew;
And lashed his lagging strength apace,
Till stronger yet his efforts grew.

She hampered ev'ry move he made
By strength beyond all human might
Which comes to all when life's light fade,
Then opes the door of Death's cold night.

To those to whom water-wraith doth find
To trespass on his wide domain,
He says to come *you* have been kind
And now with me you'll aye remain.

But still our Jim the shore did reach,
Tho' tho't he that his charge was dead;
By this he doth a lesson teach—
Thro' life or death no duty dread.

Her eyes were set as still as death;
And Jim so dead he could but stare
On her who seemed to draw his breath,
On whom he had bestowed such care.

It seemed an age before a sigh,
Drawn long and deep told Jim that Death—
Departed while Life drew nigh,
To grant the maid his living breath.

The moon did shed her softest light,
Upon their path some after day—
They came before far spent the night,
And went away so happy, gay.

They came to me to be made one—
Right glad was I that this could be
I said the will of God be done;
They went away all-bound, yet free.

Poems of Conscience.

That Voice.

A Voice comes over lea to me,
The Voice of one I never see:
I hear when bursts the morning light;
I hear in densest, darkest night.

What is the Voice I hear so well,
That holds me by its magic spell?
Who is this one I never saw,
Less changeless than the Medes' law?

Is He that friend who fails at last?
Is he my foe who hates my past?
Is he the myth that lives afar?
Is He mere chance to cross life's bar?

This Voice to me the truth doth show,
And changeless all I find I grow,
When list I to its mandate true,
No future can I ever rue.

Nor time nor tide its truth can stay—
Its in my heart not far away;
It shows to saint and sinner right,
And holds for each the same pure light.

It visits cell and palace hall;
And speaks to him we martyr call.
It holds *him* firm upon the rack,
So even he no courage lacks.

I err when thee I will not hear,
Thus set at naught the God I fear;
I sink by "sin's seductive art,"
To act a coward's coward part.

I know you show the same to me
You show to kings tho' great they be:
You lead me all to heaven's gate;
You come to all and never late.

Despair.

Despair, so dark, so dismal, double-dread;
You bitter, biting, blasting, cow'ring thing;
You stealthy, sneaky, snaky, slimy bring
Your headsman who leaves our hopes cold and dead.
All rudderless, helmless, slimy you slide,
With captain as black as curse of old Spain,
All light and life and love you will disdain
On horse as black as double night you ride.

You tremble and you shake as you enter home,
A place you drop and drape so deep that Hope,
On lightsome wing ne'er sink with you to cope;
A place more black than days of darkest Rome.

Despair, you child of grimy blackest night,
You come to us from land where day is dark:
No hope, no life, no light, no joy, no spark;
No moon, no sun, no star is there for light.

Ode to Conscience.

O voice, within you speak to me
In day or night or foul or fair
I know my path when led by thee.
Am kept as pure as Eden's pair,
Before they left that Garden old
To stray alone without the fold,
Where God had loved them more than life.
O Voice so strong, so stern, ye never sanction strife.

O Voice, there are who never know
The why, the when, the how, the where;
But peace from thee doth ever flow
Tho' fierce the foe, for thou art there.
O Voice, some will thy mandate heed,
To face each foe with awful speed;
O Voice, thou dost all voices hush—
So slow, so silent all our lowly passions crush.

O Voice, that once our Lincoln led,
When fought our foe on sea and plain;
O Voice, from which each foe hath fled.
You did with Garfield aye remain;
O voice that Grant did ever give
The power to prove our right to live;
O Voice, we hear so stern and still,
You come to us at home, abroad, by dale and hill.

Guilt.

Guilt brazen stood before the throne,
All stolid met the charge of crime;
And dauntless said, "I'll not atone"
For guilt is slight—this sin of mine,
Is but a strife in this great land,
Where weal or woe alternate sway;
And Vengeance doth his brother slay—
In days now passed I lacked a chance
Of training to Truth by which men must aye advance."

While spake the criminal so bold,
The judge looked down upon the throng
That leaned to listen from that fold.
Secure and peaceful for Right is strong—
He saw their faces sterner grow,
As Guilt assumed so bold a brow.
He saw the pity they had shown,
Gone sure as bird from last year's nest had flown.

He looked at Guilt so straight and still
That darker grew the cloud on brow,
Of him who faced with stubborn will
The cloud of doubt that hailed him now.

At length bold Guilt gave place to Shame;
And seemed to lose the power to name
The words that would his meaning show,
So silent stood while eyes fell to search floor below.

At length the judge in accents mild
Inquired, "Can'st thou good reason give
Why sentence 'gainst thy life so wild,
Should not be passed with life ye live?"
Guilt dropt one tear as painful thought,
Filled him with years that crime had bought,
To dwell in cell remote from friend—
Remote from all except *remorse* till life should end.

At length he lifts his head to say
"I might say much but 'tis no use:
I know my jury's packed to-day,
And so subject me to abuse;
Tho' innocent I am alway;
And will with Virtue ever stay—
But still from you I glean no hope;
And with a jury packed no man can ever cope."

So then just judge declares that Guilt,
Should banished be for all this life,
Where blood could not in rife be spilt:
And where the vile gain naught by strife.
And here may Guilt his conscience scan,
While time builds bridge for man to span
The tide of hate and woe and wrong,
That bears this bark of bitter life so swift along.

So Guilt withdraws to where no ray
Of light can find its way to him
No friend befriend, no foe display
His joy, or satisfaction grim;
As conscience speaks like thunder loud
Tells us that lightning's bolt has found
A place to lodge its awful force—
So crime in us its awful traces leave perforce.

Innocence.

Now Innocence a girdle wears
Which Guilt himself all helpless bears;
For Guilt can see and know and feel
That Right guards Innocence with steel.

And Innocence all day is gay—
To Innocence each month is May,
With bud and flower and promised fruit
All nature dressed in varied suit.

With Innocence each rill bears hope,
Some day ere long with ocean cope
With sky's great blue above, below;
It will far more of heaven show.

Long, Innocence with Hope held sway,
In maiden's mind as pure as ray
Of light from heaven in the morn
All nature is new to glory born.

But Guilt crossed threshold of the mind,
Of her the purest of her kind;
And soon sin-soiled she drifted died
Tho' Guilt lived on and Hope defied.

A pilgrim plucked from tree a rose,
And placed on breast in sweet repose;
Which gladdened eye of all he met,
As gazed they on this floweret.

In luckless havoc the flower fell,
Away from dale away from dell;
And soon was crushed beneath the feet,
In dim and dingy selfish street.

Oh sweet the perfume that it cast;
And filled the air for men who past
In haste along the beaten track;
And soon in tho't they travel back

To days of childhood's glad, glad glee,
When they at night would bend the knee,
By mothers mild to Mother's God—
Ah long since then she's laid in sod.

So Innocence in face of death,
Breathes forth her purest, sweetest breath;
But when she's crushed beneath the heel,
For Vengeance calls the cruel steel.

When Christ was crucified and crushed,
All earth and sky and sea were hushed,
By awe divine which held them back,
While men jeered him upon the rack.

But God loves on in spite of fate,
And Jesus cries, "No vengeance take:"
For I from sin these men must save,
Tho' demons deep revile and rave.

Religious Poems.

The Church Behind.

The Church has found a rut so deep,
E'en Calvary is not so steep.
Her style is stale, so staid and still,
She lacks the living water's rill.

Oh, for a Christ with style as new,
As when He spoke to just a few
His blessings on the human race—
No notes to hide his noble face.

He never said, "Sit still and hear,"
But, "Go ye out in holy fear:
Go speak in lanes of God above;
Go tell the world that 'God is love,'"

He says to-day, "Don't speak in whine
But go give men the gospel wine."
He used the bird in air, on wing
To teach the care of heaven's King.

He took the lily in his hand,
To banish care from ev'ry land;
He took the child upon his knee
As if to say, "Look up to Me."

He set aside each foolish style:
And greeted men with holy smile.
He said, "I'm here to bless each race,
To look the world strai't in the face."

O babe in Christ, that prayer drop
Its old and stale—you'd better stop;
And sound us something new to-day
Your prayer like you is old and gray.

Why not transform like Him above,
Till all you do is done in love?
Why not shake off the foolish past;
And live in love until the last?

The Trinity.

For me the earth turns to the sun;
For me each day is new begun;
For me the cloud its rainbow bends;
For me the rose its fragrance lends;
For me the bird in air, in tree,
Pours forth its sweetest melody.

To me the Book itself doth say
That God is love and love alway.
If God is love what doth he love?
We love that far so far above
Our nature, moods and changeful mind,
Will seek and seek until we find
Our better, higher, nobler self,

Which ne'er we'll leave for praise or pelf
When found we give our all to be
Theirs now and in eternity.
But God no equal e'er has known
And higher than he is not shown.
If God is love then He must give
Himself to those who worthy live.
And such he found in His own son,
When time and tide had not begun.
The Son he loved for he would be
All love through all eternity.

Now God and Son loved each full well
But called the Third with them to dwell,
Their love to this they did express,
Yet loved each other none the less
As parents love thair first born son,
Yet love each as when they begun
Their life of hope, of joy, of love,
Which comes from Him who loves above.

These Three are one in purpose true;
These Three are one in every view,
They take of man in helpless state—
God loves the Son yet man's sad fate
Calls forth the Son and Spirit too
To warn him, make him ever true
These Three in one will ever be
Our shield through all eternity.

The Son of God.

O Son of God thou art divine
Who came to earth without a name
Thus left behind your gloried fame;
O Savior sweet I know thee mine.

O Son of God ye seek to save
The hopeless, hapless, helpless world,
For which we have thy flag unfurled
To bear it o'er the ocean wave,

Where men will die in hoary age,
And yet not know that they can find
A Savior true to all mankind—
Thus spend their force in foolish rage,

'Gainst friend or foe so fierce and wild;
They fight, they falter but to fall,
To rise no more and answer call
Of wife, of mother or of child.

O Savior sweet ye sinners seek,
Tho' lost and loveless, early, late
Ye carry cross, regard not hate
Of those who scorn their Savior meek.

O Savior, Sun, my soul's pure star,
Teach me to love the sinners all,
Who fail to find or on thee call—
Teach me to bring them thee from far.

Teach me to live a holy life,
Before the world for whom He died,
We call to-day the Crucified:
Show me how shun all senseless strife.

Show each the life he is to live:
Each day, each hour as moments fly,
Give us sweet words to make reply
To him who ne'er will us forgive.

The Stingy Saint at Service.

He passed adown the longdrawn aisle,
His face alit with holy smile;
He bowed in prayer, "Christ my King
To you my soul, my all I bring."

The organ piped in praise to God—
These words, "O soul pass under rod;
Your soul is mine and all you be,
Express my image made in thee."

The preacher preached his father's death;
Told what he said with his last breath;
The tears streamed down the saint's fair face
He was a "sinner saved by grace."

But then the speaker quickly changed;
And said some people had arranged,
Aid Galveston in sore distress—
Sure Christ would love them none the less.

The sun, the storm, the sea's sad might,
Had ushered in that awful night,
Which comes to port town now and then,
To prove what's in our Christain men.

The light all fades from that fair face,
That long looked up with heaven's grace:
This man of peace on war seemed bent,
Tho' Christ to him his all had lent.

He tho't, "My all I do insure;
And if I lose I shall endure:
So let the people who have lost,
Rebuild their town at their own cost.

My money will not raise their dead,
Which now they sink like heavy lead:
They ought to know those treach'rous waves,
That now do hide so many graves.

A brother meek for help, soon asked,
Which showed this sainted sinner masked;
For all the hate that hell doth know,
Did in his face a moment show.

* * * *

His children drifted into shame:
And tarnished well a father's name,
How could they care for father's church,
When he aye left the poor in lurch?

His sons untrained went to the bad;
His daughters homes to wed were glad—
Not used to love at home they knew
No home could worse now meet their view.

One daughter sues soon for divorce;
That state doth keep one son perforce;
And so his hell began below,
To him who would not better grow.

His ashes lie in grave at last,
And boys now point as they go past;
Because no stone doth bear his name,
Who lived for self in sin and shame.

How many will the Christ receive;
Because He doth from hell relieve:
And yet His words 'tis far more blest,
To give than gain is His own test.

What Part of God Am I?

You say that God fills this great universe,
And all its laws at pleasure may reverse;
You say He's here and there and everywhere
My mind doth know the now, the then, the there;
And I at will can all the laws reverse,
And can to earth bring lightning's universe.

I chain the either in the distant cloud;
And speed the tireless carriage o'er the ground.
I speak to men with oceans wide between,
On lightning's wing I pass thro' forests green.
With lightning checked I slow down mountain side;
With thunder hushed and lightning dimmed I ride.

You say that God who rules above is life;
But I myself have life and feel its strife.
God is life which I have, hence I have God;
And hence within me feel the needed rod,
Am I with life a part of God or all;
If none of God then what this life so small?

If all of God then whence this sin not his?
If none of God then whence so much of bliss?
Now God all things from nothing doth create;
And I from naught do make most sinful hate.
And God is just and true and right and pure;
And Justice, Right and Truth, within, allure.

If I am God why fight I Him so long?
If not God then from whence this peaceful song,
That fills and thrills my soul by day, by night?
If not God then whence this heavenly light?
If no part of God, how then can I know
So much of heaven, sweet on earth below?

If God is mine, why love I not my own?
If God is mine, why is not sin o'erthrown?
If God is not mine, then why do I live?
If God is not mine, how do I forgive?
If to God I am subject here and now,
Why see I not the crown upon his brow?

If God is all in hell and earth and sky,
A part I am and must on him rely.
If God is just and can no mercy show,
I seek to save myself in death below.
If God is all and I am a part of Him,
Will he e'er banish as base Seraphim?

What Owest Thou Jesus?

What dost thou owe to Jesus now?
To Jesus with His thorned-crowned brow?
Hast thou to Him His interest brought?
Hast thou of Him his pardon sought?

Ref. Why not thy debt to Jesus pay?
Why not to Him for pardon pray?
Why not pay Him who hath thee bought,
By blood and tears that Calvary wro't?

What owest thou not to Jesus, Friend?
What doth he not to mortals lend?
His grace flows free for you and me
Have *we* done *ought* to *others* free?

Is aught on earth thou owest not,
To Him who never yet forgot
Thy life, thy hopes, thy joys to fill,
As free as flows the silv'ry rill.

Then pay thy debt to Jesus now,
While bends for thee the mercy bow
Pray Him before it is too late,
For thee to enter heaven's gate.

Ashamed of Jesus.

Ashamed of Jesus, that dear friend,
Who doth to me his glory lend?
Ashamed of Jesus who bends the bow,
That doth to me His mercy show?

Ashamed of Jesus, whose glories find
No throne on earth except my mind?
Is firefly flashing in the night,
Ashamed of heaven's purest light?

Ashamed of him who gave me breath?
Ashamed of Him who suffered death?
Ashamed of him whom angels greet;
By falling prostrate at His feet?

I'm Tired.

My God, I'm tired of sinning so:
Each day I think to you I'll go;
But day by day I further grow,
As streams will onward wider flow.

O God, my sins do curse my life;
I live in hated, heated strife,
With all that's better in myself;
I press for power, praise or pelf.

My God if thou but leave alone,
My life can never reach Thy throne.
My God, since thou all faithful art,
I may some day from sin depart.

I'm tired of "sin's seductive art;"
I'm tired of my own coward part;
I'm tired of sin's attractive form;
I'm tired of life's besieging storm.

My life is all but ghastly grim;
My hopes now center all in Him,
Whose promise I have long defied,
Whose Life I've crossed thus Crucified,

Our Nobility.

Nobility doth not consist in *blood*,
Tho' this he traced beyond the flood.
It doth not come from long descent;
But is in him whose life's well spent.

It does not go with greed or gain;
But with the meek will aye remain:
It doth not vanish from the poor,
Tho' he may dwell on desert moor.

It *may* be found in mighty hall,
By one whom God, himself, doth call.
It doth exist in ev'ry mind,
Aye filled with tho't that God is kind.

It may be found in smallest child,
And was well known to heathen wild;
Or Plato days long since gone by,
When to his God he made reply.

It may in ev'ry act be found
Of him who climbs just round by round ,
To reach a place beside his God,
As true as daisies in the sod.

The man whose life doth lift him nigh,
To Him we know as the Most High,
Is noble in each deed of life;
And lives beyond all petty strife.

The man whose hopes are centered near
That Being whom we all may hear,
Each day, each hour to guide our thought,
Is far too noble to be bought.

My boy, my girl, just *noble be*;
And then your God you aye will see,
And hear him whisper, "Son, well done,
You are to Me as my Just One."

Two Worlds.

They are so close—just side by side,
So that in both we aye do ride;
Because each boundless is you see,
And so in each I aye must be.

That other world itself doth thrust
Far into this; and hence, I must
Reflect the light from yonder shore,
As Moses did in days of yore.

A boundless world must fill all space,
And hence with God I'm face to face.
These worlds do fringe and intertwine;
And all in each is all-divine.

We know they're made by one great Mind,
Who to himself doth each well bind.
We know that that is land of love,
As Moses found on Mount above.

We know these worlds are bound to throne
Of Him who doth for all atone;
As shown to us by rainbow bent,
Whose promise these two worlds have blent.

A Used-To-Be.

I used to go each week to church:
But now have left them in the lurch.
In days agone when I was east,
The meetin's used to be a feast.

Oh well, there's nothin' in it Jack;
The Church on you will turn her back:
If you can't show the money out,
You'll see she'll soon put you to rout.

"It may be but I don't believe,
The church of Christ will e'er deceive:
I left her of my own bad will—
And yet Old Church I love you still;"

"I know for years you've had bad luck,
Tho' never you have lacked for pluck.
Why not hang out just like a man;
Keep on and do the best you can?"

"The *luck* I've lost, is faith in God;
My pluck has brought down God's own rod:
My grain was lost thro' lashing hail,
Which worked as clean as any flail.

My horses now are on the stray;
My child God gave He took away.
I will to Him who gave me breath;
And stay with Him till day of death."

Small People.

They have at times been Christains called,
Altho' our God this name recalled;
Because they did not hear *His* call:
"Go out and lift whoever fall."

They drive a chaise, so very small:
But large enough for one and all.
Of those "Our own; who chance to be,
At home just now; ah! don't you see!"

Of course papa would rather walk—
'Tis just as well because his talk,
Is far behind the present date—
His grammar came to him *too late.*

They wear the latest style of dress;
And, as for *good*, are motionless.
They feel the keenest kind of pain;
Because the old with them remain.

They go to church, but never see
The stranger, unless rich he be,
Now *he* to them is never *strange*;
And hence, for visit they arrange.

They hunt for days that they may kill,
But seek no souls God's house to fill.
They ask their own at Christmas time;
But place for Christ would be a *crime*.

Such people never know a *death*,
Altho' will cease their latest breath.
Their souls contract too small for space;
But ne'er can rise to see God's face.

A Church Crystalized.

He came a stranger to the place;
And early sought to find God's grace.
In church near by—across the street,
Where he did hope some friend to meet.

He passed adown the long-drawn aisle;
His face alit with holy smile,
Which died the instant that he saw
He was in place of *social* law.

The place ne'er knew a smile before,
And never will for ever more;
Because the air was chilled with breath,
Of him we know as horrid Death.

The church was still as lists the thief,
In dead of night to fix belief,
That victim sound is wrapt in sleep;
So he secure may harvest reap.

At length the choir in cheerless strain,
Pealed forth its solemn, slow refrain;
And then the preacher's part began —
He preached divinely like a man.

At last the farce came to an end—
The stranger had not found a friend
In word, or tho't, or deed, or look;
And so his way he backward took.

He tho't, "The Friend of sinners died;
And for mankind was crucified.
I wonder when He ever saw
This church of stringest *social* law."

Sighted in Heaven.

There was a mist around the throne,
Which veiled from view two men alone,
Who had just passed thro' heaven's gate
And were each looking for a mate.

At length each started in surprise,
As each the other did surmise.
They looked athwart and looked askance;
And then to each they did advance.

That one much taller than his mate
Said, "When did you reach heaven's gate?"
"I think it was three nights passed by,"
The other did him make reply.

"I know the way was awful dark;
And light—there was no ray or spark."
And then a silence long and deep,
Came on like Moses' hidden sleep,

At length the silence broke once more:
"Where held you forth on yonder shore?
"I am from Kansas firm and sure,
Where naught but heaven can allure."

"From Kansas? Why man that's my state
I made one bound to heaven's gate.
What part of Kansas, may I ask—
We'll each find each an easy task,"

"In Kansas City on the line,
Why man this seems to be divine;
For *I* lived on Fifth and Seventh;
And *you* were on the Eleventh!"

"Yes; and I went on Sunday night
To that church just out of sight."
Just here each clasped each by the hand;
So strong they felt the earthly band.

"I worshiped there thro' all my life,
Except when church was torn by strife:
I sat in gallery on the back;
Because for money I did lack.

I sat above the pulpit tall—
The seats were fixed for big and small."
The other clasped his hand once more
"I sat right there in days of Moore."

"He was the man I liked to hear;
He threw aside the glittering gear.
I joined his church when in my prime;
You must have joined that very time."

"I did, but then you know how caste,
Would oft our lives so useless waste:
We will be friends in this *great* world,
Where Love, himself, his flag unfurled."

The Cross.

In northern sky four stars do make
What each and all each day must take—
His cross and bear upon his form,
Or sun, or shade, or snow, or storm.

Our King did stand one day they tell,
With arms akimbo and there fell
A shadow on the distant ground
Clear-marked—a cross the Christ had found.

The Christ wss crushed by cruel cross;
He loved, he lingered long in loss,
Too great for us to understand,
Till see we light in that love-land,

O cross for ages filled with shame,
Now emblem pure; eternal fame.
O cross, a curse to Christ, our King;
To us you ev'ry blessing bring.

When time and tide, and tidal wave,
Shall be forgotten in their grave,
The cross shall rise in clearer sky;
And death and hell ,and all defy.

The Collection.

O blest collection that doth show
How little men doth love God below;
O blest collection that doth give
The standard by which we do live.

O sweet collection, tale of woe,
That shows us friend of God, or foe.
O sweet collection that doth tell
How firm we're held by God's own spell.

O fair collection that doth give
The widow's mite a right to live:
O sweet collection that doth serve,
To show our faith doth still preserve.

Address to the Bible.

O Book, so blest to ev'ry race,
Where each his God sees face to face.
O Book, revered by mother mild,
Who turned from it to bless her child.

O Book, revealing one great God,
Who loves the daisy in the sod
O Book, that covers ev'ry age:
Ay, Holy Writ on ev'ry page.

O Book, that dips far down the past,
You are the first and shall be last.
O Book, that shows the same to me,
You show to kings, tho' great they be.

O Book, where Christ with kingly form,
Is calm amid life's awful storm.
O Book, whence Christ doth blessings bring,
To all who find Him the newborn King.

O Book, our mother's often read,
While moved her child with softest tread.
O Book a mirror for myself,
Which shows my toil and praise for self.

O Book, thro' which I double see
Myself and God I find in thee.
O Book, you show my face of sin;
And yet my Christ reveal within.

O Book, the Puritans aye saw,
Where read the thund'ring Sinai law.
O Book, that made the mighty States,
You will decide for aye our fates.

O Book, aye full of heaven's wealth,
You hate that life which moves by stealth.
O Book, that helps us aye to live;
And shows that God himself doth give.

Our Religion.

It doth consist in turkey round,
Just on our own fair table found:
We just invite our kith and blood,
To shower blessings like a flood.

The dinner o'er we sing and play:
"Go rescue those who die to-day,"
But ne'er we stretch a helping hand,
To lift the fallen in the land.

We pay five dollars to the church;
And leave the preacher in the lurch.
We go to hunt in God's own wood;
But ne'er for souls to do them good.

We do the rich quite oft invite,
That we some foe may bitter spite.
We are oft sorry they have come:
Because they show us they are "some."

We ne'er the *fact'ry* girls do aid;
But for the *rich*, we make our raid.
We give no help to Cuba bold
Tho' 'seiged by heat or starved in cold.

Not Alone.

I wander, wander by the stream;
I wander ways of woodland wild,
I watch the heavens all agleam
A lonely, lonely child.

I leave the world so far behind;
I leave my cares behind my back;
I go so far from all mankind;
And yet I know no lack.

I never, never go alone;
There is a step I cannot hear;
There is a voice of sweetest tone,
Of one I need most fear.

I fear and yet I love that One,
Who, step for step, doth walk with me,
Whose Voice declares: "My will is done;
You shall for aye mine be."

That Voice doth tell me ever right;
That Voice doth guide me ever true;
It leads me aye to endless light,
From place beyond the blue.

Our God, the only God I know,
Doth walk and talk and speak to me;
It is more sweet than music's flow—
In me he will e'er be.

Christ Denied.

(Suggested by Sermon of Rev. H. J. Aldrich, Oswego, Kans.)

Suppose a glow worm cease to live,
Would this a night to worlds aye give?
Or would the moon and glitt'ring star,
Still shine for us from realms afar?

Suppose the realms should lose a star,
Would this our bliss or glory bar?
Or would all worlds sweep on thro' space,
To live and love a God of grace?

Suppose a lamp should leave her light,
Would plunge our world in endless night?
Or would yon orb still steady burn;
And to this earth for aye return?

Suppose a Judas leaves his place;
And spites a Savior to his face,
Would this disprove the power of God?
Or would a Judas feel His rod?

Suppose some Christians work and toil,
To please the preacher or to foil?
Does this disprove that Christ is King;
And doth to us all blessings bring?

Suppose some Christians haughty meet;
And each in hate the other greet,
Does this disprove that God is Love;
And meek looks down from realms above?

Suppose the sun should cease to shine,
Does this disprove a God divine?
Suppose he slay me, why not live;
And all His glory to Him give?

Revised.

The creed of Christ no course can find,
In our, poor, selfish human mind.
It is most blest for thee to give,
Is creed by which but few do live.

The church the ill-dressed poor will shun,
While swift to rich will ever run.
Each tho't, each act, each move, doth say,
"That creed of Christ, away! away!"

What would we do with Christ, our King,
If He to church would boatman bring;
And yet he sought such on the earth,
While he with heaven was begirth!

That Tongue.

I hear a tongue in ev'ry form,
In sweetest calm and fiercest storm.
I hear a Tongue in ev'ry rill—
It speaks to me across the hill.

I know that Voice where'er I be;
I hear, I know, and God I see.
I hear the tongue in ev'ry leaf;
It whispers from yon bending sheaf.

I hear the Tongue in storm that blows;
I hear it when the ocean flows.
I know the Tongue, the Voice of God;
It speaks to all above the sod.

The Past.

I used to walk those narrow halls,
All bounded by their rigid walls:
I tried in vain my mind to cramp;
It would not take the mouldered damp.

The prayers were so rigid stale;
Their very age had turned them pale.
Give place, pale specters, from the past;
You were the first and shall be last!

Why come you forth in time of life?
You are not equal to life's strife.
You are dead relics of a time,
When God himself did reign sublime.

The prayers of *one* whose fresh belief,
Doth to this hour bring sweet relief;
Are still remembered by a few,
Who keep this great man aye in view.

'Tis easy since he is so high
The news doth ever bring him nigh.
He had to leave such little men,
Too weak to bear his tho't and pen.

These *little* men still gaze at each;
But nothing *new* will ever teach.
Each looks in vain in other's face:
No ray of light they ever trace.

Resolution.

I make resolve, as strong as Fate;
And find myself at heaven's gate.
The light floods out so full and clear;
And God within, I needs must hear.
And yet with all within, without,
My higher self is put to rout.

My God without, my God within,
I'm conquered by my selfish sin.
I am a wreck on Fortune's tide;
Too weak do aught except decide.
With all that God has done, I *fail*:
E'en heaven's self cannot prevail.

If once His image I did gain,
What have I now that doth remain,
But self, and sin, and churlish hate,
All turned away by cruel Fate?
Can ever I receive His grace,
And stand by Him all face to face?

Orthodoxy.

The orthodox is smoothest wheel—
We roll along and lazy feel.
It is jnst what our fathers thought—
Experience has naught us bought.

The *orthodox* is what *I* think;
And heterodox *his* on the brink,
Of fierce disaster that must come,
To him who thinks for self, just some.

The orthodox—a thousand creeds;
And hist'ry tells of bloody deeds,
Of fire, of faggot, and of stake—
The orthodox must needs *these* take.

The orthodox, a pleasant way,
Where men, long dead, still hold their sway.
The orthodox ten million men,
Dare but *believe*—not ask the *when*.

The orthodox, each church is right,
Tho' plunged the rest in endless night.
The orthodox, a sad, sad plight—
My church, alone, of all is right.

Heaven.

It is a place just here below,
Where daisies sweet in meadows grow.
It is a place where pansies peep
From fringe of hedge, which still doth sleep.

It is the place where hearts give way;
And each doth own the other's sway.
It is the place where mother bends,
O'er cradle sweet and baby tends.

It is the place where all is love,
As true as faithful Noah's dove.
It is that place, where each will yield;
And for his fellow prove a shield.

All for Self.

He lived, he toiled, he tho't for self;
He cared for naught but praise or pelf.
He claimed to cling to Christ alone,
For him he said did Christ atone.

He never learned for God to give;
He never learned for Christ to live;
He never felt true fellow love,
Tho' this doth come from God above.

He said he had been born anew;
But into Christ he never grew.
He prest his claim to heaven bright;
But lived his day in darkest night.

Abraham Offers Isaac.

Stern was the voice to Abraham spoke:
"Take knife and flint and wood and child;
And haste to Mount Moriah wild."
Says Abraham's heart: "Can God revoke,
And shall not Isaac always live?
And shall his race not ever be
In every land, on every sea?
Is this not promise God did give?
Then does this voice within suffice:"
" 'Take now thy son, thine only son;
Go now with me in unison:
Go to yon mount, make sacrifice
Of him whom I to thee did give;
Lay down thine all on altar stern;
For those who follow me must learn
That all they have for me doth live,
That death and life alike are mine:
Thine Isaac doth to me belong
And mine will be in heaven's throng;
Obey, and hope, and trust are thine.'"

His Sarah Abraham dare not tell
As God's plan cannot, will not change.
So early Abraham doth arrange
For Isacc, men and beast as well,
To go with him for weary days,
Till mountain stern to Abraham's eye,
Reveals place where his son must die--
The place of awful sacrifice.

Here Abraham Isaac takes alone;
Who bears the faggots up the mount,
Not knowing his life must account
To God and for his race atone.
So Isaac bound on altar lay,
And Abraham raises knife on high;
For God decreed his son must die:
But Angel's voice cries: "Abraham stay;
For now I know thou dost fear God:
Lift up thine eyes in thicket see
A ram is thy security.
And God says not "pass under rod."
Beloved God is aye the same;
And asks of us what is His now.
But soon returns it all somehow,
To him who humbly breathes his name.

Christ Died.

Christ died that I might live in Him,
Far safer than a seraphim;
He died that I might ever be
His own for all eternity.

He died for me and died for you;
He died for and worlds not a few;
He died for men and women all
He died for child tho' ne'er so small.

He died that ev'ry blade of grass,
Might live its life and sweet days pass,
In smiles of heaven o'er it bent,
As rainbow glory in it blent.

He died for ev'ry bird in air,
That wings its flight thro' sunlight fair;
He died for ev'ry bird that's free
To sing its sweetest melody.

He died that we might ever give
Our love, our lives for Him to live,
Who died that we might ever be
Like Him who 'bides eternity.

He 'bides till time shall have gone past;
And vengeance leaves with God at last;
He died that we might all forgive,
Who in this world are made to live.

He died to teach us how to love;
Like him who came from world above;
He died to teach the world be kind,
Like him who died for all mankind.

He died to teach us how to scorn
The might of Him, a monarch born;
He died to teach us free this land
From Tyrant George's cruel hand.

He died to teach us what to be,
This side the great eternity;
He died that this United States
Might free the East from darkest fates.

He died that this great growing West,
Might fling her light for aye the best,
Away back East from whence we came
To teach to men of little fame

That moneyed men from us must know
How men are equal here below:
He died to make us ever true
Like Washingtons who never rue

The lives they live on this great earth,
Where we may scorn the great by birth;
He died that we might better grow,
Till lives are pure as driven snow.

Christ Educated.

To Him no school her doors fling wide;
For Him no teacher doth decide
The problems grim that face each race,
He fights alone in desert place.

For Him no father masses wealth.
By years of toil, aye years of stealth.
For Him no list'ning senate stands
To watch the Gestures of His hands.

Aye locked to Him all classic lore,
Which age on age had laid in store.
His hand divine ne'er weilded pen,
While he wrote down great truths for men.

He wrestled forty days alone;
And hurled the tempter from his throne.
He fought each foe within, without,
And put his fiercest foes to rout.

For forty days no food He ate;
For forty days at hell's own gate,
He learned to foil the demon's art,
Which fitted him for life's great part.

He listened only to that voice,
Which all who hear, obey, rejoice.
His training came from God alone,
While God He saw upon His throne.

Christ Ordained.

He stood by John in Jordan's stream,
While heaven rifts with light agleam;
And sends her shafts from space above
To shine on Him whom we call Love.

A dove grew restless in its place;
And left the throne where face to face,
'Fore God it stood with folded wing;
And sped thro' space to Christ, our King.

It cleaves the air with tireless wing,
Till finds the brow of Christ, the King.
And there abides as if to fill
Her missive, "I will do thy will."

A voice from heaven did ordain,
"Thou art my son and shall remain
The One in whom I am well pleased;
For wrath divine thou hath appeased."

Now some to-day this voice can hear,
While some obey from slavish fear;
But each may hear his Father's voice,
"In you my son I do rejoice."

Religion.

Religion curse of ev'ry race
Ten thousand ways you turn your face.
Religion rides on horse well-worn,
So far behind we must you scorn.

Religion hid behind the times,
You make excuse for many crimes;
Religion with your reeking hand,
In ages past you've curst each land.

O bloody hand with thumbs on screw,
You've crushed the bones of not a few.
You place the body on the rack,
While blood streams down your victim's back.

You bring the faggot and the stake,
And there your victim helpless take;
You watch with glee the horrid flame,
As leaps it o'er the quiv'ry frame.

You live a life of hollow sham,
While silly heads with lies you cram;
You tell the tale of dreaded woe,
To all who dare to be thy foe.

You ride behind the scenes so far,
No moon, no sun, no distant star,
Reveals the darkness of your lot;
And soon by us you'll be forgot.

Christ's Creed.

(Counter Poem to Religion.)

Go to all the world and teach
Men how a better life to live.
Teach them that all must all forgive,
Who would the highest life e'er reach.

Go show to men the life I live;
Go show to men the Christian creed;
Do good to men, the hungry feed;
Go show men why they should forgive.

Go show the man who lives for self,
His life is blank and useless all;
Show him but self can cause his fall,
Teach him disdain all praise and pelf.

The sweetest creed that can be shown,
The sweetest creed that God made known,
Is do by others as ye would
Have them do by you if you could.

Teach men to live that they may see
That God is good in sun and storm;
That God is good at night, at morn,
Teach them to ever thankful be.

Churchless.

When Christ ascended thro' the air,
He left no place for preacher's chair,
No building great nor tower nor fane
Along this life's sequestered lane.

No temple reared he to the cloud;
No building great on earth did found;
No power that would in days not yet,
Enchain our lives and make us fret.

No one was placed in awful chair,
More dreaded than the lion's liar,
To lord it o'er a feeble race,
Instead of walking pace for pace.

No building that should thunder speak;
And vengeance on the hapless reak,
Who, forceful yet of feeble might,
Aye true to God would do the right.

No one was left to force men's will;
And yielding not their blood to spill;
No church was left dear life to take,
To force the the thumbscrew and the stake.

No; Christ held not Jerusalem;
Nor yet His birth-place, Bethlehem,
As places fit for men to teach;
But said, "Go to the world and preach,"

Go worship Me in heart, in life;
Go end for aye this hateful strife;
Go worship me in spirit true;
And I will bless from bending blue.

No church for men who never fail,
When fight is on right in to sail;
Tho' worship they would have—no none
And lied when said, "Thy will be done."

Deaconless.

When Christ from Olivet looked down,
No deacon in the world was known;
And yet he said, "My work's complete!"
But since the deacon doth replete,

To us this seems, say least most strange
That God's own vision with such range
A deacon dear should over look;
And name *him* late in his great Book.

How this can be I do not know,
That God should miss *him* here below;
Since God doth never make mistake
Why did He not a deacon make?

No deacon, duped deceiving thief,
Who prays to give himself relief:
But great the burden from those fell
When ceased that voice, a dead'ning knell.

He often on his God doth call,
With talk of Adam and the fall;
But know we well his prayer lies,
Whose good intent in distance dies.

To-morrow he will cheat his men,
With deeds too black for any pen.
To-morrow he will lie in trade;
And with all sin his soul will lade.

To-morrow will the eagle scream,
He holds so tight away from gleam
Of light—the washer-woman's share,
He keeps on—oh such dainty fare.

Faith Not Hope.

Hope looks thro' windows for her Love ;
But Faith remains with God above.

Hope solace finds in her flowers ;
But Faith abides in her bowers.

Hope builds in airy place her nest ;
But Faith abides on Jesus' breast.

Hope paints the lily in God's land ;
But Faith hides self in God's own Hand.

Hope builds her castles in the air ;
But Faith finds Christ, ah ! aye so fair.

Hope, jealous-winged, broods o'er her own ;
But Faith hides aye in Christ as shown.

Hope climbs the sky where rainbow bends ;
And glory to God's Promise lends.

Faith finds all beauty in her God ;
And loves His daisy hid in sod.

Hope leaves us oft in deepest gloom ;
But Faith bears us where Edens bloom.

Hope builds a bridge o'er Jordan's tide ;
But Faith walks on with Christ beside.

Hope leaves us when our light grows dim ;
But Faith unites us close to Him.

Who prayed for us with latest breath ;
And saved the world by his own death.

Hope will deceive where e'er she can ;
But Faith enables us to span

Both Time and Tide till we shall be,
With Christ in bliss, eternity.

God Forsakes Not His Own.

For years the sky had bent in mood,
Too angry to grant man his food;
For King Ahab's most wicked life,
Had filled the land with awful strife.

No dew from heaven came those years;
Tho' night and day were spent in tears,
By those who never sinned 'gainst Him;
But prayed and tried to banish sin.

Yet one Elijah God found firm;
And of his faith he did confirm:
In land of dearth, death, despair,
Once fed this man by Chereth fair;

For ravens did this man supply,
With flesh and bread lest he should die.
At length Brook, Chereth, passed away;
But God remained both night and day.

So God sends him to widow poor,
Who had but little food in store.
She gave this man of God in haste;
"And barrel of meal did not waste."

Her son, her hope, her all did live;
For she to man of God did give.
But then Ahab did not repent;
Nor deeds of evil e'er relent:

Tho' clouds came not nor any rain,
He yielded not till he was slain.
So all who fail in life repent,
In self-destruction must be spent,

(The above is a sermon review.—Text I Kings, I.)

Jesus in the Manger.

The stars gazed down one still, clear night,
And lo! the Son was hid from sight;
The landlord, busy with his guest,
Ne'er tho't, nor dreamed, nor even guest

That in his manger Glory lay,
On bed of straw or new mown hay,
He rushed about the great to find
At ease in body, spirit, mind.

He looked within, he looked without;
But never heard the angels shout.
"To you is born a King to-day;
Shall he in manger ever lay?"

Some shepherds kept their flocks at night;
E'en these the angels did not slight.
But told to them a new born King,
Doth peace to you and blessings bring."

They left their flock on hill and plain;
For Christ was all they hoped to gain :
Nor time, nor tide, nor tireless wave
Can rob of bliss beyond the grave.

Some heathen students looked intent;
And with their eyes on heaven bent,
They read his name in starry air;
And Christ they found in manger fair.

But still the world self-blinded stands;
And never sees His pierced hands,
Extended wide to all who think,
To save from self and danger's brink.

"Jesus Wept."

He wept because the veil was drawn
To show the future, clear as lawn,
Besprinkled with the morning dew,
Is brought by sunrise full in view.

He wept because his vision saw
The sacred city under law,
Of Rome who brought her eagles forth,
From east to west from south to north.

He wept because old Rome's great might,
Would plunge the Jew in endless night;
He wept because the Jewish life,
Would end in horrid, useless strife.

He wept because his work seemed vain,
As grew the number of the slain
Upon the threshold of his mind—
Alas, the slain were his own kind!

He wept as grim Old Famine stalked;
And Jewish efforts all were balked:
He wept to see a mother mild,
Prepare for food her own dear child.

He wept to hear the chains aye clank,
That told a king for slave changed rank:
He wept to see his brother sold,
Enchained to post—aye all for gold.

John Jones on Jehovah Just.

I used to think when but a child
That God was mad at man and wild,
To get at him with sword on edge;
Or sling him headlong over ledge

Of precipice so big and steep,
That men slung down would gnash and weep.
I useter be afraid of night;
For I my God in day did slight.

My mother told me bad boys went;
An' all eternity they spent,
In flames not blue nor red but white;
And where the demons danced in spite.

One demon seemed to be the boss;
And he the little ones would toss,
High up in air and down they'd fall;
And he' jus' laugh when they would call

On God to help them in their pain:
They'd writhe and writhe to twist from chain,
He'd wrap around them with his hands,
Ten times hotter than volcanic lands.

Now mother didn't tell all this;
But started me and I'd not miss
A talk with boys about the place,
Where black man meets us face to face.

My brother Jim told me he knowed
A sailor as had been where it snowed,
All year round on Sunday, week-day;
And had seen where the craters lay,

Away up on mountains so high,
That little folks could not get nigh:
And these big craters breathed like men,
Were down in 'em as tight as pen.

I seen in center of the coop,
Thro' winder of iron called the loop
That time you know dad won the day
At court when made he Old Cheat pay.

Jim said this man told him and Brown—
You know young Brown, he lives in town—
That 'way down on them great Andes
Just this side the 'tipodes,

There is the biggest volcanic fire;
Its miles and miles—oh how mules tire,
That climb and climb for many years,
Before on top they prick their ears.

As they smell smoke and hear the flames,
That burst from deep where wicket frames
Hold men in heat as white as snow,
While demons prance above, below.

The Master of Ceremonies
Drove up and down with ponies—
I 'spose the ponies were of fire;
And course they never, never tire.

He'd drive right up to the tip-top
And ev'ry moment his head would pop,
Right up among the flames of fire
And he'd just call in his great ire

For someone nobody could see;
And soon he'd laugh in his great glee,
As chain he wound some victim tight;
And drag him into endless night.

You mind the night old Sneak-Snake died—
He used to talk the Crucified--
But cheated widow Smith of farm;
And lied and lied to do her harm.

That was the night this sailor man,
Just got to this place and began,
To look around both in and out—
Was skart fear he'd be put to rout.

Or worse be killed and then dragged in
And held forever for his sin;
He said his hair jus' ris' on end—
He looked for help but saw no friend.

He shook like if he had the chills
Or been attacked by all life's ills.
He heard men gnash their teeth in rage,
As glared they on the endless page.

That told the tale of woe and pain,
In place they must for aye remain,
On racks of fire must tortured be,
Thro' deathless death, eternity.

It hurt him so he stopt his ears;
And thought and thought of countless years,
These mortals must this pain endure,
Locked in white chains, so stern and sure.

Just then the master he came out;
And looked and looked he all about—
This sailor man did shut his eyes;
But then could hear the awful cries.

But heard the call above the rest
That bro't a man like bird to nest
Right to the mouth that was agape—
It was Old Sneak-Snake whose last scrape,

Had gone agin him in the State;
And brung him to this awful gate,
Between the living and the dead,
Where money would not do instead,

Of justice which he always dodged:
For high on earth by money lodged
In Orders many he had bought;
And thus his battles long had fought.

This man knowed Sneak-Snake by his gown;
Because one year he nursed in town
This vile old wretch buried by lodge,
To which so many men will dodge.

At last this man looked up and saw
This bein' more stern than the law;
And saw the father of all lies
For which the liar at last dies.

He saw his horns both long and strong,
With which he forces foe along:
He heard the sound of his split hoof
Like hail that falls upon the roof.

* * * *

I went to hear the preacher grave,
Who said Christ died He might all save
And then I tell you I was glad;
For Christ he said died for the *bad*.

I thought the preacher must mean me;
For I was bad as bad could be.
I told my mother with much joy,
Who said I was a bad, bad boy,

To listen lest I should be lost;
    Thus learn at such a dreadful cost
How ill it is to misconstrue
    And make Him mad beyond the blue.

Now mother told me to be good,
    Tho' I the preacher understood
That Christ the sinner died to save;
    And take Him over Jordan's wave,

In time of death which comes to all,
    Or soon or late or great or small
He said man's goodness won't avail;
    But look to Christ who would prevail.

But mother told me to be good,
    While I beside her often stood.
Be good and heaven would receive,
    When Death at last did me relieve.

And then I heard the preacher say
    That God is angry and alway,
With wicked men who live for self;
    And work and toil for praise or pelf.

I was afraid of life and death;
And fearful when I drew my breath,
Lest God who thunders in the cloud,
Should slay and wrap me in Death's shroud

But when my cousin did convert,
This did my mind at once divert;
And tho't I then when I grow gray,
I may convert and God's wrath stay.

The preacher says that God is love;
And rules his hosts in lands above:
And Christ the sinner died to save;
And yet in hell the sinners rave.

Jesus Seeking the Lost.

Review of Address in the County Jail, Oswego, Kan., Sept. 30, 1900, 3 p. m.

Christ came to seek and save the lost;
He came to seek at any cost;
It cost all heaven's kindly light;
It cost all heaven's kindly might.

He came to die that He might give
To us the right with Him to live.
He sought to save by sovereign will:
He sought to save at Kedron's rill.

He sought to save from darkest night;
He sought to save in heaven's light;
He sought to save our sinful race—
To place His image in our face.

He came uncrowned to curse and cross;
He bought by birth and blood and loss:
He sought the sinner's sinful shame;
And bore his blighted, banished name.

Christ knelt to know how near His God;
He fought our fight on Kedron sod;
Then travel-tired, well-tested, tried,
He climbed our hill, the Crucified.

He died our death on cruel cross,
Sustained the sinner's awful loss.
He died upon the curse'd tree,
That you and I might aye be free.

Love of God.

Review of Sermon by Rev. Arthur Creasy, Sunday, May 6, 1900.

O love of God, so pure, so true,
More lasting than the bending blue!
O love of God to all mankind!
O love of God in us we find!

A life, a love, a hope that man
Somehow, somewhere, somewhen shall span
The space that sin now makes between
The lost and Him we call Unseen.

Unseen, yet felt and to us known
In love and life as has been shown
To hearts divine in ev'ry clime,
On ev'ry land and ev'ry time.

O love of God we see thee now,
A laurel left on Labor's brow;
O love of God thou wilt aye reach
And by thy Holy Spirit teach

Us all to stoop that they may stand,
While we to them extend our hand,
Teach us that Christ is from above—
A realm of light where all is love.

O Love ye died for all the world—
Have we to all Thy flag unfurled?
Christ died for sins that are our own;
And died for all as has been shown.

How can the Christ the infinite
Who ne'er despised a widow's mite,
In vain be lifted on the cross;
And there look down on shame and loss?

How can our God who wills no death,
Look on while my expiring breath,
Declares to Him His will has failed;
And Christ's own death has not availed?

How can the Christ, the Crucified
In heaven sit, the Glorified;
And cast His eyes to darkest place,
Where I am banished, awful space?

Light from Christ.

In light of love divine we live;
In light of love divine we give
Our days, our hours, with Christ to be
Both now and in eternity.

With light divine we search the world,
To find that Christ his flag unfurled,
For us to fight in cause of love,
With Him who guides us from above.

With light of love our friends discern
We've been with Christ from Him to learn;
With light of Christ our foes do know
Our lives are pure as driven snow.

A cloud of promise round us bends;
And us its rainbow glory lends.
O'er us the softened colors play;
And day or night is one bright ray.

O Christ so pure, so strong, so true
May we thy glory keep in view;
But where we fail be thou our guide,
And keep us near the Crucified.

My Kingdom Not of Earth.

When Pilate stood before our King
In doubt, in fear, and hopeless state,
He pressed in vain to find one thing
'Gainst him who came thro' heaven's gate;
But left it open in His love
He came for men on earth to save
From sin and self for life above.
At length with vicious visage grave
The haughty judge in voice most stern
Of Jesus asks, "Art thou a king?"
Now Christ that all the world might learn
What he for naught to them did bring
In accents sweet and mild, replies:

"My kingdom is not of this world:
For that born here, here always dies
But there, no hope. no wish is hurled
To deep abyss of nothingness.
My kingdom lies beyond this plain,
Where men do build self-righteousness:
Beyond the greatest, grandest dream
Of Roman might and Roman power;
My Kingdom lies beyond that doubt
Which haunts thy life, proud judge, each hour.
It lies beyond the highest mount
Of Roman law or Jewish hate.
It lies, false judge, in that fair place,
Which knows no bound and has no gate.
It is a land of such sweet grace
That angels fair the threshold cross
Of men's minds that are in dreamland wide:
So that the dreamer knows no loss
Of time or pelf while turned aside
From night and death and deep despair,
So came the truth to your own wife,
Who tried to save thee from much care
By teaching you how end this strife,
Which strife is right or it is wrong.

O Pilate, proud, thou must decide,
To-day and now for all this throng
Between the right and wrong so wide.
O Pilate, judge, judged thou shalt be;
In light of kingdom thou dost scorn;
In light of kingdom found in me;
In light of kingdom knows no morn;
No sun, no moon, no star are there.
My kingdom knows no now, no then,
No here, no there, no tho't, no care;
My kingdom is fair to all men,
Who fearless be and judgment give,
Not fashioned to please this day or hour
Who will do right tho' die or live
Each fond hope, held forth by power.
O Pilate in my kingdom known
To God, to me, to angels bright,
You will exchange your place as shown
To me in land without a night;
In land where I the bench shall hold;
In land where I am all the light;
In land where truth alone is "bold."

No Wedding Garment.

A king once urged his friends to dine
With him upon a certain night;
But they his kindness all did slight,
And hence he said, "These friends of mine

No more with me shall ever dine:
Go, servants, to the lame and blind;
And tell what's in your master's mind,
And haste call men to feast of mine."

They came to feast as were required;
And seated round the table were,
When in king came to view them there;
And found he one not there desired.

This one sat proud in his own place
And felt his worth so great to be,
That he could sue eternity;
And meet the king aye face to face.

So he was clad as suited whim,
Of one whose sin had made him bold;
Of one who heard not truth, tho' told,
By waiting angel, seraphim.

The king came in *to view* the throng;
And soon his eye fell on man vile,
He could not greet with kindest smile;
And hence there ceased both mirth and song.

While accents stern in that place fell,
As king demands the why, the how
This man at wedding should be now,
Without the robe that all compel.

His fellows wear at wedding feast,
This man was silent as the day,
Will pass for aye to night away;
For hope in words he has not least.

The king commands him bound in chain;
And cast where weeping shall prevail;
And tears and prayers will not avail,
Where Hope hopes not for all are slain.

Dear Friend, are thou prepared for place;
Prepared for thee at God's right Hand,
With garment new from heaven land
Be robed now meet God face to face?

Pastorless.

When Christ returned from earth to God,
No pastor walked the swarthy sod;
No pastor looked from pulpit down,
On pews well filled with awful frown.

When Christ was driven from the church,
He left no victim in the lurch;
But said to men, "Go out and preach;
For I in church have failed to teach.

So go ye out among the men,
Who hunted are thro' vale and glen:
I will with you be to the end
Thus ever shall you find a Friend."

Christ never said, "Go wait a call
In style precise as any hall:
Go wait till *men* shall call you out;
For *I* know not what I'm about."

Christ never said, "Go, college grind;
For there will ye not ever find."
No, Christ did know the curse of call
That ends at last in one black-ball.

No; Christ did know that men would meet
All smiles the pastor new to greet;
But long before the end of year,
They'd steal his name without a fear.

No! Christ looked down on factions bold,
Who soon would drive the priest in cold;
Or leave on highway aye to starve;
Or fortune from other source carve.

Religion.

Counter Poem to Christ's Creed.

Religion, curse of ev'ry age--
Blood-stained you are on ev'ry page,
You bind the blest to curse'd stake:
But never you can make mistake!

You change your face with such ill grace,
'Tis hard to find your yester-place;
And yet you make us bend the knee,
To hear the *new mandate* from thee.

There was a time when you did teach
That span-long infant's hell would reach;
But now you say that Christ will save
The little ones beyond the grave.

What change will come no one can know,
Who is but finite here below.
To thee before this age is past—
Will there a thread remain at last?

Sowing and Reaping.

"Be not deceived, God is not mocked;"
For whatsoever ye have sown
Will in eternity be shown
Each tho't, each word, each deed is looked.

By him who holds and guards the key;
By him who loves the sinner well;
By him who tries with men to dwell;
That he may make them holy be.

And thus fit for eternity:
A day will come when grace will end
And only those who have that Friend
Of sinners, Christ, will live to see

Their fruits bloom in eternity.
Dear Friend, hast thou sown aught to-day,
That will thro' ages long bring pay
To thee; because thou wilt placed be,

Beside Him in whose name you live;
Beside Him for whom thou did'st sow:
Beside Him who commands you now
"Go ye to all the world and give

My word, my oath, my gospel grace,
That I for sinners once did die;
That blood my own might draw them nigh
To Him who finds each sinner place,

Who turns from sin and pleads my blood;
Then helps another on path steep
That he may better his feet keep
From slipping into whelming flood."

O sinner, turn to Christ for life;
Then give your work to Him who died:
Whom now we call the Crucified;
Go; change thy work and cease thy strife.

O child of God, how sure thou art
That seed ye sow in deeds of love,
Will ever bloom in realms above,
Where Christ for you still does his part.

Schoolless.

No school on earth by Christ was built;
No school in which to foster guilt;
No school to turn the sons of men,
Away from farm and trade to pen.

No school to slight the noble born
Who look upon the great with scorn—
The great, just great because of place,
They hold above the rest of race.

No school to use the patent leaf;
But leave God's word a useless sheaf:
No school with Sunday sheet to write
The girlish love or churlish spite.

Christ left no school with children few,
Who never have His Book in view.
Christ left no super who could cheat;
And sons of sin could each day beat.

Christ left no leaves for child of three,
Who paid no price but had them free.
He left no "paper" in the place
Of Book where God reveals His face.

No school where child of ten stands up;
And offers drink from "paper" cup,
To babies who may never know
That Christ once talked on earth below.

Christ never made the modern school,
Where men must ape and be a fool;
And Christ did not the Word deny,
Or God in heaven once defy.

Two Crowds.

No. 1.

When heated hate her work hath done,
To worship God we'll find not one,
When sneaky, snaky, snarly Thief
Has found for self a sweet relief

The duped and dying will perceive,
He came in flock but to deceive.
When Ignoramus part is played
We'll know why he so long delayed.

When Spitfire with her brazen face
Hath left again to fail with pace,
As quick as that she made before,
Who will bring bread from endless store?

When tears from crocodile shall fail—
Who then shall weep yet not prevail
To make men think she is so sweet—
She doth her Savior often meet?

When Please-All's cloak is thrown aside,
He then can tell what horse to ride,
We'll give him saddle, broad and stout,
So he can turn with ease about

To see which way he'd better turn,
So that his feelings will not burn;
If left alone, he would do right ;
But lacks he courage now to fight.

Ingratitude did soon turn back,
Tho' long we kept him from the rack,
Placed there by those who said, "He drinks"
We said he now much better thinks.

When first with us his scanty fame,
Enabled us to bless his name:
In days not late our easy cash,
Helped him to make his greatest mash.

Old Sloth and Stubborn robbed a farm,
Altho' he says he does no harm;
Old Sloth and Stubborn dirty goes
A shame to all his friends and foes.

Soon end will come, then let us know—
If aught is left on earth below—
So we can all the strong man see
Who'll carry out what pieces be.

No. 2.

Ye crowd of Christ can carry cross—
No crowd of Christ can come to loss—
The crowd of Christ did paddle, pray;
And none their ship can ever stay.

God gave them favor in men's sight,
Because they bore His burdens light,
God grants them favor ever new;
For they have learned He's with the few.

You bear His image in your face;
Ye first and last of that great race,
That hath from age to age made place
For Him who brightens each saint's face.

You carry Christ to ev'ry land,
The sweetest rarest happy band;
You live your life that men may see
His blood doth bind, yet makes you free.

Your God doth give you grace so sweet.
You know you doth him often meet:
You fear no foe, tho' fierce the fire;
And never will like Saul retire.

Your hope is high in happy state,
Where God gives none to cruel hate:
You lift the lowest life on high:
For Christ to you is ever nigh.

Your barque is borne adown life's stream,
Whose waters sparkle in the gleam
Of light this life can never give—
No doubt or fear can ever live.

The port lies ever in your view
Tho' hid from all but just a few:
The haven is eternal rest,
For those in Christ who do their best.

The Great Commission.

Go ye and preach to all the world:
For Christ has His great flag unfurled.
It kisses breeze in ev'ry land
Upborne by God's own mighty Hand.
E'en China's gates are open wide;
And Christian ships her ports free ride:
Yes, India's great and coral strand,
Is held by God for gospel land.
Go ye and teach in every realm;
For God's own hand is on the helm.
The Cuban Star fails not to live;
So we to her the gospel give.
To us the Philippines are lent;
Since Christ for them his life has spent.
Go ye with Christ to every soil;
Where countless millions useless toil
To save their souls with gods they make;
Go teach and toil to show mistake.
Go bind and banish from the blind
The creatures fashioned by man's mind.
Go teach the Christ once crucified;
Go teach the Christ now glorified.
O Oswego, so blest of God
That never yet passed under rod
Of wrath divine in days of yore,
What blessings still are laid in store
No man on earth can ever know,
Till faith by works each one doth show.

The Cash Christian.

The child of Christ has cash on hand
To bless each year a helpless land.
The man who never helps with cash,
Will feel each loss a heavy lash;

Because when "hard times" him do reach
He will then learn what he did teach,
When close he kept his well-filled store
From those who hungered evermore.

My cash will reach aye Galveston,
As sure as did once Washington
The English drive from this great land,
Who felt the force of God's own hand.

The child of God will ever give;
For God doth teach him so to live,
That he may learn 'tis far more blest
To give than ask all from the rest.

How can a man a Christian be;
And yet so much of suff'ring see,
Without extending once his hand,
Relieve distress in this great land.

Bear you the burdens of each one
Thus say in heart, "Thy will be done,"
To men on earth we show our love,
If we have love to God above.

I'm Praying for You.

I kneel before the throne of grace;
And pray to Christ—ay face to face:
I pray for health return to thee—
I know he hears, yea even me.

I pray him spare your life so sweet,
That doth each danger bravely meet;
I pray him grant thee more sunshine—
I love thy life, so pure, divine.

I have no quest for *self* to make;
But ask him not *thy* life to take;
Because thou art so free, so kind;
So filled with God's own holy mind.

I know God loves thee for thy worth;
I know thou hast had Glory's birth;
I know thou art God's sweetest child—
The loss of thee will drive me wild.

I know He'll spare thee in His love;
I know we'll meet in land above.
I know till then we shall endure;
For Christ till then will aye allure.

Did God Do His Best?

Some say that God, the Infinite,
Did make this world, so firm and sure;
And yet made heavens, us allure
To them where He is throned in white.

In brief this world is not His best;
But far beyond there is a world,
Where He a sweeter flag unfurled,
Which floats the realm, Eternal Rest.

Now, when He built this lower world,
What had He that He lacked at first,
When Voice, His own,, the silence burst
With words, "Let aye My flag be furled?"

He had all might to make this realm;
And had all space, when He began,
Nor stopt for dust when He made man;
And Christ on Right to guard the helm:

The Holy Spirit brooded well,
Then what lacked He, when made the rose,
Which blossomed forth from sweet repose?
Has He since *gained* some magic spell?

You say he has no *power* gained;
And that He always does His best:
Where of His skill is better test?
Had He some force that he retained?

With us our practice perfect makes:
Is this the case with God above,
Who rules in heaven all in love?
"O yes, you say, He practice takes."

If this be true, my pessmic friend,
This world is best that he has made,
And throws all others in the shade;
Because he did it last extend.

He made the heavens and the earth;
So that it is quite clear to me
This world was last for Him to see;
And was with past all glory girth.

He made this world for us to take
The good or bad just as we please,
To live in pain or at our ease
To live as smooth as sail on lake.

We make our heaven and our hell:
We fill our lives with sweetest bliss;
Or all, except the bad, we miss
Some ring thro' life Death's own sad knell.

We make our hell while here we live;
For God ne'er made a hell for us.
But borrows one where devils fuss—
This borrowed hell to us will give.

Our heaven is where rainbows meet;
Our heaven is in our own mind,
Where God, himself, we can aye find,
Our heaven is where lovers greet.

Mystery.

If God be all and in all, then I know
That God indwells men, and my very life,
Is filled with him who knows no length or breadth;
And fills no space, and yet doth fill it all.

If God be all, and not divided now,
How can it be that I am of Him, part?
If I no part of Him am, how can He
Be all, fill all, in all, and I be one?

If He be *all*, then there can be but One.
If He be all, it must be *I* am none.
If I am not how can He be in me?
Is He in me, and yet in heaven too?

We say He is enthroned in heaven fair;
And yet Christ's kingdom is to-day in us.
If He be in us and in heaven too,
It must be that heaven too is in us.

I am in Him, tho' He in heaven dwells.
Then am I not in Heaven with Him too?
I am; I know; it is; it must be so.
But I am on this orb, we call the earth.

If I in heaven, dwell with God, to-day;
And yet I live upon this heaven earth,
Then heaven must be on this earth of ours.
Yea; heaven, home, hope, and hell all are here.

No Trusts in Heaven.

Papa:

You ask about a trust my child;
It seems to me your question's wild:
You are too young to understand
About this capital and hand.

Son:

My teacher said no trust could be
Among the just that she could see.
She says they're frauds and frightful things—
Just what have slain so many kings.

She said the kings tramped on the right
Of people who at last would fight;
And down them as they did in France,
So that the *people* now advance.

She said no trust in heaven be,
And this is what I could not see:
Because at church you hold front place,
And surely *you* will see God's face.

And yet the boys keep telling me
My father holds the flour in fee
For trusts, that he the poor may rob—
The worst of all is Snobby Bob.

He said my papa was a thief;
And that all wheat right in the sheaf,
Or bin at mill or any place,
Belonged to all the human race.

I cannot bear to hear this spite;
And hate my class where I recite.
I wish pa you would leave this trust;
Or else stay home from school I must.

Papa:

Your teacher is a fool, I see,
To get the boys to start on me:
My money I will aye invest—
My right's as good as all the rest.

Good trusts improve what e'er we hold;
And must be owned by men of gold.
She does not know what she's about;
Just you keep on we'll turn her out.

Boy:

Yes, papa, but then the *boys* you see,
Will nag and nag all day at me.
I wish a trust you never had;
For I believe they all are bad.

I do not like to go to school;
And when I cry, be called a fool,
By boys who sing about the Trust—
A song that says 'The trusts we'll bust.'

I wish papa you did not own
This hateful thing that has been shown
To have no place in heaven wide,
For which the boys do me deride.

* * * *

Papa then tho't within himself
I would not lose for praise or pelf
That place no trust has ever found,
For all the wealth there is around.

And then another trouble lies:
In that fair land beyond the skies;
'Tis said we all push our old trade;
With ne'er a trust in glen or glade,

What will the Master set me at;
For trust begone I can't work that?
Just then a trust combine did phone;
And so his boy he left alone.

Teach Me Know.

O God, myself, wilt thou not teach,
That I thyself, thro' self may reach?
There breathes a life in me—all thine:
Then I like thee must be divine.

O God, just show me what Thou art,
By aiding me with that small part,
Myself, where thou dost aye reside,
To banish self and human pride.

O God, too great, for haughty pride,
Teach me that men I live beside,
Are like myself a part of thee,
That I, in them, thyself may see.

The Shied.

He was afraid of dread disease,
Thus said to others, "You go please."
He was a Christian, too, I hear;
But knew no Christ we all do fear.

Some Christians look for happy place;
But keep between the greatest space.
They say this is a wicked world;
But one red flag across unfurled,

Will give the lie to all they teach—
They rush afar safe place to reach.
They say they love their fellow men,
Whom they let die in filthy pen.

Their souls shrink up and pass away,
From this their tenet, selfish clay:
They then hope sweet heaven to win;
But Peter ne'er will let them in.

The Bended Bow.

If I should paint the bended bow,
That bends to break on earth below,
How could I give it other form,
Than that which bends just after storm?

It bends from heaven all complete;
But near the earth is less replete.
In fact 'tis *flat* just at that place,
Where God would us meet face-to-face.

The *flat* is *ours*, the place we hold
Our poisoned arrows, shot so bold,
Right back at Him who curves the round:
And bends to make it reach the ground.

The bow is bent, the strongest form,
A ladder placed, just after storm,
For angels pass; and then return
To light our lamp, and leave it burn.

This light leaves none on earth bereft;
But shows the Rock of Ages cleft,
For men who cease their bitter hate,
To seek the Savior, ere too late.

The blue that bends in rainbow rare,
Declares to me that God will share
His love with men and angels true,
While heaven hangs in yonder blue.

The red, the crimson blood that fell
The story sweet to all doth tell—
The cross, the crown, the curs'ed tree,
Have all been past to make men free.

Each seven years we mortals change—
The colors cover all the range:
And so the rainbow tells the tale,
Our God's with us or calm or gale.

A Fight.

The largest number seen for years,
Had gathered with their doubts and fears.
Christ could not at His table count,
So many as at steps dismount.

Old Sneak-Snake wriggles into church—
His oily tongue is left in lurch,
Tho' it is full of foulest lies:
The Truth stands up and him defies.

Old Pull-Back kept within his seat,
Quite glad to beat a false retreat.
His life so vile he could not face
That one, who bro't him God's own grace.

Astride-the-Fence did watch to find
A chance to change his shallow mind.
He said, I will the major know;
And then I'll see just where to grow.

Old Brazen-Face, had ruined her man,
Got in her say, when fight began.
All vain her words, they failed to kill;
She was all foiled by steady skill.

Please-All, too lazy take a stand,
Was not so slow with ballot hand.
He would do right, but courage lack—
His weakness lay right in his back.

Old Pocket-Tight pleads all in vain,
    While fall her tears, a summer rain –
Her love-in all three dimes a year,
    Was best exprest by falling tear.

Young Know-it-All the law did trace,
    With hateful, sin-bespattered face.
The point held out did break in twain—
    Her little brain could not retain.

The wrangle o'er, the ballot cast—
    The demons' day is downed at last,
And Right doth build her mighty bridge,
    A bloody fight on heaven's ridge.

God's Debt.

Suppose of life I am bereft?
Suppose no life beyond is left?
What owest thou, O God to me—
So much I feel, I hear, I see?

Suppose the life beyond be naught,
This life is full with blessings fraught.
I hear the busy breezes play;
I hear the babbling brook all day.

I catch the droppings from the sky,
Where birds in air make Him reply,
Who gave them sweetest song to sing,
For Him who is their mighty King.

God gave me life and filled with breath,
What owes He me, tho' end in death
My joy, my hope, my love, my hate,
My place has been at heaven's gate.

He gave me life, I ne'er deserve,
Why not another life reserve?
He gave me life before I knew,
Why now deny the life in view?

Know Thyself.

Suggested February 3, a. m. Sermon Rev. H. J. Aldrich.

Go search thyself, set sin aside,
For pearls all priceless now have proved
In hand, in head, in heart, abide;
Unvail thine eyes, see God unmoved.

Since that first day He made divine
The man, He filled with His own breath;
Thus said of him, all good and mine,
Not subject to that monster, Death.

Go search thyself, Eternal One;
No mine, so rich, so rare in earth,
In sea, or sky, whate'er be done;
No other is with heaven girth.

Go search thyself for faith in self;
And then thy faith in others find,
Go set aside the force of pelf,
Go find His image in your mind.

God made in you His higher self,
Go find that image strong and pure
Do deeds of love just like himself;
And heaven, His, you will allure.

A Trinity=Moses or Light.

Suggested by Edwin R. Harris, "The Half Hath Never Been Told," or "Alpha and Omega."

Ay reared, amid the priests of Egypt lore,
A light incarnate follows ever more.
In Moses' self the light doth ever burn;
To Moses' self he doth for aye return.

A babe adrift, this light on sacred stream,
Was owned by Prince who caught his heaven-gleam;
And reared him as her son in Pharoah's land,
Where light incarnate broke on hapless band.

A blood-bought land, and yet a banished race,
Of Hebrews, sons of God, who held slaves' place
In helpless hate all shackled by a king,
Who might from God, thro' them, all blessings bring.

But thro' them, brings he his own people's death;
For, from them, for his sake, God takes His breath,
And they are o'erwhelmed by the troubled sea,
A fortress for God's own, from lea to lea.

The heir apparent to a mighty throne,
Meek Moses sought light in himself alone.
One day this light burst into wrathful flame,
And Moses slew in Liberty's great name.

He saw a son of Egypt in his hate,
Strike down a Hebrew, shackled to his fate.
The light within perceived just vengeance saw—
He slew the murd'rer 'gainst the Egypt law.

So Moses fled to Midia's great waste,
A school he trained for forty years: as haste,
Is all unknown to that great light above,
That indwelt him as Noah's ark, the dove.

That light within burst one day on his sight;
And filled a bush near by with wond'rous light—
The hardest task for man to learn is self;
For self's not locked in books, or bribed by pelf.

At length the burning bush had Moses taught
That backward far with many dangers fraught,
He must betake his way to Egypt dim;
And face his former foes so sullen, grim.

So soon he bent his steps to that great realm,
Where so much dark did all the light o'erwhelm.
Arrived *against* the proud, he takes his stand,
Sustained by might, not found on sea or land.

He foiled his foes, so fierce with fiendish hate;
Because he had just left fair heaven's gate.
The Hebrews, drawn by light from that foul place,
In desert soon meet their God all face to face.

He makes them manna in His clouds above;
And showers send to them in tender love.
But they make murmur, mutter and complain;
And flesh-pots wish, or graves with others slain.

For forty years the sullen, stubborn Jew,
More insolent, and insolent more grew,
Till Moses brings them to that parting place,
Where ne'er more they'll know the light of his face.

He never had a country, church or creed,
A causeless curse close clung; no crown or meed,
Made Moses meek look up in grateful love—
No windowed ark for him as Noah's dove.

For forty years he bore proud Egypt's night;
For forty more he studied his own light,
In desert wild where he with God alone,
Was taught the good for bad must aye atone.

Unworthy are they who enter that land,
Whence Moses meek debarred by God's own Hand.
O Moses, mystic hid by Hand of God,
Did He not turn for thee the promised sod?

Full fifteen hundred years are backward cast;
And Moses stands in promised land at last;
Celestial—clothed with Christ on that fair mount,
Meek Moses lost the past, its name, account.

Christ, or Love Incarnate.

When Christ decrowned descended to the world,
All heaven flags half-mast were rolled and furled.
But angels bright that aid earth's fallen race,
Foresaw that he would take dread Sinai's place.

And sang, "All peace on earth good will to men;"
For Love Incarnate will take the law's pen,
To write in blood, His own, "I pray forgive,
And God replies, "My Son, in Thee, they live."

So Love Incarnate, born in manger low,
To show to men that birth is naught below,
Soon found foes, fierce, around this lovely place,
Was forced to flee to find Egypt's poor grace,

Where Moses long before in lonely birth,
Around his cradle drew yon glory—girth;
How meet that Love should land in that great realm,
Where Moses light did self and all o'erwhelm!

Now Love did linger long for manhood's years;
Did spent; was spent; did shed for self no tears.
But toiled long time for mother, brother, friend:
His talents, others would He for aye lend.

At length words rich from those lips sacred fell,
As on the mount he did His story tell
How Pharisee and Scribe by matchless greed,
Was closed from heaven and heavenly meed.

The meek, the mild, the sorrowful were sure
Of heaven, hope, while heaven's self endure.
The suff'rer nor his parents were in blame;
But healing came to glorify His name.

When He at marriage made the water wine,
This proved His love as well as Him divine;
He willing all should enjoy the feast,
Made wine so new it harmed not one the least.

Christ's church was found in wilderness most wild,
Altho' in love He entered temple mild,
To find all wares and merchandise had place,
Where men should meet their God aye face to face.

With courage Christ did cleanse the house, so true,
Whose magic dome did reach the bending blue:
But then the Pharisee with murder bent,
Did try to trap the Truth where'er He went.

So Christ the church attacked with Pharisee—
No Scribe, no sect, no sin, with Christ could be.
And all His days the Pharisaic hate,
Did hound His steps from early unto late.

He stood beside the bier where widow's child,
Was laid in death, her son, so grief was wild.
Re-called the life, departed long before,
Re-gave her son to her forevermore.

The woman ta'en in sin he did forgive
But warned her from then ever sinless live;
For men the man to Him had failed to bring—
The Christ no coward was, but Heaven's King.

This Son did love the loveless; yet He knew
The hate of church, and state against Him grew.
No church, no home, no place to rest He had;
Yet common people heard him, were made glad.

He was pursued to death by double hate:
And yet in life He lived at heaven's gate;
The curse, the crown of thorns, the hated tree,
He bore in love, and prayed His foes set free.

O Love, all love, your life so long doth last;
O Love, all love, your life, in love is cast;
O Love, all love, you linger by the rill;
O Love, you live in cot beyond the hill.

Columbus, or Liberty Incarnate.

You stand alone, O greatest man
E'er graced this earth since God began,
From chaos called, the land and sea:
Columbus great on sea or lea.

Columbus, thou, the mighty art;
So well in life hast played thy part.
Columbus, hadst thou mad man's brain?
Who sent thee then across the main?

Columbus far beyond thine age,
A target sure for fools' rank rage.
Columbus, you unvailed a world;
And Liberty's flag was aye unfurled.

O Colon, great, and grand, and good,
By fools not yet quite understood.
Columbus, greatest light, that flashed,
O'er ages dark, thro' ocean dashed.

Columbus, braver than the brave,
From darkest hell you worlds do save:
You prove the earth of spheric form;
Thus brave the hate of furied storm.

Long years on years you plod in vain;
You see beyond the raging main.
Three years the Christ our curses bore:
Ten times three men did hiss *thee* more.

But Liberty no hell can chain;
All hounds pursue thy life in vain:
With bloody fangs each step they track;
But hell, herself, thyself holds back.

So grim you held by magic spell—
Come life, come death, come heaven, hell.
You begged your way on foot alone!
Oh curse the times—none can atone!

You sought each count, each court in vain—
They thought your thought a mad man's brain.
Such fools the fools can easy find;
But none so wise as Colon's mind.

The traitors, trusted in their lies;
Old Time their name forgets, defies.
They chained thy limbs; but not thy mind;
Thy match no where in lore I find.

They lived to thee Columbus bright;
And left thy land behind the night
The night of ignorance and greed;
And what to them has been their meed?

Two worlds all new, you them have left:
Of worlds just two, they've been bereft—
God's vengeance on a fallen race,
Did thee mistreat; ay, to thy face.

Your greatness, seen in your own day;
And yet your meed, men did delay.
Columbus, choice of ev'ry race,
You stood with God—aye face to face.

To Rev. J. T. and Mistress Crawford of Parsons.—Married Oct. 4, 1900.

The day doth dawn so still and clear,
It seems that God comes out to hear;
He makes two hearts forever one
And says to each, "My will be done."

The dawn will great and greater grow,
Like rivers that do ceaseless flow;
Aye wider, deeper, till they reach
The shining shore, the ocean's beach

As rivers, restive, seek the main,
And will on earth not long remain;
Because their greater self in sea,
Doth woo and win them from the lea:

So you each hour in struggles stern,
Will turn to Him from whom you learn
That you are part of all that is;
And you are always only His.

Your lives are one as true as God,
Hath placed His daisy in the sod;
Your lives are one as sure as He
Doth say to you, "Look up to Me."

As river hast'ning back to sea,
Doth freshen flowers on the lea;
So you while trav'ling on to light,
Will make another's life more bright.

The Prodigal Son=Versus the Prodigal Daughter.

THE SON.

He aye was truant to that love,
In mother found all from above.
At twelve his home to tramp he left;
Aye sad the parents so bereft.

His father's money did prevail,
To save his son from months in jail.
His mother wept, but all in vain--
Her son at home would not remain.

At length he tired of his game;
And homeward bent with tarnished name.
His parents called his friends around,
So glad to know their lost was found.

And soon his voice the church choir fill
With music sweet as flowing rill;
And soon he married maiden sweet;
Who almost worshipped at his feet.

His voice is heard in senate bold;
For *why* should he be left in cold?
Why should his boyish, foolish part,
Be target for the jealous dart?

THE DAUGHTER.

At sixteen sweet the daughter fell:
And sad the tale for me to tell.
She left her home for one brief day;
And then came back so long to stay.

Her mother met her with a frown;
And black as night did grow the town,
When passed she down its proudest street,
Not one with smile did once *her* greet.

At church the preacher shunned her side,
Altho' he preached against all pride:
And said that Christ had died to save,
To snatch the sinner from the grave.

Proud ladies toss their heads most high,
When this sweet girl by chance draws nigh.
I wonder how He on them looks,
Who keeps to-day the holy books?

I wonder how he likes their pride,
Who lifted Mary to his side;
And all her sins at once forgive,
That she for aye with him might live?

Her home the burden of her life,
At length becomes another's wife,
The man she wed had children five,
Was old enough for her arrive

At just conclusions always wise---
His age could not see otherwise.
She drest to suit an old man's whim;
And saw in him her seraphim.

'Tis well she pined away and died;
And dwells with Christ once crucified.
Go where she will can never find
A world to her quite so unkind.

Woman's Department.

Doubly Dead.

Suggested by a Poem on a Tombstone in a Graveyard in Old Mexico.

I once was fair as lillies white;
I once was queen of all this land.
The first of that most brilliant band,
The last my name on law to write.

My father called me fairest fair;
My sisters worshipped me indeed;
My brothers sped for me with greed;
With me the Prince, himself would pair.

The day was set for us to wed;
The missives flew thro' this great land;
And opened were with trembling hand;
For each might mean an arrow sped,

From bow of wrath in hand of king,
Whose word meant life or death to men;
Or banishment to poisoned fen,
Where love to them no bliss would bring.

We wed; and first I was admired;
And homage from a thousand yields;
But staunch my husband's love aye shields,
In brilliancy I was attired.

I sinned, I sought a sweeter place:
So seemed the sin that severed me
From love and life for aye to be.
I found a love in other race.

He came to court in early May;
His face was fair and form had grace.
Oh curse the day he found our place!
O God why came that man this way?

My subjects shunned me in the gate;
My brothers looked on me in scorn;
My mother wished I ne'er was born:
My husband died of grief not late.

The men would leer and laugh at me:
And spit upon me as I past.
First loved a queen bnt mocked at last.
O God I said, Shall this aye be?

At length I fell beside a grave—
It was the grave of him whose life
He gave to me a faithless wife;
It was the grave of one so brave,

So kind, so pure, so true to me,
Tho' vile I am I love him still;
And would the days we passed by rill—
But they to me can never be.

Too vile for prayer when church bells ring;
Too vile to die I dread my death;
Too vile to breathe this dying breath;
So vile I ne'er can see the King.

So vile that none e'er spoke to me,
Since falling I have been for years;
Alone I've shed my scalding tears;
Alone my sisters let me be.

Alone, I am out in the snow;
It falls on rags in which I'm drest;
It falls on grave where he's at rest;
It falls on vile and pure below.

I cannot ask my God forgive;
And yet this mantle o'er us thrown,
Doth seem that *he* hath closer grown;
And seems to say, "You both may live."

How beautiful the snow doth fall
On him and me. O sweetest Death—
Is it not thou that stops my breath?
A voice so sweet now seems to call.

* * * * * *

A stone erect is lifted nigh
    The place where snow on two did fall;
    The place where voice to one did call—
This place you stop and breathe a sigh.

The slab her story tells to-day:
    "I once like you was fair and pure.
    Till sin did sever and allure;
And guilt did drive from home away.

You dead like me some day will be.
    Oh, live your life so pure and true,
    That bliss will bend from heaven blue:
Aye shun the sin that severed me."

Mary, the Unselfish Hostess.

She had no children of her own;
And yet like birds on tree were flown
The orphans from the boundless sea,
To find her home on prairie lea.

Her thoughts on self were never found,
As rainbows never found on ground:
No selfish end she had to gain;
But loved to banish others' pain.

Her life like mountain in the vale,
That rises far beyond the gale,
Is crowned with heaven's glory form,
Tho' down beneath doth rage the storm.

Her forehead silvered over now,
Is like a mountain's lofty brow
Snow-capped to bless the vale below,
On which sweet grasses ever grow

In harmony with all the earth,
Her graces banish ev'ry dearth:
Beside the dying she is found
To lift his tho't beyond the ground.

She nears the portals of that life,
Which ends all useless, bitter strife:
And, as she nears, she finds flung wide
The gates where glory doth reside.

The glory which her life doth fill,
As light that dances over rill,
Which widens, deepens on its way,
As to the ocean forces sway.

Her life impelled by force within,
Doth flow so smooth amid the din
That's made by hammer on the gate,
For wealth that fails or soon or late.

Her life enrapt in glory round,
Hath glory in another found:
Her life encircled by his love,
Brings glory down from Him above.

Ollie.

Miss Ollie is just sweet sixteen:
So all her life doth lie between
The now and then-how shall she spend
The time from now until the end?

When first she saw the light of day,
She was in Springfield far away.
It was in winter's midst, most cold,
When she became more worth than gold.

She first to Kansas bro't her name,
Thus adding much to Kansas fame.
In early spring she did us bring
More glory than an earthly king.

In Valley Mound she learned the ars,
That make her life more bright than stars;
For here she learned that ev'ry thought,
Must be by toil and labor bought.

Her life is sweeter than her age;
Because she never works for wage;
But toils all day and half the night,
To make dear mother's life more bright.

The daisy lifts its sweetest form,
To greet her just before the storm,
That sweeps this land from sea to sea,
Doth take each daisy from the lea.

Or, if her foot the daisy press,
The daisy loves her none the less:
But springhly springs again to place;
And hopes next day to see her face.

Old Sol doth rise each day to greet;
And throws his glory round her feet.
Each night for her his curtain strong,
Doth drag both moon and star along.

For her each day the breezes blow;
For her each day sweet lillies grow:
For her each day the bending bow,
Declares 'tis one eternal *now*.

For her each day is new begun;
For her the Sun's great course is run:
For her sweet Cupid doth his part;
For her excels his sweetest art.

Sweet Ollie's life is dawn of day—
Her step's as light as fawn at play,
On grassy slope of Southern hill,
That's washed by Beauty's silver rill.

O Ollie, life to you will be,
The beauty you, yourself will see;
It will be black with thunder cloud,
Or light with rainbow you have found.

My Mother.

Who first bent o'er me in that day,
When in my cradle I did stay
As hopeless, helpless and as still,
As heavy mist that drapes the hill?
My Mother.

Who watched me with abated breath;
And listened long for fear that death,
Had ta'en away her love in sleep
To hide it in that unknown deep,
Where darkest darkness reigns so well
That never sun reveals a dell;
And moon and star ne'er sweeps the space
And Life, herself, can find no place
To lay her head, hid by her curls;
And so with sighs her flag unfurls.
And, on her barque of silver sheen,
She leaves the dismal damp unseen,
To find the light to feel the day
To hope, to live, to stay alway,
In light and glory of that morn,
Upon which never rises storm?
My Mother.

Who taught my infant lips to say
I will my God always obey?
Who helped me with my lessons stern,
When teacher said I would not learn?
My Mother.

Who taught me when I was sixteen;
And felt that none must come between
My plans and me; because I knew
Far more than others as I grew
With head as big as any two.
Who taught me then how better do?
My Mother.

Who taught me when I learned to play
Some games that kept me far away
From truth, and life, and all that's good
That great, and true who understood
Life's battles stern, had found the harm
Of wasting time; had ta'en alarm;
And spent their youth on happy farm.
And here their toil lent them the charm,
That made the Lincolns ever true
To live a life they never rue;
That made the Garfields in their might
To don the armor of the right;

That made the Deweys on God's plan,
And placed them ever in the van
Of Right and Justice ever true;
And found in front as wisdom grew?
My Mother.

Who laid her hand upon my brow,
And banished fever's heat and glow,
And nursed me back to life's sweet way,
And urged me not again to stray?
My Mother.

Whom would I have in that dark hour,
When standing on that brink of power—
The power of Death and dark and night
I feel the force and know 'tis flight;
My flight from life this poor world gives,
But where my Savior ever lives?
Whom would I have to hold my hand
In dark and dismal awful land?
My Mother.

When guarded by the rainbow throne
I would not stand by Christ alone;
But would have mother share with me
The bliss of all eternity.

Woman.

O woman ever since the race
Did view our God aye face to face
In Eden fair in day of May,
Thou wert of light, the lightest ray.

Thou are so strong, so true, so pure;
And dost our heaven aye allure.
Thy mind as pure as driven snow,
More fair than aught on earth below.

Nellie Pauline.

A gentleman, Mr. M. C. Shipley in Oswego, asked the author one afternoon, when the latter was visiting Mr. D. V. Shipley's whether he could write a poem at any time and on any subject. The author said "Yes." Then said Mr. Shipley "Take for your subject my wife who is present." An attorney, Frank Brady, of Oswego, and a young lady from Ohio, were in the party. The author wrote the following:

Miss Nellie Pauline from that state
Where all are *shown* before their fate,
Is sealed for aye in wedlock true,
Lest they some day may learn to rue

The tie they tied with tongue so strong,
That time or tide or trouble long,
Can sever never during life,
However bitter be the strife.

Miss Pauline was in college reared;
And there, as womanhood she neared,
She learned to know the good and true;
And jilted many who still rue.

This girl was fair as fair could be;
And yet would cry, "Unhappy me."
But why this state of things you ask—
To tell you this is all my task.

You know in life there's naught alone—
A heart for heart must aye atone:
The eye, the ear, must mated be;
And so each life must lover see.

This girl was sad as sad could be,
Till she her Monie's face did see:
Her heart in loneliness was stung,
Till Monie at her door bell rung.

Till sure of love she was aye weak;
But strong became when he did speak.
Now Mooney aye was bright *as boy*;
But Pauline much *increased* his joy.

At first his visits seemed most brief;
But always bro't her great relief:
At length they stretched; yet ever seemed
The hours were more than well redeemed.

This couple felt the parting pain;
And hence would long with each remain.
The time sped by with awful pace,
While looked they each in other's face.

One blissful hour they planned that day,
That should to them be ever May,
With blossoms on the orchard trees;
And Winter begging on his knees.

Old Time dragged on his length'ning chain,
Till each his other self did gain:
It was a day, the fairest fair,
When Love enthroned this happy pair.

Sweet Cupid made a chain not late;
And led them thro' the Lover's Gate,
To where a ship did 'bide the tide,
On which they ever since do ride.

The tide swells high, no storm is nigh—
Their life they live without a sigh;
The furrow even they do plow;
To them 'tis one eternal now.

Their ship plows thro' the deepest blue,
While throws life's rainbow all her hue,
Upon this pair who love so well,
That followed are by marriage bell.

Bent o'er Life's Stream the roses blow,
    While swift the waters ever flow,
To bear our barque by flow'ry lea,
    They pass at last to unknown sea.

We fail to follow thro' life's maze;
    For pass they out beyond the haze,
Where glories on the waters fall;
    And Cupid still on them doth call.

Their barque is gone beyond our sight,
    And comes to us dread endless night;
For Monie us no Pauline left;
    And we indeed are now bereft.

Poor Frank seems saddest in the throng,
    While 'guiles the time with laugh and song,
To make appear that he's quite glad;
    Tho' deep in heart he is quite sad.

Till now he has resisted well
Great Cupid's mighty, magic spell—
He bears that lost and loving look,
Which comes by watching Cupid's hook.

He knows full well our Monie's bliss,
And says: "This world I'd give for this,
When I can marry, yet be *free*,
I will not a bachelor be."

He knows a lady from the north,
Who makes his talents shine well forth;
For we do best when we admire;
And when inspired never tire.

Some time I think it will be well;
And seems I hear the marriage bell.
Old Buckeye State has aye well done;
But ne'er did know a brighter one.

Nana.

Her life is free as flows the rill
In forest deep where all is still;
As brook is drawn to ocean wide,
Her life doth aye for Christ decide.

As brook is bent to ocean blue
It ne'er forgets the flower true,
Which lingers long in leafy dell,
Where soft the sound of waters fell.

So Nana, drawn by love to God,
Doth not forget who tread the sod,
To face the foe whose fiercest hate,
Would drive us all from Mercy's gate.

Her life doth linger in that light,
Which is the same for day or night.
Her home is heaven here below;
Because her Christ doth crown her brow.

Sweet Nana's life and love are pure:
So she to heaven doth allure
The light that lingers in her face.
Comes down from God's own Holy place.

Her life, enrapt in glory form,
Is fair as rainbow after storm.
Her life is light with heaven's might;
Her life she lives in heaven's light.

"I Could Not Call Her Mother."

She was as fair as fair could be,
When first her face was seen by me;
Ay, queen of beauty in this land,
With form as blithe as willow wand.

Her hand as white as lilies grow,
Did clasp my own as cold as snow;
Her eyes a match for heaven's blue,
Bespoke a life she could not rue.

Her face all radiant in love,
Revealed a life as true as dove,
Once sent across a boundless moor,
To find at length an open door.

No smile of welcome on my face,
I seemed as rooted to my place;
My lips seemed locked for aye the same
To her who took my mother's name.

At length *her* lips were dumb as mine,
Did she so young my tho't divine?
At last she sought sweet solitude—
I wondered if she tho't me rude.

"I could not call her mother," dear;
I felt that one was ever near,
To whom that name for aye belonged,
Tho' all the world sweet faces thronged.

My father stood so stern, severe;
And seemed to say, "Why not revere
The one I bring from college new
The envied now of not a few."

* * * *

Long years have sped—I change not yet,
The past so dear can I forget?
Can I call this my mother dear,
While mother's voice each day I hear?

Meeting Mother in Heaven.

Written by the author on learning that his mother had died December 15, 1899, in England.

When standing face to face with God
On shore bright angels aye have trod,
May Mother be the first to greet
Me, as I kneel at Jesus' feet.

When clinging close to rainbow grace,
May light from Christ reveal her face.
When voice my own begins in fear,
May Mother's voice be sweet and clear.

When fearful lest my praise is wrong,
May Mother help me in the song;
So that the tho't of angels be
Drawn aye to Christ and not to me.

When gaze I on celestial might
Till throb and ache does my new sight,
May Mother take me by the hand;
And lead me in that lovely land

To place where light's like moon-lit dell:
So soft and sweet where all is well.
When learn I something ever new
From Him who came to save not few;

When I gaze on the Crucified;
And lo! Behold Him glorified!
When find my eyes the pierce'd feet;
And know the smile that doth me greet,

Then may my Mother bear with me
The bliss that brings eternity;
And may with me she ever dwell,
In place where all is ever well.

Deaf and Dumb.

All day in silence sat our little one;
Her face expressed her fear, her hope, her joy;
Her smile so sweet aye said, "Thy will be done."
For God had taught her tell the gold, alloy.
We watched her play and toss her latest toy;
We watched in vain her lips to utter sound;
We tried in vain to make her hear our voice.
At last as days dragged on the truth we found,
Our little one's voice would never make us rejoice.

She was like other children; and yet not:
True, daughter of the earth she was like them;
Unlike them nursling of sky, she forgot
Her humble origin as if the hem,
Of dress once worn by Christ whose diadem,
He laid aside to bear the human yoke,
Was touched by her and all her nature changed;
For seemed above her heaven ever broke;
And to her inmost soul's yearnings God ever spoke.

For, as the drop of rain has birth on earth;
And yet uplifted by the sun may form
A bow of glory heaven to engirth,
A promise beautiful to succeed the storm;
So she did grow into Christ transform;
And bears that glory only heaven knows.
This glory, given her and shed around
Life's pathway, paved the way for her where
blows
The stream of life, bearing her on till Christ is
found.

Woman's Sway.

The men aye sat and smoked and talked,
Till thro' their midst two ladies walked:
And then a silence hushed and deep,
As if the world was hid in sleep.

Two ladies with their angel face;
Two ladies stept to Virtue's grace;
Two ladies and *ten* men do hush;
Two ladies sighted and Jim's "Tush!"

Two ladies pass adown the glen;
Two ladies stop the talk of ten;
Two ladies pass beyond the night;
Two ladies bring all heaven's light.

Two ladies made our Lincoln bold;
True Washington, as pure as gold:
The wife and mother in our land,
Will make us naught, or great and grand.

My Mother's Bible.

The late Mrs. Ammezetta Johnson, died April 29, 1900, at her home, Edna, Kansas. and leaves ten children who know her life had touched divinity.

To her there was no book but one,
By which she knew God's will was done
In life, in death, in joy, in pain—
In Christ to-day she doth remain.

She taught us all that blesse`d Book;
So that we still to her do look,
Altho' in heaven she doth dwell,
With Him she loved on earth so well.

How oft to her *I* read that book—
Ah! yet I see her heaven-look,
Itself a benediction true,
As God, himself, beyond the blue.

Her Bible day by day she grasped—
Ah! fond the hands that hers aye clasped
At home, abroad, in church she toiled;
And thus the arts of Satan foiled.

Her life so pure that others drew,
Who kept in her their God in view:
To them the blesse`d light she brought,
Which she herself of Christ had sought.

Her life to-day is brighter far
Than shines the cold and glitt'ring star,
That hovers on the brow of day,
Till driven far from sight away.

The light she shed is in each mind,
Of those who knew her *more* than kind,
Of those whose mem'ry still entwine,
Around the loved who was divine.

Her children still can feel that light,
Which banished aye their darkest night.
Her children still can hear her voice,
That made their lives each day rejoice.

Her children feel her hand so light,
That soothed away their endless night.
Her children know that step so well,
Which yet doth hold by magic spell.

She made our home a heaven-place—
For heaven bro't she in her face
To us in joy or pain severe—
To-day we all her name revere.

To-day she lives in Christ her king;
To-day to Him she others bring;
To-day she lives with us in love,
Altho' enthroned with God above.

The World and Woman.

That star which clings with less'ning ray,
To usher in the glory day,
Doth throw, beyond the hill, her beam;
And sets her image in yon stream.

The sun his silv'ry arrows send,
To show where he the day would spend.
Each day a wedge atween two nights,
A space for kindness, or for slights.

A woman, trembling, takes her way—
Her life has left its days of May—
One step astray, a girl she bore:
And hope is gone forever more.

The world's grim frown, the church's hate;
And forced perhaps from father's gate.
Where shall a woman weep, reform?
Where hide her life from passing storm?

A *passing* storm? Alas! Not so—
The storm will *come* but never *go*!
Each day to her is dreaded night.
Each day brings her the blackest blight.

O God with woe out-thundered voice,
How can the angels aye rejoice?
How can we now but spell-bound stand,
With such injustice in our land?

A day must come, this wrong and hate,
Must banished be from heaven's gate.
The day must come when men shall know,
There is *one* God above, below.

The Wonderful and Woman.

He was a Guest at rich repast,
When one came in, the very last,
We should expect at such a place.
The one to-day, denied God's grace:

A woman who had once mis-stept,
Fell down at Jesus' feet and wept.
She washed with tears her Savior's feet;
And cared not she tho' frowns did greet.

She used the ointment she had brought;
To honor Jesus, whom she sought.
Her tresses fine she downward drew,
And wiped Christ's feet in Simon's view.

Grim Simon, Pharisaic host,
Did chafe like ship upon the coast,
Storm-tossed and gored on ev'ry side,
Tho' late she was the ocean's pride.

He tho't "How can this guest of mine,
A prophet be with claim divine;
And yet not know this woman bad,
Whose absence would make me twice glad."

Our Savior, Simon did divine;
And said: "This woman is of mine
All pardoned of her sinful life–
She now has part in holy strife.

Her care of Me shames your neglect;
Such treatment I should not expect
Of you—no water, my toilet make;
No ointment for my head you take.

This woman wins eternal fame,
While you shall know undying shame.
This woman is a child of mine;
And all like Me, she is divine."

Slave Department.

Sold His Own Blood.

He stood upon the cabin floor;
And closed behind the latchless door:
He could not look her full in face
Who saw himself within her grace;

For his that form so blithe and true;
And his the eye of darkest blue;
Aye his the ruby lip so fair;
All his except the ebon hair.

How could the master sell this slave,
And hope retain beyond the grave?
Why not sell *now* and *then* repent?
His face relaxed—should he relent?

The slaver waited with his gold;
And pushed his claim with visage bold.
He said, "My gold is ready now
Give me the girl with broadest brow."

He did not heed the slaver's voice;
But struggled with that dreadful choice
"How can I send away from me
This girl I never more shall see?

She is my own and that God knows,
As sure as water downward flows,
How can I drive her from my home,
Beneath this blue and bending dome?

But then there is that mortgage due—
O God this curse I daily rue—
O Orval, sweet you are to me;
Yet from this hour you're naught to me."

The slaver cried, "I must away;
Yon moon is high I cannot stay:
My barque is anchored in the moor—
From here you see my cabin door.

Just chain your beauty by my side—
From now she aye will be my pride.
My gold is plenty—all you asked:
My purpose ne'er to you was masked."

Her wrist so fair is chained to him,
Whose gold had made him seraphim.
The twain adown the glen did pass—
O crime of crimes how sad, alas!

The night grew black to him apace,
Who never since saw Orval's face.
He paid his mortgage as he hoped;
But since with God has ever coped.

His lands aye flooded in the spring—
It was the wrath of heaven's King.
His slaves escaped him one by one;
And left him poor, a wretch undone.

At length sweet Orval's beauty sold
To one who cared not aught for gold,
Who called her to his side one day;
And said, "I'll send you far away."

She trembling fell before his face:
"O master grant me of your grace;
If I have been a sinful slave,
Then slay; and send me to my grave.

You have me drest as fair as queen;
My life is bright as silver sheen,
That's stretched across the cloudless sky,
When morning bright the night defy.

O master, let me see your face
And drive me not to Southern place,
So long I've lived and loved you well
Your presence knows a magic spell."

Sweet Orval read this paper well
"Will see how great my magic spell.
You'll find you've been redeemed as slave;
So rise you're free this side the grave.

You know the grave beneath the hill,
Where flows the brooklets silver rill;
You know my heart was buried deep,
Where past the willows waters sweep.

If love for love belongs to me,
Your home is here and you are free.
If love for love you cannot give,
Your life is yours where'er you live."

The Slave Unsold.

The night was dark and drear,
As grave of Indian chief hid in shade
In cypress wood and hastened as 'twas made,
By those who dropt no tears
For their dark chief whose life and latest breath,
Were spent to keep them from the jaws of death.

Yet fierce the foe came on;
And found that funeral train hard by shade;
Then clash of arms and whir of arrows made
That brave band sink till one,
Only had breath to tell the place where lay
His chief in cypress shade so far away.

So dark was that drear night
When this one, old and bent and heart-broken,
Remembered bitterly none had spoken
To him unless in slight
At morn or noon or night that weary day;
And now his pride that had borne him gave way.

Then rests his weight on chain
So ponderous, methinks it fell to lot
Of men most desperate who quite forgot
Dear Virtue's very name,
Had murdered the king who once set them free;
And changed their slaves' badge for his livery.

But see! a flash! a light!
'Tis borne by two adown the dreary street,
Who stops a moment that pinched face to greet
"O heavens what a sight!
A slave so mean that none would bid to-day;
And night is here with master far away."

These few words were uttered
By one whose fair young face was clouded now,
As wrath in him was shown by low'ring brow.
"Hark! what's that he muttered?"
"It matters but little," said the other:
"He's too far gone to know his own mother."

He feels, knows or heeds not:
Again he's silent as guilt before doom;
Or corpse that sleeps for aye in its long home.
He will soon be forgot."
"Forgot? no Father, not while I shall live;
And if that slave die God will ne'er forgive."

That is sheer madness, Bert;
For God himself a difference doth make
Between negro and white, there's no mistake;
For they make no effort
From age to age to better their own lot;
Or else this curse would die and be forgot."

The son looked stern and grave,
Till from his belted side he whistle drew,
Whose blast so loud and long bro't into view
Two slaves as dark as cave
At midnight who stood mute as mist on hill,
Before the sun sends gale o'er dale and rill.

Then speaks that son to sire;
You know estate I hold from birth in right
My own since May the last when in the might
Of age I found desire,
So long been pent up in heart of mine to free
This land of curse more vile than hell's decree.

The time's not yet to free;
But time is now to aid and bless a slave,
Who clings enchained to clod so close to grave.
One step and he will be,
Where curse or crown or weal or woe comes not;
And where all except our crime is forgot.

But ere he goes I ought
Show kindness due him to him such as God,
Would have me show to one who's under rod,
That is divinely wrought,
For good by us not yet quite understood;
Because 'tis swayed by Him we call, The Good.

I Promised not to tell Massy.

The manse had mustered all her force in hall
To hit upon a plan to find the escaped,
Whose flight the kindest night she ever knew,
Had covered so well the hounds failed and failed.

They traced her to the stream that sped swift by,
And here discouraged turned again, again;
Then sneaked like guilt back to the yard in manse
When their master furious sent them back.

And so the hall great was packed with servants
Free; slaves alas! that never should be free;
Among the slaves was Tom, staunch, stalwart, true;
His form his face, the finest of his race,

Commanded attention in any crowd:
And bids for Tom had ever been most loud;
Because his giant strength no failure knew,
And his black brothers hated him for this.

But one there was who hated him the most;
Because that Jane before she had escaped,
Had shown she much preferred staunch Tom to him;
And now the time had come for vengeance, sweet.

And so Jim's voice, not round, and full, and true;
But weak, and harsh, and sneaky like himself,
Cried out in answer to the master's quest;
"If massy let me I think I can tell."

"Then tell," yelled the master in his fury,
Said Jim, "Please let me see you in secret;
For I dusn't tell you all I know here now,"
And so the two to private room withdrew.

A long time from then the master returned;
And when he left he took with him staunch Tom.
As soon as door was closed behind the twain,
The master turned to Tom and thus he spoke:

"Now Tom some time since you were converted;
And since then you have been another man;
May be you don't know, but the Bible says:
'Servants in subjection to master be.'

I know you know when and where Jane has gone.
If you just tell I'll give you a new place,
Where all the rest must knuckle well to you;
But if you fail to tell there is the lash.

And Jim is not an idler at such work;
And you'll be bound as you have often seen
I 'spose you have not yet forgot the girl,
We flogged not more than thirty days ago.''

And then, eyeing Tom the master waited.
So after a long pause Tom made reply:
I promised, massy I would never tell;
And come what will, massy, I'll keep my word.

So Tom was taken out, bound hand and foot;
And while he helpless lay upon the ground,
His flesh quivered under the cruel lash,
In hand of Jim whose base envy failed him;

And fear of God and judgment possessed him;
So that again and yet again he asked,
Of Tom that he would pardon him his crime
And Tom's kind words: "You are not to blame,
Jim."

Cut even Jim's heart as diamond will glass;
And bitterly did he remember then
How he divulged the truth to master stern.
And even the master's wrath almost failed,

One instant while Tom to him kindly spoke
Of life and liberty and true judgment,
In land so fair to all that slaves are free;
And truth, and hope, and faith will aye abide.

The instant passed and all the savage came
To him with double power to urge the work,
That hell itself would blush to entertain;
And so the sun went down and all was dark.

But yet poor Jim kept on his awful task;
Till found the Christ thro' Tom's most noble faith;
And then the lash did cease to cut the air;
For Jim resolved to die with Tom that day.

The other slaves forgot all but Tom's care
Of them in cotton fields in days agone;
And flocked around to help in misery.
The master forced by these at length gave way.

But kindness from all had come all too late;
For on that very night that kind angel,
We call Death relieved Tom of pain and life;
And kind were they who laid him down to rest.

No mound, no mark, no massive stone stood mute
To show the spot where martyred Tom has found
That rest denied to him and all his race,
While his great life dragged on his length'ning chain.

'Tis well no seal, no sign, no symbol serves
To point the place where pansies, God's planting
Declare divine devotion to that one,
Denied the right to live and think and act.

Ministers' Department.

Clear and Clean.

O Class of Christ, ye count no cost,
When sent to seek and save the lost;
O Class of Christ, the noblest race,
That bears God's image in its face.

O Class of Christ, you find in flock,
Some men far meaner than the pock;
Some oily-tongued deceitful thief,
Will pray to give himself relief.

You must needs hear this vile wretch pray,
And dare not him a moment stay;
Because your mission is all love,
And act you must as sweet as dove.

O Class of Christ, you lose your lives,
When seek to save in darkest dives.
You leave your lives in love and lost;
You leave your love to love at cost.

O Class of Christ, you carry cross;
For Duty drags you down to dross,
Where gleams of gold the good life gives
To teach this truth: "The Truth aye lives."

O Class of Christ, ye care to cure
The stubborn soul, the sick allure
To heaven's health and hope and joy,
Where vices virtues ne'er annoy.

O trusted, truthful, travel-tired;
No price is paid for parts retired
From gain and greed and grasp of gold—
And yet you go in Christ's name bold.

You fear no foe, tho' fierce his hate;
But ope to him the mercy-gate.
O Class of Christ ye count no care,
Except that heathen better fare.

O Class of Christ, how much you give;
That men may better their lives live.
O Class of Christ, ye are the light,
That keeps our world from endless night.

You stand so still on solid ground;
For none like you this world has found.
The worldly wise his wealth doth win,
While heathen lives in blackest sin.

But you have left the world behind;
And died to self to bless mankind,
You fought that foe, called self within;
And conquered ev'ry form of sin.

You take your place in pulpit mild:
You trust the Truth; aye God's own child.
You trust the Truth; and try to turn
Men's hopes and hearts to holy burn.

Your future, found aye first in land,
Where God doth guide with gracious Hand
In rainbow glory by the throne,
Where One doth sit for aye atone.

The Minister in his Study.

The day was dark and drear and lone:
It seemed that God had left his throne:
The clouds came crowding from the west,
Each destined never to find rest.

The preacher sat in study small,
O'er matched the gloom that covered all;
I've tried the rule for five long years,
My hopes are dashed; but not my fears.

The Golden Rule fails on the gold;
And leaves us duped out in the cold.
I've spent my money on the church;
And now they've left me in the lurch.

I can't believe that Christ was right;
Altho' he marshaled heaven's light,
On all his tho't to make it clear,
It does not work to-day I fear.

For five long years I've spent my all,
And have obeyed each urgent call;
And all were *urgent* now I know—
They seemed each year to greater grow.

God knows *my* gifts have been too small;
And yet last year excelled them all:
Nay more was more than all combined;
And so the church I have declined.

Why should I toil that I may fail—
Nine-tenths at least will not avail
Themselves of chance to hold the light
To keep a wight from endless night.

I've tried to live what I do preach;
But all in vain for them I teach.
I will not spend my life in vain;
I will not long with them remain.

Last year four men in office bold,
Agreed to pay my stinted gold.
How little cared these Christian (?) men,
Less honor than the men in pen.

And yet for years these men I trained;
And have my tempter aye refrained.
To-day my pay is in arrear;
And will be so this day a year.

The brewers do as they agree,
With men behind the bars or free;
But Christian's honor—they have none!
And yet they claim the blameless One.

For years I've toiled within the jail;
And find men there who will avail
Themselves of Christ the living king,
And what they have to Him they bring.

But members of the church! O God!
Do any walk so mean on sod?
They lie and steal each other's name;
But ne'er they think *they* are to blame.

* * * * * *

Just then the bell with vigor rung;
And wide his door was open swung;
Then soon were seated persons grave,
Who came to tell the tidal wave,

That had befallen him of late,
While felt the gloom at hell's own gate,
Around his path as dark as night,
A man plague-struck by heaven's blight.

They told their story quick and brief,
Which bro't to him such sweet relief;
Because it taught that naught is vain,
And God on earth doth yet remain.

One told the tale for all the rest:
"Your work with us has aye been blest;
Since you with us your life do share,
We will with you our all now fare.

We know your love for us is true;
So we your coming never rue.
Go work and toil as suits your will;
We will your life with blessings fill.

The members now do show their love.
As faithful as was Noah's dove;
Then worldly men are true as steel,
And with their money show they feel.

Go work, go toil, and study still;
And may your life be smooth as rill,
That sweeps apast the willow bent,
Whose tint to it the sun has lent.

* * * * * *

At length the preacher left alone,
Decides that God is on His throne;
And filled with shame to think that he,
A judge on earth should claim to be.

The Great Quartette.

The great quartette has not yet
Gone out for game, and not gained fame.
On Monday last in surry past,
Out of the town without a frown;
But filled with hope, that each would cope,
With those who dwell in dale or dell.

Arrived in woods they hide their goods,
In certain place, and then they face
The forest tall, where all must fall—
No quarter shown, but to the flown,
That poised in air beyond the care
Of man or beast, who fain would feast
On their swift limbs borne up by wings.

Sickles went out without a doubt
Soon he did bring a squirrel in;
For his aim true makes rodant rue
That he was born, Sickles's to scorn.

Yet Longstons time in this good rhyme,
Is not too late to tell the fate,
Of four that fell and cannot tell
How foul the play which made them lay,
So still and dead in blood as red,
As maidens blush in that first hush,
Which comes to all, when Love doth call
For a reply, while Hope stands by.

Then Ross was seen thro' leafy screen,
Selecting game to bring him fame,
As he came in engirth to chin,
With fruit that fell in leafy dell,
Glad did we feel this foeman's steel,
Tho' but a lance did well advance
The cause of right, for which we fight.

On grassy ground the poet found,
In heaven's blue, tho'ts not a few,
From Him who lent as o'er us bent
Our hearts of steel that we might feel
The might of God on Kansas sod.

The Ministers' Picnic.

They sat on bank of creek Labette,
Who once had been the Great Quartette;
They watched the water in the rill,
Where hung their bait so dead and still.

This Great Quartette had richer grown,
Since months but five had past them flown;
For then they all had wives but three;
And now they all had wives but me.

Two wives shot game upon the stream—
The game was dead in sunlit gleam—
The game was dead before they fired;
Or else it must ere long have tired;

For rare they seemed to hit the game,
Tho' stayed it near as if quite tame;
Their gun they rested on a tree,
While shots did waste both full and free.

The first to bring a fish to lea,
From that great throbbing endless sea,
Was Bishop Ross who did engage
His son on fish that lashed in rage.

The sea soon frothed on every side,
As circling foam on land did ride;
At length the fish on land did coil,
Where three with hook did honest toil.

The fish just now aroused from sleep;
And did our baits suspicious peep.
Then Philo and Aldrich came;
And with good bait secured much game.

But new these men and deep in love,
They searched the heavens blue above,
To bring us bait that sped on wing;
That we for fish might have our fling.

As some lone star apart doth dwell,
So Mistress Ross was hid in dell;
And ne'er in vain her line did throw;
For fish did bait above, below.

When gained much game Mistress' Aldrich
And Philo the ground enrich,
With viands plenty tho' so rare,
That kings in east ne'er so well fare.

The grassless ground for table spread;
Thro' leafy screen broke blue o'er head
The sardine, sauce, and chicken stew,
On which Earls, Dwains, Raymonds grew.

Now when the time to us comes back
Stern game on Richardson's fair place,
We hope to hook good fish fifteen:
And have no losses come between.

The Divine and Dorian, the Deacon's Daughter.

The preacher was both young and brave,
And came to us from over wave:
His hands were white as driven snow;
He ne'er had worked on earth below.

His form was straight as arrow sent
From bow of steel whose force was spent,
In driving true the missile deep
To heart of deer upon the steep.

His eyes had looked thro' heaven blue;
His mien was lit with heaven true;
His hair had borrowed golden light,
In land whose day has banished night.

He was six foot, aye slightly more,
And came to us with bliss in store;
For sent of God how could he fail,
On saint and sinner to prevail?

Then too he had in college spent,
Long years where ages many lent
Their lustrous light from men of might,
Who taught him how his battles fight.

In spirit sweet as Jesus bore,
When brought to earth He heaven's lore;
For which men nailed him to the tree,
Thus curst the Christ who made them free.

The church curst Christ he had been taught,
And priests with schemes from hell were
fraught;
But *he* must learn all men forgive,
And near his Savior ever live.

The church to which this young man came,
Had long since lost its mighty fame,
Tho' many men both great and small,
Had left their place in college hall

To fill the pews if so they might
Drive out that demon, endless night
By soothing saint and sinner start,
Lest all in hell should bear a part.

At first the church these men would hear,
While down their cheek would start the tear:
But soon or late the truth was known,
This preacher had most awful grown.

His gestures were not up to date;
Or stories soured on him of late;
Or voice not pleasant to the ear,
And hence the deacons all did fear

The debt that grew each day apace,
Would meet them ever face to face:
So that they would repudiate
And seal for aye the preacher's fate.

One came from city in the north;
But soon the church did drive him forth—
No script or purse to weigh him down,
He sought a sit in other town.

He brought a letter when he came
To show that once he had good name.
This church refused a letter new
Thus forced him from their awful view.

No purse within, no price without,
The world to him was filled with doubt.
He sought and sought but sought in vain
To find a place he could remain.

At last he found the county farm,
Where safe he lives from all alarm—
The church his money did not pay;
And kept his letter far away.

At length there came, as has been writ,
A man who seemed by learning fit
To fill a pulpit any place,
To look the saints right in the face.

This man was young without a wife,
So soon the air was filled with strife;
For Dorian, the Deacon's child,
Was sweet on men and awful wild.

She marriage had upon the brain,
And single could not long remain;
Tho' vowed was she to ever stay
From nuptials far, so far away:

Because she oft had tried and failed,
She told this man she had prevailed
On "papa" send her way, way off
To learn in school so none could scoff.

Instead of hastening his suit,
He acted worse than any bruit;
E'en urged her go without delay,
And train to toil for such good pay.

Her father urged this young man wed
Thus end for aye the life he led:
For man he said should never teach,
Till wife he had to help him preach.

The mother praised her pie and cakes;
And said, " 'Tis Dore all these makes.
And, Dore can a house well keep;
And drive a horse up hill most steep."

These plans all failed and this young man,
Was cold in year as when began
To preach in place where deacon's child,
Had failed to make his pulses wild.

At last the deacon told this man:
"It has been seen since you began,
Your voice and gesture might be taught
By plans with which my Dore's fraught.

Just come each week and take your place
With Dore, meet her face to face:
No one needs know but you and us;
And so you see there'll be no fuss.

Now Dore has been loved of all;
And you had better on her call.
Her farm contains a splendid mine;
Her face and form, you see divine.

You need not fear while I have wealth,
Tho' you have not the best of health;
Your learning will be ever new—
Your matched by only just a few."

Then Dore did her books obtain;
And try this student to retain.
By study long, aye hard and deep,
She climbed to reach that rocky steep,

Where wisdom sits serene and high;
And naught but Truth need e'er draw nigh;
But soon of wisdom she did tire,
And left her books—maybe in fire.

And then she very angry grew,
So spoke not she when full in view
This student met upon the street;
And then again she would him greet.

The deacon too became quite mad;
And said such fool he never had.
He said: "*I* called him to this church;
And now he leaves me in the lurch."

This young divine seemed not to care
How deacon's daughter Dore fare.
He aye was kind to one and all;
And made each flock a *pastor's* call.

He tho't not on this giddy girl,
Whose brain was in one ceaseless whirl
To seal for aye some poor man's fate,
Before for her it was too late.

The deacon said: "This thing's too slow.
I'll put an end to all this show:
For in the fall his money's due;
And on pay-day I'll make him rue.

I'll lessen my subscription now;
And then next year get out somehow
This vain young man, we gave a call;
And thus I'll cause his head to fall.

Next year I'll see he's much behind;
For then his wages he will find
Unpaid with prospects very blue,
For him to whom I have been true."

So down this man's subscription fell:
But sad! oh sad it is to tell
That money came from ev'ry score,
Far greater than it had before.

The city sent its dollars bright
And said, "Your preacher is alright;
This year we'll double from our till,
And will this preacher's purse well fill."

The women who went out to gain
This wealth ne'er spent a day in vain;
For God was ever on their side
To sway men's mind, tho' filled with pride.

The deacon, smooth-tongued oily thief,
Who ne'er had come to their relief,
Stood up in House of God to pray
That God would help all men to pay

Their dues to him who was a slave
To God that he might somehow save
From wrath of God the sinners all,
Who failed on him for help to call.

Meanwhile the deacon edged his way
Snake-like to those who gather pay
For young divine who had been called,
By some who wished they had black-balled.

He said to them: "Do you not fear
This man's too high for us to hear?
He is so learned I fear we can
Not keep so great, so good a man.

There are much cheaper men in store
We can obtain for ever more;
And then this man doth not believe
In Christ as I was taught receive."

He lied and lied, but all in vain;
For preacher doth with us remain.
We hope he'll stay for many year
In spite of Crocodile's hard tear.

The girl is gone away from us;
And married not in spite of fuss,
She made to gain great Hymen's gift—
No cloud for her doth ever lift.

The father sits at home to sigh;
But to his home no son draws nigh;
And false as false can be is life,
When hopes are spent in useless strife.

The mother feels the sting of pain,
Which comes to one whose life is vain:
For hopes were all on Dore laid,
But she alas has never paid.

The Preachers Poverty.

He had been flush in days of yore,
And had his friends forever more;
But now the young did criticize—
They were far wiser than the Wise.

He had helped build this very church,
Which in old age left him in lurch:
Thro' life he nailed his colors high;
But *then* his God seemed ever nigh.

The church was torn in endless strife—
He'd rather live a banished life,
Than hold the helm in such a state,
As seemed his church all time of late.

They hated now his hoary head;
And stinted him on very *bread*,
They cried each day, "Resign! Resign!"
No reason just, they could assign.

He bowed his head to one benign,
And then he said, "I will resign;"
His face alit with heaven's light,
He passed to God, who knows no night.

Children's Department.

The First Day at School.

Sam Search was roused one day from bed;
And by his sister Sarah led
To master, Knowledge, over way,
Who works and works for little pay.

He stayed with Sarah all the morn,
But wished himself in father's corn;
The things he saw soon grew so old,
He wished with lambs he'd stayed in fold.

"Mamma's Little Man."

In years *long* gone I was a child,
That was in love with mother mild;
Because her smile she did me give;
And in her smile I aye would live.

One day I went with pa to field,
Where long and strong a blade did wield
To bow the head of stalwart corn;
And make it lean so sad forlorn.

I hindered papa till I tired;
And then back home so slow retired.
I dragged along like load up hill;
For work will soon the small boy kill.

Now mamma met me at the door;
Before my feet had touched the floor,
She placed her hand upon my brow—
It seems at times I feel it now.

She smiled as only mother can
And said: "You're mamma's little man,"
I felt as proud as proud could be
To know the faith she had in me.

The days sped on as swift as dream,
Doth bear our tho'ts to land agleam.
At length my mother dying lay;
And so I ceased my childish play.

Then gathered round the saddest band,
Before her flight to shadow land,
She said, "Take care of Judy dear;
He's ne'er been strong for *him* I fear."

And then she passed away from time,
Where sweet the bells of heaven chime;
But Judy feels and knows her love,
Which makes his life as mild as dove.

Since then he has been sorely tried;
But has all passion aye defied;
Because he hears his mother's voice;
And in her might doth aye rejoice.

The boy whose mother paves his way,
Will not on earth go far astray;
The boy who loves his mother well,
Is held by Virtue's magic spell.

The New Pupil.

It was the time when music swells
To fill the dales with all the dells.
A music teacher to us came,
A man of east and western fame.

He came to teach the children small,
Who said they'd bring him children all
From far and wide new scholars brought,
Who by persuasion could be bought.

One morn the teacher took his place,
With look serene upon his face;
And waited for the little feet
The platform at the door to greet.

At length a troop rush in with haste,
As if no time they dared to waste:
Their eyes were bright as twinkling stars,
They stept like one who's out for wars.

"O teacher, see our scholar new
We've kept him all the time in view."
The teacher looked surprised to see
A wistful dog his tail wag free.

He looked into the teacher's face
As if to say, "Give me a place;"
And teach me how to play and sing,
That I to you may others bring.

We tried our best to teach him how;
But ne'er he learnt except "Bow-wow,"
He left the school but none too soon;
And now doth bay the evening moon.

Ridin' Horseback,

I don't care nothin' 'bout a doll;
Jes' give to me a ride on gray;
When it's so hot you'd have to loll,
I often help dad break our bay.

Ref.

I care not now for my old horn;
But give to me a ride in corn;
I care not how my sister's chide,
As long as I can horses ride.

I used to play with little Ben,
And stay with ma from day to day;
But now I want to be with men—
I'll ride on horse so far away.

Ref.

I am my papa's little man;
I go with him in field to plow;
I fear no fall since I began;
I'm goin' to break the colt in now.

Essie Disch's Doll.

My doll has eyes so full and blue
She is to me so sweet and true;
She has the longest, bluest gown,
That can be found in any town.

She has a bonnet, large and light;
And ribbons, red beneath chin tight;
Her hair has not to us come yet;
But mother says she will this get.

I nurse my doll both early, late;
And children come and stop at gate
To see my doll so sweet and fair,
Altho' she has no yellow hair.

My Doll.

My doll is gone away from me;
I lost her by the willow tree
One day last fall before the snow,
Came down on all things here below,

Ref. I love my doll so sweet and fair;
I love my doll with yellow hair;
I love my doll with eyes of blue;
I love my doll to me so true;

My doll is gone away from me—
Her face so sweet I'll never see;
Her cheek was red as Jim's new cap
O doll I want you in my lap.

Ref.

My doll will ne'er to me come back;
I often wish that I could pack–
But mamma says she's gone away
Washed down the stream and cannot stay.

Ref.

That Baby.

There is a baby at our house;
And nurse keeps me as still as mouse,
That's hid in crack behind the wall—
O hark! I hear the *baby* call.

What bothers me is *how* it came—
It hain't no teeth nor yet a name.
Bill Brown said babies doctors bring;
But nurse told me tain't no such thing.

She said that angels heaven sought;
And, when they found this baby brought.
I now believe that this is true;
Because the baby's eyes are blue.

Our baby is so sweet to me--
The nicest that you ever see.
It sleeps all day and cries at night;
But then our baby is all right.

Our baby is so sweet to me;
Our baby's nice as nice can be:
Our baby in the dark will cry;
Perhaps it wants go back in sky.

Virginia.

Virginia's a dream on life's stream;
Thine eyes made blue as they came thro',
That heaven above where all is love;
Your hair is light so that no night,
Can come to thee on land or sea;
For how can night come to such light,
As borne by thee on land and sea?

Thy step's as light as the arrows flight
Thro' leafy screen in woods unseen,
Where river flows between the snows,
Tracked by the deer that hastes for fear
Indian stern will do it harm.

Your motion's free as skiff on sea;
You dart about as in and out
You follow free as you can see
That boy from school who bends to rule,
Who tho' not nine is learning fine.

Somewhere we've been, something we've seen,
Reminds of thee on land or sea.

Was it fawn's play on hill that lay
Facing the south, when sun came out
In early morn just after storm?

We cannot tell but we know well
That t'was so light it knew no night.

The sunbeam gay dancing all day
Rivals not thee on land or sea.

We ne'er explain what is not plain;
And we've no light to read thy might.
Where is thy power this early hour,
Except in light of His own might,
Who gave the life and said: "Cease strife?"
From Him you came without a name;
In His light true we must read you.

Dorothy.

Two-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. H. Reed, Oswego, Kansas.

Sweet Dorothy in Octo came,
A month when God excels his fame;
And throws His glory into space,
That we may see him face to face.

He writes himself in ev'ry tree;
And seems to say, "Just look to Me."
He writes himself in rainbow hue,
As fair as that in bending blue.

Sweet child you're fairer than the time,
When heaven rung with mournful chime;
Because you left the rainbow throne
To travel to this world alone.

"Sweet Dorothy, what dost thou bring
From Him who was your heaven-King?
Sweet Dorothy, what dost thou give
To show that *long since* thou didst live?"

"I bring to you these eyes so true,
Which show I borrowed heaven's blue;
My hair still holds the ling'ring light,
From land that knows no day or night."

"Sweet Dorothy we want to know
How swift up there the rivers flow;
And something of that land above,
Where we are told that all is love."

"To you I cannot now express;
And, if I could, you'd love me less,
I've come for you your language teach;
And then I'll help you heaven reach.

I knew no sin in that great world,
Where Christ for aye His flag unfurled.
All gold I trod beneath my feet;
And never once the rich did meet.

I rode in barque on streamlets fine;
And knew that all God had was mine.
My beauty matched the rainbow's might;
I was more fair than morning's light.

I knew *you* in that land above;
And swift was sent like message dove;
To woe and win you from all hate;
And hold you close to heaven's gate.

I have a light this world knows not,
A light that ne'er can be forgot;
This life to me is only death,
Which came to me with my first breath.

I have a life which comes from God,
As sweet as daisy in the sod.
I have a home where rainbows bent;
And God to me himself doth lend."

Bertie H. Creasy.

Sweet Bertie with his Auntie lives
Whose life, whose fears, whose hopes she gives
To train him so that he will be
Made fit for all eternity,

* * * *

In ninety mamma and Aunt Grace,
Sought stream to find a bathing place.
Woe worth the curse that there befell
The pen must pause the tale to tell--
A tale of woe, of cries, of pain,
A tale that breaks our hearts again;
Aunt Grace soon left the waters edge
To find a steep and rocky ledge
From this she fell to deep unknown,
Where long before as since is shown,
Men lost their lives from rocky steep
Pitched headlong into awful deep:
Thence hurried out to waters wide,
Where swift the ships so proudly ride;
And old Niagara holds sway—
For life or death she'll ne'er give way.

Soon mamma ventured all her life
To rescue Grace from water's strife;
But when she left the water's edge,
She found the treach'rous rocky ledge;
And soon was borne apart from Grace
To meet stern death aye face to face.

The current strong bore each away;
But each was found on that same day
By eddy borne to that dread spot,
A ghastly sight not yet forgot.
Thus time and tide may drive apart;
But death unites all of one heart.

So Bertie is an orphan child;
And yet may grow both sweet and mild.
May Bertie cling to Christ, our King;
And learn to conquer everything.

Ida May Burnett.

O Ida May you came in June,
When all the birds sang sweetest tune;
And blushes sweet filled all the air,
From roses aye so sweet and fair.

You are more fair than lillies be;
You are the fairest fair we see.
The days may dawn and pass to night;
But naught so fair as Ida, bright.

The river flows like silv'ry stream;
But ne'er can match your hair agleam,
Which catches light from heaven true—
A place deep-hid beyond the blue.

Your eyes will match the skies in May;
You steal their blue from them away.
Your form and face are full of grace;
You stand with God aye face to face.

The Sick Child.

Addie Maryland Hellwig is the Daughter of the late Mr. Geo. Hellwig and the present Mrs. Wm. Caldwell of Oswego, Kans.

Her parents watched her day and night,
As grew the glowing hectic bright,
Which flushed her face as fierce as Death,
Will stop for aye the living breath.

Long nights of care-worn haggard woe,
To baffle death, our fiercest foe.
Long nights we soothe our suff'r's pain;
Long nights we hope her life retain.

The doctor drives disease apast;
The patient slow comes back at last.
Comes back from land where all was night;
Comes back to earth with glory bright.

The glory that we found in light,
That came to us or day or night,
From land, where Christ in mercy hears;
And drives away our hidden fears.

Our Marian.

(Marian Long, of Chetopa, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Long.)

O baby wee, sweet chubby thing,
You govern us like mighty king;
You have deep bracelets on your wrist,
That keep in place your tiny fist.

Your knuckles are four dimples round,
The deepest that I ever found;
Your lashes darker than your hair;
Your eyes as blue as heaven fair.

You are all Long and yet you're short,
Which is a logic of queer sort;
You came from heaven to our place,
We know for God is in your face.

You know not yet the ways of earth;
But are with heaven all begirth;
You came that we might heaven see—
We find it all: aye, just in thee.

The Baby's Tear.

It lodged upon the nether blue;
And clung to show that one did rue
A part of life that had just past;
A cloud o'er baby-land was cast.

O tear, prophetic of the day,
When life will not be spent in May.
O tear, that bridges baby life;
And crosses on to sterner strife.

O tear, begun in baby age
How oft you'll stain a later page,
On baby's book in record true,
That comes to us beneath the blue.

A Picture of a Little Girl.

She holds sweet lillies in her hand,
Of flowers, fairest in this land,
They are as pure as driven snow;
As fair as flowers ever grow.

She is more fair than *lillies* be;
Her eyes are blue as we can see;
Her hair is gold as morning light,
As fair as land that knows no night.

You look adown in mild reproof,
Who never tread the tent's thin roof,
On us who feel the force of sin;
And stirring conscience "sting within."

Dimple Marjorie and Helen Madeline May.

There are two girls that I know well,
Who hold me by their magic spell.
I scraped a street acquaintance first,
When month of May her roses burst.

They dance and skip and play about;
And put despair to certain rout.
They are as light as leaf on tree,
That dances on the bank so free.

They send the sunshine swift as thought,
Can ever in the mind be wrought,
Right thro' this heart and soul of mine;
I know they each *must* be divine.

They move about more swift than air;
    They are of all the world most fair;
They flit about both in and out;
    And seem to know what they're about.

They glide about like barque on stream,
    That dances in the sun agleam.
They live, they love, they linger still;
    And my poor heart so dead they fill.

O Bessie Dimple, fairest fair,
    You bounce, balloon-like in the air;
Your father's house can know no night,
    Till his dear girls pass out of sight.

Your mother knows you angel-led,
As swift the moments by have sped,
In days agone while in your play,
You skipped about like fawn in May.

You know no sin, but dwell apart,
Where swift doth fly the jealous dart.
In harmless flight it swiftly flies;
And as for you, it quickly dies.

You teach me look beyond to God,
Who cares for daisy in the sod;
Who loves His own where e'er they're found;
And lifts them far above the ground.

My Dog.

My dog is black and white and tan;
I used to scare him with a fan;
But soon he knew too much for that;
So then, with face behind my hat,

I made him run beneath the house,
Where still he was as any mouse;
And when he found out this was me,
I blacked my hands and face you see.

The place was blocked where once he crawled;
And when with voice so strange I bawled,
He ran away to find the field,
Where father would him kindness yield.

Ethel Parks and Dimple Miller.

There are two girls I often meet,
A skipping, bounding, down the street;
The one is dark, the other fair;
They make the quickest, blithest pair.

Our Ethel's eyes are dark and deep,
As mystic as meek Moses' sleep,
Somewhere in vale by Nebo's Mount,
A place no man doth hold account.

Our Dimple's eyes are hazel hue,
As kind as light in bending blue;
Their depths are deep, as is yon lake,
That doth each star from heaven take.

Sweet girls, as blithe as lambs at play,
On grassy slope in month of May;
Sweet girls, as pure as heaven's light;
And fairer far, than rainbows bright.

In Memoriam.

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After a Year.

The sea sobbed by our wave-whipped cottage home
The clouds close-clung a dim and darksome dome
The heavy, dark-heaving, aye woe-wed swell,
Seemed sent to stay my soul like that deep knell,
Which filled the air from steeple ivied round;
And seemed to say sad heart be still he's found.

But yet to-day I am as sad as sad can be;
Because, my love, you have been torn from me.
'Tis just a year to-day since ocean's tide,
Bro't me from far to you, your happy bride.
Our barque forced furrow thro' the silver sheen,
Till came the cottage ne'er before I'd seen.

O Love, you've left the cottage in a year;
O Love, I start when water's splash I hear;
And then sad Mem'ry tells the truth to me
"*His* form, his face, you never more will see,"
O Love I walk and watch the wave-whipt lea;
And wonder whether the billowy sea

E'er thinks to send a wave across to me;
Across from where the briny billows free,
Do play around an ever-moving grave,
As rising restive rolls the wave on wave.
I wonder whether weeping billows bend,
O'er him in love whose life in love did trend.

I wonder whether from his grave afar
He knows I still do watch *his* favored star;
Or is he here and does he know too well
The ocean's song we loved is mournful knell;
To her who loved and never left his side
To her whose fancy hears, "My lovely bride."

I wonder whether he doth watch and know
That day by day the cruel ocean's flow,
Doth fail to bring those happy faces gay,
That used to come and days with us would stay.
I cannot blame the fair, the free, the young;
But hope *they* never will be Fortune-stung.

Drowned.

Mr. Harry Nelson of Oswego, aged 20 years, son of Mr. and Mrs Frank Nelson, was drowned while bathing in the Neosho River, near Oswego, on Sunday afternoon, July the 8th, 1900.

Sweet breath of heaven riplets makes
Sun-lit on silver waters wide,
Where Neosho expands in tide,
So tireless tho' her way she takes,

For aye and aye to ocean deep,
Between the woodland bending low
To kiss the water's placid brow,
As pass they by the rocky steep.

He goes adown the grassy dell,
So light, so gay, with life so sweet
To one whom earth and heaven meet;
And whisper low: "'Tis well; 'tis well."

His step was light as leaf that falls;
His face alit with heaven bright,
Which comes to him who knows no night;
For God's own voice from night aye calls

The pure, the good, the ever true,
Who never learned from him to stray,
Whose virtue turned their night to day,
Who live a life they never rue.

With him were those whose lives were gay;
They stood upon the dawn af years,
Where Hope doth banish all their fears,
Beside his own *their* pathway lay.

With him they reach the river's edge;
With him they bathe in waters deep;
With him they cross to where the steep
Bank dips in sudden hidden ledge.

Without him reach the other shore;
They see him try the water's breach,
But see him never reach the beach.
He tries the place *they* passed before.

They passed with ease from shore to shore.
He braved the breach who knew no fear.
They knew not—Ah but Death was near;
And dragged him down for ever more.

His friend was true and did his best
To snatch from jaws of death the boy,
Who left his home, his mother's joy,
His father's pride and God's own blest.

* * * * * *

What means that group that moves so slow,
With step less steady than of yore?
What *hear* they now that *walked* before?
What means the pale their faces show?

Whose form is that so still and dead?
Whose eyes are those that gaze so long
In space yet bear no image strong?
What fills that group with awful dread?

What makes the father's clouded brow?
Ah! thinks not he of other child;
And how the mother must go wild?
No wonder that his head bends low!

A mother weeps at home alone;
We dare not view her face of snow;
Her hands as cold as ice doth grow;
Our words to her will not atone.

Her grief strikes dumb this mother true—
Her Harry lies so still and cold—
Would God the last take from the fold?
Can God be love beyond the blue?

O mother, ye are God's own child,
Tho' childless now and filled with grief,
Ye have your God to bring relief;
Your faith in Him will keep you mild.

Another picture on the wall;
Another hand that beckons now;
Another crown on placid brow;
Another voice from hence doth call.

Another left this world of crime;
Another gone with Christ to dwell;
Another gone where none e'er fell;
Another gone to sunny clime.

Another by his Savior taught,
Where none can ever be dismayed,
And Truth can never be delayed;
For Christ himself each hope hath fraught.

O mother, father, Harry lives
In land where light in glory meets,
As rain in cloud which heaven greets
The hour that tells us He forgives.

Your son hath gone to college now,
Where Christ himself each one doth teach,
Where none gainst sin doth ever preach;
And glory circles every brow.

He lives where none e'er makes mistake;
He lives so near to you and me:
His thought for us will ever be
How he each day may better make.

His home is not in Eden fair,
Where man began his sinless race,
With God's own glory in his face;
For God expelled this hapless pair.

His home is not beyond the cloud,
That sends its rainbow glories down
To teach in prairie, village, town
That God is love wherever found.

His home is not beyond the sun.
In boundless space where star on star,
Gives rise to orions so far,
That thoughts grow pale and backward run.

His home is not where angels bend;
And dizzy grow from that high place,
Where view they Jesus face to face;
As He doth glory to them lend.

No; Harry's here to-day and knows
By light divine the *good* in friends;
For Christ to him this glory lends—
The evil's gone as sun drive snows.

He walks and talks with us each day;
For mortals only limit know:
So heaven's tide doth upward flow.
No time nor tide takes him away.

We limit *him* to distant place,
To harp and crown in realm afar;
And thus our joy in him we mar,
Tho' Christ would have us face to face.

He knows his brother gone before;
He knows those left behind to weep;
He does not look from distant steep;
But 'bides with us for ever more.

He knows why waves so dark and deep,
Hides him from us for time so brief.
He knows that soon will come relief;
He knows why mother waits to weep.

He knows why sward that once he trod,
Will grow above him every year—
That father comes with scalding tear—
He knows himself, and you, and God.

He knows that soon the clay will fail;
He knows you'll find him greater grown,
When heaven you have better known;
He knows that Christ doth aye prevail.

O mother, father, why despair?
Your son's not dead but born in light,
Where Christ doth banish aye the night;
And where he's grown most wond'rous fair.

* * * * * *

Doth this the Christian creed deny?
Did Christ not teach beyond the light,
He dwelt apart where never night,
Can close the day and sun defy?

No; Christ showed his disciples three
That heaven on a hill was found,
Just raised above the valley round;
So lift *your* eyes and you will see.

As John in Patmos in his day,
Found heaven's gate swung open wide;
And found himself the Christ beside;
So you may soar from earth away.

Ida Florence Barrick.

Ida Florence was born to Mr. Edward Barrick and Mrs. Josephine Barrick in Indianola, Iowa, June 4, 1857 and died—accidental burning—Aug. 23, 1873 in Indianola, while preparing dinner for her grandfather in the absence of her mother who was near Kansas City, Kansas and who did not arrive in Indianola till after her daughter's burial.

It was the time when fruitage bends,
And spring and summer's glory lends
Its lustre to the apple's form;
And bids men store for winter's storm.

It was the time when nature breathed,
O'er bended bough which God had wreathed,
With tinted colors like the bow,
That hangs the heavens—God's own brow.

It was the time when ev'ry leaf
Was ripened—God's own glory sheaf,
It was the time when each tree's life,
Seemed crimsoned with its awful strife.

Like warrior great whose blood doth tell
How well he fought before he fell,
With countless wounds upon his breast,
He finds at last eternal rest.

Like some great life that better grows
As stream that broader, deeper flows;
So ev'ry leaf before its fall,
Doth show that God but late did call.

Sweet Florence life had but begun;
And yet the sand did lowly run,
Her life's complete as bud on tree;
Doth let us all its beauty see.

At school she did in lessons find
The means that moulded heart and mind;
At school she did her beauty show,
As thoughts from God to her did flow.

At home her parents sighed to see
That one so young should be so free,
In things pertain to heaven's light,
That one so young should be so bright.

O parents, it was God above,
Who gave you then a glimpse of love;
The love he had for Florencé sweet,
Who worships now at Jesus' feet.

One day aye sad as sad could be,
She stept so light and aye so free
In household duties all in love—
Her life was gentle as a dove.

At length she bent in haste o'er fire
Out leaped the flame and soon attire;
And form of Florence tell the tale,
That breaks men's hearts and turn them pale.

My pen shall not the story tell—
How brave she was before she fell,
In flames that saved her sweet young face,
Which e'en in death bespake God's grace.

She's gone where Christ himself doth teach;
And our mistakes can never reach.
She's gone where Christ, himself doth live;
And yet He's here and doth forgive.

She's safe in Christ without a fear;
And He's so close we Him can hear:
"I am in you and you in He
My face my form you'll ever see."

Where is thy daughter mother mild?
Is she not now thy darling child?
Has she gone home beyond the skies,
Where she her mother now denies?

Is she an angel on the wing,
Sped far away to Christ her King?
Hath she left earth to see the sky;
And to thine heart makes no reply?

Or lies she still beneath the sod,
Away from us, away from God?
No; mother mild that child of thine,
Altho' she is with God divine,

Doth know and love your good intent;
And all but tears and years you've spent,
In love to one who stands beside;
And aids thee aye for Truth decide.

Merton L. Karnes.

On July the first, 1899, the late Mr. Karnes died from the effects of a car accidentally backing over him at the Kiddoo Mills, Oswego, Kansas.

When first the dew was gemmed on greenest sward,
A million suns in drops by toiler seen,
As busy men fast pressed for that reward,
Denied to none who are just in their mien.

HE passed adown the busy, busy street;
And knew but few in that life which shone true.
But these he greeted with a smile as sweet
As that of Him known only to the few,

Who loves all things both great and small below;
Who loves the dewdrop that reflects the sun;
Who loves the lilies, hid in valleys low;
Who loves much, father, mother, widow's son.

Did that incoming event overcast?
Did Death's dark shadow stealthy steal his thought?
Did Angel Death wait till the very last,
Before his message to our son, Mert, brought?

Did he not hear that voice calling, calling;
Calling him home, calling him to that home,
From which love like lark's song is falling, falling;
That home on high from which none care to roam?

The early morn beheld Mert strong as Life.
At noon he is sighing, bleeding, dying,
Crushed, carried, cut, mangled in awful strife
In under that car as it is flying.

Like wheels in busy, busy mill, ne'er still,
In morn or noon or night, from year to year,
In noise so great Mert never dreamed of ill,
Till friends in mill saw every cause to fear.

Mert, hemmed between two trains, knows not
That stealing slow in front is monster, Death.
O sight, most cruel, ne'er to be forgot,
By comrades pale who wait with bated breath.

Slow thro' the pathway he had lately trod,
With step as free as roe on mountain high,
He's borne by men who softly tread the sod,—
A doctor with twice need of nerve serves by.

Arrived at home he thinks not of his pain,
But, "What, oh, what will mother do?" he asks.
His face so pale, so patient, speaks so plain;
And mind, and heart, and soul, and thought unmasks.

At dead of night an angel bright and blessed,
Relieved him of his pain and took away
To light and glory and eternal rest
That one our love had tried in vain to stay.

Friends, many, pay their last tribute to one,
Had crossed the bridge between eternities,
Whose life, whose fears, whose hopes had scarce begun,
Had gone to him controlling destinies.

The service, songs sweet, solemn and sad thought:
Yet soothing to saint, warning to careless:
Strong hope to mother, brother sisters, brought.
Are young and old and strong not too heedless?

Theme—Life, tho' but vapor, has endless power;
Each life's as great as vapor-driven train,
Which drags great burdens up hill every hour;
So life enchained and filled with God moves
pain;

And carries sin-burdened souls to find grace,
In him who made the "bow of promise bright;"
And bends o'er us till we see face to face,
Then are transformed into His image.

Yet, dead, Mert will not, cannot ever be.
His life, his deeds, his trials live to-day.
They live in you that they may shine on me,
He lost this life to have that and alway.

He lost a life he could not keep, to gain
A life he cannot lose in heaven dear:
He gained this life where Christ will banish pain:
For Christ above is love and holds Mert near.

But why took God our Mert from us so young?
"God takes the good too good to stay;
And leaves the bad too bad to take away."
And God will not have Mert misfortune stung.

Mrs. Rebecca Jones.

She lived a life of sore distress;
But loved her savior none the less.
She bore her pain for many years;
But spent no time in useless tears.

She anchored far beyond the vale,
Where seas move not in stormy gale;
She anchored in that unknown sea,
Where vessel's keel ne'er feels the lea.

She anchored in a shoreless world,
Where Christ has his great flag unfurled;
Her barque was borne thro' tideless sea
To place we call eternity.

Her son sits still with bending brow
To catch a gleam of her, somehow;
He listens long to hear her call—
"My son, this way; you need not fall."

O, son, thy mother hath not died,
But lives in Christ, the crucified:
O, son, Disease, and Death, Despair,
Come not to land that's aye so fair.

'Tis land where rainbow glories bend,
O'er her who did to Christ once lend
Her life, her love, her latest breath,
When hovered near the hour of Death.

O, son, love on till thou shalt be
With Christ in sweet eternity;
Thy mother's love is deathless now—
She stands enthroned on gloried brow.

My Love's Asleep.

She is most fair with golden hair;
Her eyes are true as heaven's blue;
She is all love fresh from above;
Her life she lives and all me gives.

She's drowned in sea not far from lea.
O waters deep, rouse her from sleep;
For she is mine, altho' divine,
Tho' waters rave around her grave.

She cannot know that waters flow
Apast the glen unseen by men,
Who rush in haste their lives to waste,
In gath'ring wealth sometimes by stealth,

For sons who lent or money spent,
In spite of cost to parent lost
In busy mart, where jealous dart,
Doth pierce the life in bitter strife.

My love lies deep so fast asleep;
I love her still beneath the hill,
In waters wide where ships do ride;
And doth she know my tears still flow?

She gave her life to save for strife
A man whose years with countless tears,
Are dragging past till comes the last;
For love is dead there's naught instead.

Mrs. Dolly Harrison.

Her life was stern tho' just and right;
And now she lives in heaven's light.
She scorned the mean with deepest hate;
And closed to them her cottage gate.

Herself so stern she did deny
That honest hate she did defy.
She spake right out for Him she served;
And never from the truth was swerved.

Her life was great like mighty stream,
That bears each barque thro' heaven's gleam.
As hast'ning to the ocean wide,
It bears each weight upon its tide.

As waters splash their pebbled shore;
And kiss the rose forever more,
That bends from bank at river's side;
So stretched *her* mercies far and wide.

She left the world, whose shame and pride
Drove her to seek her Savior's side;
Her church, her Christ, her crown, her cross,
She deemed divine and all else loss.

True life began at that pure spring,
Where found she Christ her living King.
She sought the Savior's side alone,
Tho' Christ for all did once atone.

Great lives aye leave the listless throng,
When hear they heaven's sweetest song;
Great lives must ever stand apart,
True targets for the jealous dart.

The great are great in lowly life;
The great are great in battle strife;
The great are great in cabin small;
The great are great in massive hall.

So she was great in cabin life
As trusted, hopeful, happy wife
Of one who felt his flagging zeal
Inspired by her whose life was real.

George Horace Hopkins.

George Horace Hopkins died at the age of five years at his father's home (the late Mr. W. E. Hopkins near Bartlett, Kans.) The author was impressed by a likeness of the child, seen by him some years after George's death.

"What means that look upon your face?
Why gaze so earnest into space?"
It can not be that thou wilt find
That bound far hid from all mankind:

"I know the bound that I have past;
Because the world beyond doth cast
Its flooded light which gives to me
That light by which each day I see.

This life to me is certain death,
Which came to me with my first breath;
You know some things which are to *me*
As dark as darkness e'er can be."

"Why came you here to use that light,
From land to us as dark as night?
You seem to look right on thro' space,
As if you sought a further place."

"I look and linger in that light,
Where none have heard of day or night.
I came to help you on to God;
And turn you from His awful rod.

I came to show you how to live,
Lest you your time, your all may give
For things that perish day by day,
While endless life within you lay.

I came that I might win your love;
And throne it there with God above;
Because the bound is just before—
I live in Him forever more.

The land up there I better know,
Where Time's fair tide doth never flow.
I live a life within my God
As sure as daisy's in the sod.

I fear no foe before me cast—
I know that Death is of the past.
My death to me you now call life,
When I began this awful strife.

There is a halo round me bent—
'Tis that which angels to me lent,
When I was drawn from heaven's throne;
And came to earth with light alone.

There is a splendor in me yet,
Which blends this life lest I forget
The God of whom I am a part;
And lose my love—divinest art.

You teach me in this land of night,
That I may bring to you the light,
Which circles round my very life;
And helps me live above this strife.

My love to parents is most dear—
I want my brother, sister near
That they may live like me in love,
When I return like Noah's dove.

Harvey H. Parks.

Mr. Parks was born in Kalamazo, Mich , 1859; and accidentally killed in a Joplin mine explosion last year (1899.)

His birth took place in northern state,
Where brave and stalwart men are known;
As victories so oft have shown,
In years long gone and days but late.

When manhood came he came out west;
And toiled in mine as dark as night,
Far hid from all but God's own sight.
He had that light which aye is best;

That light which ever comes from God,
To find its own in deepest mine;
And whisper, "Still thou art divine,
More fair than daisy on the sod."

The light from God was great that time;
It came to him so that he saw
The danger hid behind the law—
The law that's clear in age and prime.

The voice of God did whisper him:
Stay in my light *above* the ground;
To-day be not in yon mine found;
Ne'er mind the owner's sordid whim.

He harkened to *that* Voice at first;
And said, "The danger is too near,
I do those mighty boulders fear;
For gold I am not keen athirst.".

But then the plea to Harvey brought:
"Just come to-day and stay till noon —
Those boulders will not move so soon."
So Harvey that *other* Voice fought.

At noon there was fierce thunder sound—
A hundred boulders shift their place;
And Harvey meets Him face to face.
Who said to-day be you not found,

In mine where danger lurks before;
But hark to Me to-day and now,
And I will stand by you somehow:
Trust me to-day and evermore.

He met his God with that sweet calm,
Which comes to us soon after storm;
And soon he saw his Savior's form,
And felt His hands apply that balm,

Which heals our wounds, and soothes our pain,
But what about that Voice once stilled?
Was it the act of one self-willed?
And will he aye with Christ remain?

The Voice once stilled was His who live,
To right the wrong that we have done—
We live in Him the blesse'd One:
The Voice was His who will forgive.

The act was not of one self-willed;
But was mistake like children make,
Who cannot yet all wisdom take—
Our lives with all mistakes are filled.

With Christ he died; with Christ he lives,
With Christ he'll glory ever share;
With Christ he knows but heaven's fare
In Christ he lives; for Christ forgives.

But wife and children feel the pain,
That came to them with latest breath
Of him who toiled and suffered death,
That they in comfort might remain.

There is no cure for half their woe;
There is no life that can them bring
Sweet joy except in Christ, their King,
Who'll Death destroy, their only foe.

Mrs. Malissa Caldwell.

Sleep, mother, sleep, your work is done!
Sleep, mother, sleep, in that great One,
Who loved and longed to bring thee home,
To dwell with Him beyond the dome,

That overhangs this life of ours,
In day and night thro' longest hours.
Sleep! with thine hands all folded still;
For they so long have done God's will.

Sleep, mother, sleep, your loved ones hear;
And soon they will to you draw near.
Sleep mother with the daisies rest;
Forever sleep on Jesus' breast.

Sleep, mother, all free from care,
You live in us who better fare;
Because your life was lived on earth,
Where we now know your own true worth.

Sleep, mother, till you hear "Well done"
From Him who is the righteous One.
Sleep, mother, where the daisies grow;
Sleep, till eternity shall flow.

"Somebody's Darling."

Somebody's darling is still and dead;
Somebody's darling—there's naught instead;
Somebody's darling is free from pain;
Somebody's darling did heaven gain.

Somebody, comfortless, weeps her tears;
Somebody looks to the darksome years;
Somebody looks to a vacant chair;
Somebody knows that he's grown more fair.

Somebody is gone to his home above;
Somebody looks down to us in love;
Somebody will be the first to gree t;
And lead his mother to Jesus' feet.

Somebody will think her child so still,
In graveyard that year by year doth fill;
But he to-day is in Christ, his King,
Who doth to him great glory bring.

Somebody has gone to school with God,
Somebody will never know the rod;
Somebody is growing day by day;
Somebody is not so far away.

Baby Gone.

Marguerete Rettig, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rettig, of Oswego, age 18 months.

Sleep; little Marguerete;
Not in mother's arms,
Not on mother's breast;
For thou art now at rest
Free from all alarms.

Rest O little one rest
No sister for guide,
But Christ, the Crucified;
Little one thou'rt blest
Much more than all the rest.

Go, to thy grassy nest;
Let flowers hide thy breast:
First flowers shall o'er thee blow
Pure as the driven snow.

Peace, peace, little one rest.
Thy father loved thee here;
But thy God called thee there.
Thou art too pure for earth;
And God's love knows thy worth
Little one fair: so fair.

Father, mother, brother
And sisters too, are left.
Do they all feel bereft
Of one who is now gone
Where the pure light shines on?

One gone from suffering
Who is from sin set free;
And shall forever be,
At the heavenly knee
Waiting for you and me?

Weep while the baby sleeps;
Remember it has gone,
Where it ever looks on
The face of Him who loved
Our little one beloved.

In Memory of Caroline.

O Caroline! fair Caroline!
A pupil mine of sweet sixteen.
Your cheek was of rosy hue;
Your eye might match the heaven's blue.

Your step was light as fawn at play,
On Southern hill in grassy May;
Your looks were free from cant and bright;
For you had borrowed heaven's light.

I loved you then; I love you still,
Tho' cold you lie beneath the hill.
The cold, gray stone that marks your grave,
Doth not thy maiden name engrave;

For that was lost in Sunny May,
When freedom thou did'st give away—
Your name, your life, with me you cast;
And Mem'ry sweet doth keep the past.

Thy home was on a grassy slope—
To south lay Erie's mighty scope,
In wide expanse of waters blue—
To east Old Niag'ra's flood threw

Rocks rugged, and loosened from bed deep;
And hurried on atween rocks steep,
To that expanse beyond the land,
Where ships must guide by God's own Hand.

It was midsummer, July gay,
With ne'er a cloud on that bright day—
The tears, and hopes, and cares and joys,
Were equal in their counterpoise.

At altar then you took your vow,
That ne'er for us to part below.
The blue was bent in ardent love,
While God did speak from throne above.

* * * *

Three summers passed like swiftest dream,
Enwrapt in Fortune's silv'ry sheen,
With ne'er a shadow in advance,
And swifter than the lightning's glance

My Carrie, sweet was torn from me:
And buried deep in mighty sea;
O life, so black, since that dark hour,
When Death did 'throne his mighty power.

So lone I am; so lone I dwell,
So lone I pass adown each dell,
That Time and Tide presents to me,
As pass I to eternity.

Mrs. Mary Silkey.

Thine hands are folded in that sleep,
In land of love, so calm and deep:
Those hands that have, for us, long toiled;
And oft, for us, the tempter foiled.

Thy voice is hushed in this lone land,
Where sad we sit, a silent band:
There is no music to our ear,
So sweet on earth we now can hear.

O saint, so safe, so strong, so sure,
Thou hast our lives uplifted pure,
To God, himself, beyond the blue,
Where now you reign in heaven true.

We are as sad as sad can be;
Because thy face we cannot see,
We no more hear thee lightly tread—
How can it be that thou art dead?

It seems so sudden to our thought;
And yet thou hast, by Christ, been bought.
We shall aye meet where rainbows bend;
And find with you in Christ our Friend.

Mrs. Flora E. Jennings.

Aged thirty seven. Died at her home in Oswego, November 14, 1900.

Her hopes, her home, her heart were His,
Who dwells beyond the now, that is:
Her church, her Christ, she came to know,
So far beyond all things below.

Her life so strong, so true, so pure,
Did all of heaven aye allure;
Her motives high as heaven be,
Made all her life, so sweet, so free.

The poor, the sick, the dying knew—
Her visits kept they aye in view.
Her light, her love, *they* lonely lose,
While sleeps she sweet in calm repose.

Her husband, homeless knows the cost:
Her children feel their all is lost.
The darksome land is one lament,
For her whose life so well was spent.

The house, the home, that used to be,
Her face, her form, no more can see,
The lawn all grassy-green will grow;
But ne'er again her step can know.

And yet she is not dead to-day!
Nor gone so very far away.
My own dim life still feels her light,
Which drives from me my endless night.

Her face, her form, her manners sweet
Each day, each hour will others greet:
And long they will in mem'ry hold
That face to-day so still and cold.

Her life, once hampered by her pain,
Has loosed its chains to heaven gain.
Her life, once dimmed by this great earth,
Doth now the throne of God engirth.

Her husband feels reflected light,
Which turns aside his cruel night,
His life, once lifted to the throne,
Is not to-day left all alone.

E'en Alta, Hattie, Harry knows
How stern the stream of life aye flows;
And yet they're borne adown the stream,
With mother's light so sure agleam.

They had a mother who did teach
Her children all how heaven reach.
They had a mother who doth give
The highest hope for which they live.

Flora E. Stice.

Edith Florine Stice, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Stice, near Oswego, Kansas, was born October 21, 1900, and died December 9.

You had so lightly drawn your breath,
When crossed your path that monster, Death,
Who threw a shadow on your life;
And then began thine awful strife,
Which ended pain and life, and breath;
And stronger made the realm of Death.

You had scarce learned the morning light
When came to you, your darkest night:
You had not learned what meant the day,
When you were called to night away.
To you your name was all so strange,
When for your tomb we did arrange.

You look so lovely in your dress—
We love you now, and none the less;
Because as pure as budding rose,
You sleep to-day in calm repose.
Your bed is narrow; but so deep,
That none shall e'er disturb thy sleep.

You are not found on mother's breast;
But sweet in Christ is now thy rest.
Your soul has known no form of sin—
You are as pure as Christ within;
You have been washed from earthly stain,
By Him whom men have wicked slain.

You are to-day with Christ your King,
Who doth to you all blessings bring.
You are in school where Christ doth teach;
And earth's mistakes can never reach.
You do to-day in glory stand,
Upheld by God's own mighty Hand.

Your parents, brothers, sisters,—all
In Mem'ry hear thy sweetest call;
"Come leave the vain things of the earth;
For I with Glory am begirth.
Oh, let your mind all fill with light,
From land that knows no day or night."

Temperance Department.

The Curse of Curses.

O men who vote, be true, be right,
And fight in Heaven's armor bright;
From age to age this Curse doth bring
The curse that still to us doth cling.

O men who vote, do ye not know
That hell reigns here on earth below;
Because of money ye can make,
Tho' Death, Despair, our dear sons take?

O Ship of State that sails the sea
Ye carry curse to ev'ry lea;
Ye sink all heaven-hopes in hell:
And yet ye say, "'Tis well; 'Tis well."

O Ship of State, ye dig the grave
Of those ye ought in love to save;
O Ship of State, where is relief
To woman, bearing thy guilt—grief.

Ye license men to poison men
With drink as dead as snake in fen;
But woman finds no liberty
This side the great eternity.

We vaunt a vanquished foe in spain;
But wars and woes with us remain;
The cup of curse o'er us has sway—
It lives a life we loathe to-day.

To Kansas, Sunflower state, the world,
Doth look to see our flag unfurled—
The flag of free and honest men,
Who lead the right in hope again.

Shall Kansas, stronghold of the right,
Lay down the sword to save with might?
No; Kansas shall not, cannot fail;
For on our God we will prevail.

Yea, God is right and God is might;
And He hath blest us in this fight;
These dens of hell must vanquished be
By light we call eternity.

The Drunkard's Wife.

Her face expressed her deep despair—
A face that once was fairest fair
Before she left her father's farm,
Where none e'er came to do her harm.

Her step once light as fawn at play
On Southern slope in grassy May,
Seemed now to drag a length'ning chain,
Which left her life in constant pain.

A drunkard's wife behind the world,
Where wealth not woe her flag unfurled;
Her all was anchored to the vile
Who came not home but to revile.

Behind the world the drunkard's wife
Spends hopeless, helpless, hateful life;
Behind the world that on her frowns,
She wins no wreath and wears no crowns.

Behind the world whose scoff and jeer,
She meets in evil look and leer,
Which comes to Virtue wed to Vice,
When pure to impure sacrifice.

Out of the world she's driven now;
Out of the world with throbbing brow:
Out of the world with her sorrow;
Out of the world dread *to-morrow.*

Out of the world, an awful life;
Out of the world, ah bitter strife:
Out of the world in dreaded pain;
Out of the world she *must* remain.

Out of the world the poet lives,
And all of his life to Muses gives;
Out of the world on sunny shore;
Out of the world for evermore.

Out of the world the miser knows
His gold for years and years aye grows:
Out of the world the merchant lives;
And all in all for riches gives.

Out of the world she lives her life;
Out of the world despised as wife.
Out of the world to shun its sin?
Ah no! but by Sin she is shut in.

The drunkard's wife waits by the gate;
Ye need not look, your lord is late;
Ye need not look for love in least;
For when he comes he'll be a beast.

Out of the world o'erwhelmed in shame,
Out of the world with drunkard's name;
Out of the world in heaven not,
Out of the world by church forgot.

Out of the world sweet solace seek;
Out of the world your Savior greet;
Out of the world the church is stayed,
Where Christ leaves none to be dismayed.

Out of the world the Savior lends
His glory where the rainbow bends,
O'er lives once lived in shame and pain,
But where no tear will e'er remain.

The Drunkard.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, forever to joint he goes,
Tramp, tramp, the butt and scoff of all his foes.
March on and on and on a bottle find;
The world with this can always suit your mind.

The drunkard slumbers aye in booth at night—
His night extends far into morning's light.
His neighbor's farm and fence and field are right,
His neighbor works by day and sleeps at night.

The drunkard knows no farm, no field, no fold,
His tattered clothes invite the winter's cold.
His hand once strong now trembles at the bar;
His wife has left this wretch to dwell afar.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, he wishes to borrow now,
Tramp, tramp, tramp, away with frown on his brow;
He finds his credit is gone with his gin;
He hates his friends, his foes, himself within.

Tramp, tramp, tramp he goes we call ne'er-do-well,
Tramp, tramp, tramp he forces his way to hell.
All hapless, hopeless, helpless dies at last
This drunkard vile and then we stand aghast.

But then who is this drunkard that doth live,
And all his toil, his tho't doth useless give?
Is he a rebel in this mighty land;
And was he reared by lawless curse'd hand?

No, he's no rebel; but produced by law.
The best crop of drunkards you ever saw,
Were loyal lads to follow law canteen
Christian Endeavor boys scarce past sixteen.

Why bless you boy, the rum-maker you see,
Is good before the law as you dare be;
And then the man who hands the stuff at bar,
Is guarded well by law both near and far.

It is by law we make the whiskey ring;
It is by law we make a man a thing;
It is by law we guard the liquor men;
It is by law the drunkard finds the pen.

The Drunkard's Daughter.

The shame clung close around a form,
Half buried in the snowdrift deep:
The form of one who braved the storm,
Before she fell in death asleep.

She was a child had all day cried;
And but the stormy wind sent back:
"My mother long ago has died;
And father money now doth lack.

Oh help; for I my father fear:
I must with money now return;
For he excuses will not hear;
And low the fire on hearth doth burn."

Her eyes are closed in that deep sleep,
From which no soul can wake in pain;
Her eyes are closed no more to weep
Her eyes will look no more in vain.

Her eyes may search the heavens rare;
But ne'er can find a world like this.
There is no realm where she can fare,
So ill, so far from heaven's bliss.

Farm Department.

The Farmer's Hands.

When Chaos trembles on his throne,
And shines the morning star alone
Unseen the Hand the curtain draws;
The hand that wrote the Sinai laws.

When one by one the stars shine dead,
Are lost to sight like sunken lead,
Unseen the hand that lends the light
To darkest dewdrop of the night.

When this great Hand the Sun doth lift
Old Sol doth bend thro' cloudy rift
To rouse each bird on hedge, on tree,
That sings his praise so full and free.

When claspless all falls vine to earth
And all the year to it is dearth,
Unseen the Hand that makes it fast;
And give it place to fruit at last.

The Farmer's Way.

He doth not care for steam or train,
Or how the ships may cross the main;
But springs astride his dapple gray,
And she her way and his doth pay.

The farmer grows his grapes and bread;
And aye could live without a thread
Of silk so soft in city found—
His wool can grow on his own ground.

The farmer can a high wall place,
And all forbid to see his face;
But town folk must his produce gain,
If they on earth will long remain.

The farmer wears his last year's hat;
And what can you all say to that?
But we must dress to suit our friends
Or never make to them amends.

The Farmer's Boy, or Young Clarence.

Young Clarence is a farmer boy,
His father's hope, his mother's joy;
Long summer days he works on farm;
In winter time he learns like charm.

I oft have seen him in the field,
To make the weeds his sickle yield.
He drives the team all day amain,
And at his work doth aye remain.

How much he knows no tongue can tell—
He moves to music like the bell,
That swings far out from tower true
To send its sounds into the blue.

He moves to music God's world makes,
    At morn or noon as walks he takes.
Young Clarence Lincoln-like is reared,
    On farm whence men have heaven neared.

His days are spent with what does right—
    The cows, the horse, the sheep with might
Do serve the God who gave them birth—
    The boy who's right is full of mirth.

He sees the sun to rise so bright;
    He sees the stars come forth at night;
He learns from God the ever true;
    He learns what ne'er we live to rue.

On the Farms the Great are Made.

On farms the great are made, 'tis true as God
Doth reign beyond the bent rainbow in the cloud.
As sure as rills do channels deeper wear
The great, the strong, the true, on farms are made.

No one a moment will deny this truth;
But *why* the thinker asks does God above
On farms the bravest, brightest men aye make
Why not declare for college, grand and great?

Because machine-made men are not His kind;
Because the Teacher, Truth, excels mere clay;
Because when God has work his own to do,
He will His own, by plans His own aye teach.

And so it comes the farmer's boy can see
At night the curtain drawn across the day,
Which wedged between two nights has held her sway,
And traveled light-winged athwart the blue sky.

He sees the curtain drawn to close the day;
He sees it besprinkled with countless stars:
He sees the pale faced moon grow to her place;
But never sees the Hand the curtain move.

He learns to trust the Mind, Omnipotent,
That from a void of nothingness has made
Ten thousand worlds hid deep in endless space;
And swung us out on eternity's verge.

He learns by watching close the sunrise hour
To hope against the saddest seeming fate;
Because he knows the darkest hour lies near
The edge of gold that breaks the reign of night.

He learns in all reforms to move most slow;
Because the dark doth slow turn dingy gray,
As slow the great sun re-asserts himself
And quenches one by one the dying stars.

He learns to work while yet it is called day;
And thus he finds the value of each hour,
The seasons too confirm the same great truth:
And well he learns to sow if he would reap.

He works in days that God himself doth give;
He rests at night when God His curtain draws,
Around the couch which God himself doth guard,
He learns from God and cannot help be great.

The Old Snag.

It reared its form against the sky,
And braved the breeze with right good will;
Aye, faced each foe so stern and still
In sun and storm with wet and dry.

Young saplings bent and bowed in death,
While stalwart oaks uprooted lay—
The stern old stub had come to stay.
With leaves all gone it knew no breath.

It stood alone, ah so alone—
Nothing dare its form embrace;
For this would death bring on apace;
It did not for its space atone

By leaf to shade the panting sheep,
By bloom of promise that some day
It would with fruit its own way pay,
And made no craft for waters deep.

It took no place on lowly hearth
To cheer the farmer when his strife
All day so long and cold gave life
By change to children's happy mirth.

It made no harp for passing air,
No answer made murmuring rill,
As poured its waters down the hill
To find its bed in ocean fair.

It stood so still as if the ground,
Had curdled blood within its veins;
It stood as still as horse whose reins,
Had wrapt themselves a rock around.

While others lost their sweet perfume
It seemed as strong as strong could be—
Yea heeding not eternity,
Each spring its old life would resume.

It feared no foe and found no friend,
As days and weeks to years aye grew;
And Death, herself, claimed all but few;
Ne'er sun nor storm nor shade could end.

At length one day with man in corn,
As far from tree as stone is cast,
The stern old stub fell down at last,
As if it viewed all foes in scorn.

It died without a moment's haste,
Defied its foes and to their face
Said: "Strike *you* may but I my place
Will keep and ne'er a minute waste.

O stub so stern you've taught me how
To keep my place in storm and shade—
The place which God for me hath made;
And leave results for His own now.

The Farmer's Return.

(Written for Kansas Farm and Home.)

"Well wife," said Farmer Jones one day,
"I'm glad I'm back again from Rome;
For seems to me the only pay,
A man can git for goin' away
Is joy which comes in gittin' home.
I tell you wife, this old arm chair,
Is better than seats at Paris fair;
Or in them cabs that jar one's bones,
As slam they go over the stones.
Haste and hurry!
Rush and worry!
'Tis silver, gold, bills and flurry.

You know I saw my brother John?
Well wife, he's not the same old chap
He was when workin' my flat farm,
When ne'er he had a tho't of harm;
For loss of gold would be mishap;
Which John would kill within a year;
For gold's his God, my wife, I fear.
He talks his stocks at ten per cent,
But ne'er a dime for God is spent.
My heart was rent
With 'Ten per cent;
And stocks and shares and pay your rent!"

"I heard St. Peter's music chime;
And doubt not it was most grand:
But one time it made me 'most cry,
As Kansas with its clear blue sky,
Came back to me with prairie land.
I saw this house on level plain;
And wished to cross the raging main
To see my wife and children three;
And hear my daughter sing so free.
I'm glad I'm back
I'm off the rack,
That travel makes for my poor back.

"I told you how I crushed my hat
By settin' on it the first day;
And how some thief took watch from me,
The second night and got it free;
And how my money went same way.
So I laid over at New York;
And waited cheque from Neighbor Stork.
If I had knowed I could gone on;
And got the money from good John
In London bank
Among the rank;
And file of men as John don't thank.

"Well wife, where are my workin' clothes?
I'm glad to get out o' this black:
I won't go far away to-day;
Because our folks will come and stay,
When they find out that I've come back.
But then I want to see that colt—
They say he's as quick as a spring bolt"—
So out to field the farmer hies;
And lists to bird on wing that flies
And sings, "Chee! Chee!
Listen to me!
"I will, says Jones: "for you suit me."

Arrived in field he whistles shrill;
And soon his horses round him stand.
He strokes old Sam and pats old Jim,
As one by one they come 'round him.
"I'm glad to see you all on hand;
I would not give you for all fads
In bikes and busses with soft pads—
Ah! here's the colt and he's a roan;
I'll ne'er leave you without a groan.
Oh yes, old Black,
When on your back
No pleasure on this plain I lack.

"I tell you, lads, this much I've learned:
That gold will not a pleasure buy.
But love's exchanged and ne'er runs out.
And now I know what I'm about.
So when I leave this Kansas sky
I'll take my land and State as well;
And all of you with me shall dwell;
For after all I learned at Rome
That "best of journey" is gettin' home.
Yes! Yes! old Black,
'Tis on your back,
I'll travel hence and soon be back.'

The Poor Man's Appeal.

You know how poor I am to-day;
Because my wheat crop did not pay,
On bottom land for many years;
For which my wife spent days in tears.

The flood came on in month of May,
And took my forty ton of hay;
A cyclone wide took down my corn,
And left my babies all forlorn—

Their mother lay so cold, so still,
Just by the brook beneath the hill;
Her courage cured my aching brain—
But now she doth no more remain

With me and children three on farm
To guard our home from each alarm,
Which comes to us in Kansas dear,
Where Hope gives place to awful Fear.

Now you have plenty in your till;
Can you not help me start the mill,
I used to run a few years back,
When I with wife did know no lack?

My sister, Mary, lost her man,
When Cuban war but just began;
She'll come to live with me a year,
And then my babes will need not fear.

THE RICH MAN'S ANSWER.

My friend, I feel for you to-day;
But fear you'll not be able pay,
As once you did in days that's past,
Till years ago there came the last.

It came that year when Jerry went,
Where all must go when life is spent—
He used to back your ev'ry note,
And cast with us his ev'ry vote.

* * * * * *

But things have changed since then you know,
And time will never backward flow;
You must give me security,
Or anchor on Eternity.

Your farm's no use to you or me—
Your mill's as still as still can be;
Go try some other banker bold;
For I cannot be left in cold.

I'm sad to see you in such state,
And yet you've come to me too late;
I fear these farms that waters reach;
And think they should men better teach,

Than trust to them the season round,
When farms on high are easy found;
Come back, my friend to deal with me,
When grain is good as good can be.

The rich man died that very year;
And none there were who shed a tear
For him who helped himself alone;
And for his sins did ne'er atone.

His wife went veiled to hide her face,
Tho' soon she soothed her grief with place
In mansion fair as second wife
To one who kept in constant strife

The husband of her early love
By schemes and plans not known above
To angels fair who bending low,
Look down to see men better grow.

* * * * * *

The poor man lived to see his farm
Relieved from ev'ry cause of harm;
And passed at last beyond the skies,
Where land ne'er floods nor Hope e'er dies.

Fraternal Department.

The Odd Fellows.

The Fellows Odd in massive hall,
Are bound by chain of three small links,
Obey each just and righteous call;
And each from fountain, holy, drinks.

These Fellows Odd are rightly named;
For righteousness and truth and love,
Are all the faults for which they're blamed;
And these inherit from above.

Their halls are clean and pure and good;
Because they live for fellowman.
And in their halls a sisterhood,
Rebekahs aye the gulf doth span,

That stands a chasm in life's way.
As hate for hate so long return
By those whose eyes should love, aye, say
As hearts in love for others burn.

In sickness, health or hapless hate
This order, true to truth doth stand;
And, ever open, wide her gate,
For those begirth with Truth's own hand.

Oh live your life so strong and pure;
Go nurse your sick who grateful feel
Your life, your love will aye endure;
For hope doth keep thy vessel's keel.

Free Masonry.

Free Masonry! deep mystery! how long
Thou hast been fraught with wisdom from the
past,
So dim, so dark, so distant now that song
Of bard or words once penned on vellum fast,
Can throw no light on history's bright page,
To tell us whence ye came or where or why:
Thou art so old thou dost the oldest age
With papyrus or pen of steel defy.
Ye first were fraught in dawn perhaps to balance
rage.

Free Masonry! ye first on earth were formed:
It matters not to us or when or where—
One thing we know the wrong thou hast aye
stormed,
From whence ye came is neither here nor there.
Some say when Solomon his temple built,
Ye first held sway to punish vilest crime
Of him whose heart, whose head, whose hand had
Guilt
In thought, in plan, in deed, in darkest time;
Thus slew the first great architect sublime.

Free Masonry before the temple reared
Its form so proud that highest point did find
Was hidden deep in every heart and mind,
A place in heaven that God's own throne neared.
Free Masons guard their chambers most remote
By men whose lives on altars would be slain
Before a spy should cross the threshold, note
The mystic symbols, signs or secrets gain.

Free Masonry has been, is, and shall aye remain.
Free Masonry is the soil from which spring
All orders that this Union great doth know.
Free Masonry all burdens bear on wing
All signs and symbols, promises do show
In every order that to day is known
That days agone they shaped their course by craft,
That owns the square and compass as is shown
The others build on Masons' plan and raft,
Which bears their very roof is from Masons engraft.

Free Masonary thou mother of the earth,
Whose children stretch their tents to east and
west
And north and south—these had been very death,
The Fellows Odd, the Pyramids and rest,
That bask in ease on Fortune's billowed tide,
Had known no life without the compass true.
They lean on thee who dost the storm aye ride,
Tho' fierce the gale and clouded all the blue.
Free Masons, what you taught me once I'll never
rue.

Woodman.

Read at Memorial Service.

O Woodman we have seen thy face,
Where now we see an empty place;
The forest tall before thee fell
By sturdy stroke in dale and dell.

O Woodman, thou didst forward hew
Thy way as we kept thee in view;
Thou hast for years thy strength displayed,
Or else we had been oft dismayed.

O Woodman, by thy sturdy stroke,
Were found full oft our camp fire's smoke,
Where curled so far beyond our sight
To leave us aye in endless night.

Dost thou while borne on distant stream
Behold our axes all agleam?
Dost thou join us in camp by fire
With hand your own on heaven's lyre?

Canst thou not hear thy brethern say,
O Woodman, why so long away?
O Woodman, from that land of light,
Canst thou not see our endless night?

Bring back thy blade as keen as light;
And strike aside this endless night.
Thine axe hangs by so dull and still;
And make no sound on dale and hill.

O Woodman, time has laid thee low;
But many sweet wreaths on thy brow
The crowns, the wreath of worth,
Which Truth owes thee from day of birth.

The Rebekahs.

You sped thro' space on lightsome wing;
And doth o'er us thy magic fling.
In time now gone, we were so cold,
That naught could stir our hearts but gold.

Ref. Our love's with thee—
There let it be;
Our love is thine—
Thou art divine.

Rebekah thou has us well shown,
In life and love beside thee grown;
Like man and wife we watch with care,
And each the others honors share.

Rebekah rests on angel wing;
And doth our order glory bring.
From her on us great glories fall,
Each time on us she deigns to call.

Our love to thee thou wilt aye keep,
While climb we life's great rocky steep –
You're bound to bless by promise true;
And true you'll be while bends the blue.

The Pyramids.

Ye Pyramids as mystic as your name—
As great as Egypt is your fame;
As pyramids do acres hide,
Whose mighty peaks in sky reside:

So you will grow to hide the age;
And throne yourself on heaven's page.
As none now know how once were formed
Those mighty towers often stormed;

So 'tis with you, O Pyramid,
No price reveals the myst'ry hid,
As they for ages held the grain,
So you for ages will remain.

And as they held the dust of kings,
The Pyramid to us now brings
The relics of a mighty past—
You will survive the very last.

As pyramids, our only hope
To show us the cultured scope,
That days long gone now bring to light;
So Pyramids you banish night,

From our dear land, which else might be
So dearth of kindness but for thee.
You long have borne the stormy blast;
And may you stand till day, the last.

Knights of Pythias.

Knights of Pythias, strong and bold,
A relic of the days of old,
When knights and barons held their sway;
And forced great kings to give them way.

Your order much doth me remind,
Of days when knights alone were kind;
And spent long days and bitter nights
In winning all the weak their rights.

They forced the fight in forest dim
To free the fair in castles grim;
And forced the fierce to free the fair,
Tho' dashed to death in lion's lair.

In days of peace *you* hate the wrong,
As much as hero in the song,
Who dashed to death Goliath bold;
And bro't back Israel to the fold.

You stand to aid each other now,
Far more than king whose haughty brow,
Is diademed to show his might
To aid his people in the right.

Your duties do not wait till Death,
Has ta'en thy brother's latest breath.
But you've begun your work of love;
And will be faithful as a dove.

You learn to love before "Too late,"
Inscribed may be on heaven's gate.
Your kindness all the world doth know—
It comes from heaven here below.

The A. O. U. W.

O Order, well thou hast been named;
For union long thou hast been famed.
You aid the living for the dead;
And ne'er give stone for fish instead.

You help the husband better live;
And when he's gone, his widow give
A chance to dwell on God's fair soil,
Tho' husband can no longer toil.

You help the orphan while he's weak—
The day will come when he will speak,
Of you as one who gave him chance,
In this cold world to make advance.

You aid this nation much each year;
And to each state you are most dear.
All o'er this land you help men gain
So much that life is not in vain.

Your order many orphans train;
And help strong men their rights regain.
To-day so many honored be,
Who might go beg if not for thee.

You press the laurel on the brow
Of Labor that doth honor now
The Ancient Workman for his pains,
That help all to much greater gains.

The day will come when we shall know
How great from thee the blessings flow.
You have brought plenty to our race;
And can aye look us in the face.

The Brotherhood.

Well are ye named, ye noble race,
That stares each danger in the face.
Each stands by each or day or night;
And never will a brother slight.

You brave the gale, the storm, the fire;
And from the danger ne'er retire.
You place your honor in the van;
And hold your own aye man to man.

You hold your place thro' storm and shade,
In silent night thro' glen and glade:
You tread your freights thro' icy sleet;
And dare to do each danger greet.

When passenger lies fast asleep,
You are alert on mountain steep:
You watch for mark and sign and tree,
To know just where you ever be.

The world of tho't on you depend;
    Your life to us you ever lend.
O Brothers all, so staunch, so true,
    You are as sure as bending blue.

You pass the darkness of the night,
    While long to see those faces bright
Of wife and child you leave behind,
    Who never vanish from your mind.

Your dangers make you strong and brave;
    You are more brave as nears the grave.
Tho' others lose their better mind,
    You are to others true and kind.

Oh, long may your great order last,
    Till life, and death, and all are past;
And then we hope to find your name
    On books beyond, eternal fame.

The Royal Neighbors.

The Royal Neighbors to us give
Their lives that we may better live;
The Royal Neighbors to us came,
And never now can die our fame.

Ref. O sisters bright,
Ye banish night;
And campers wild,
Make sweet as child.

O woman since you came to camp,
The light of love is flung from lamp,
That once hung dim in lighted hall
Till you on us at last did call.

Ref.

O Neighbor, true, your soft'ning light
Drives from our midst our endless night;
O Neighbor, fair, it will be day,
As long as thou with us dost stay.

Ref.

The Sons and Daughters of Justice.

Your plan is for our good well wrought;
You have long years for justice fought;
And now you bring a scheme about,
Which puts the false to sudden rout.

We greet you with a pleasant smile;
And know you will the youth beguile,
To share with Sons and Daughters right;
And learn the false thro' you to slight.

We learn the logic of your plan;
And stand by it aye man to man.
When Death doth come his own to take,
The living find you no mistake.

You clothe the naked, hungry feed—
Your wealth doth come in greatest need.
You have a right in this fair land;
We now to you extend our hand.

May you abide while this world swings;
And while the vault of heaven rings,
With sounds of praise for what is right;
And may you shine like star at night.

The Eastern Star.

O morning Star that now doth rise,
Beside the Mason none despise:
Your light, your love, a ling'ring ray,
That ushers in our glory-day.

Our glory-day it well may be;
Since to the east we haste with thee.
You lingered long before you came,
To throw a halo round our name,

Like that dear Star in eastern sky,
That to all doubt makes sweet reply,
You promised us the night had past;
And glory-day had come at last.

We look with dread upon that night,
Before you came with soft'ning light,
To drive the coward dark away;
And bring to us an endless day.

The night we had is all forgot—
No day can be where thou art not:
All heaven-light around thee cling;
Thou dost to us all blessing bring.

Demitted and Dislodged.

"How are you now, my friend," he cried,
"I am quite ill," the man replied.
"I have no claim on your great lodge,
Tho' never I my dues did dodge.

"I was demitted days gone by;
And on you now do not rely."
"What wealth have you on hand to-day?
Is it enough to pay your way?"

"I have two dollars in my purse;
And after that may come my curse."
"The curse and you will never meet—
Your bills are paid across the street.

Your grocer, doctor, none will fail—
I on the lodge will well prevail.
Just have your time, and comfort take;
You shall be fed, and no mistake."

* * * *

The church to which the sick belonged,
Had not his place in numbers thronged;
Because they said they'd not "invest"
In him who paid some less than rest.

National Department.

Canada.

O Canada, sweet northern clime,
With men so brave, so true, sublime;
And women fair as fair can be,
As true, as loyal and as free.

O Canada, with forests grand,
With people free in all your land:
You never lashed the back of slave
In land that meets three oceans' waves.

You have a people well content;
Because their lives in thee are spent.
They live in light and liberty
Beneath her own sweet Majesty,

Whose empire travels with the light;
Whose empire knows no sunless night.
Most Gracious Victorian Queen,
Doth love that land she ne'er has seen.

O Canada, your laws, your light,
All come from England's glory-bright.
Which ages long to her have brought;
Tho' many nations vainly sought.

O Canada, so rich in soil,
That England gained by so much toil.
Your burdens light upon you rest—
Old England truly you have blest.

You stretch your soil from sea to sea,
O bright and fresh aye happy lea,
Whose hardy race for England fights--
You bear the world so many lights.

Mackenzie and Macdonald brought
Great glory by divers means sought
To land as fair and aye as true,
As any now beneath the blue.

To England.

O England whence our fathers came;
O England of untarnished name;
O England, Mistress of the sea;
O England with your islet lea.

Your ships agleam on ocean wide
For many nations will decide
Their law, their language and their love
For thee whom God sent from above.

O England with your mighty past,
You have *our* lot for time o'ercast.
On England long ago you came;
And gave to us our early fame.

O England with thy Saxon blood,
We haste to fame as rushing flood,
Bears all before its mighty sway;
So foes to us will aye give way.

O England, mother of our race,
May we to-day with thee keep pace
To plant our flag, the flag to free
All men tho' savage they may be.

O England linked to thee by birth,
May we with thee the world engirth,
With ships agleam on every sea
To carry peace from lea to lea.

Ireland.

O "Emerald Isle," sweeter than your name;
O "Emerald Isle" wonderful your fame.
Hibernia, a gem God-set in deep;
Your path thro' ages, rocky and so steep.

O Island, thou art fairest in the main;
Thy stormy struggles stern, have not been vain.
They seemed to serve the slave or servile king;
But yet to *us* great blessings they did bring.

For years they bound us close to Ireland's side;
For years *our* ships so swift to Ireland ride:
And never empty left this side the main;
For aid to thee we could not long detain.

For years you fought to find the land your own,
Which gave you birth; and is it not well known
That *he* who lives to toil and till the ground,
Has title clearer than a lord has found?

And then, O Ireland, brave and strong and true
You struggled under men you never rue—
The Butts, O'Connell's, O'Neils, Donnells,
McCarthyites and self-sustained Parnells.

But why continual strife from age to age?
Doth history not tell on her fair page
That you determined not to be a slave
To England just across the Channel's wave?

Then has not England yielded one by one
To your demands and won the world's "well done?"
She grants "domestic rule" to you to-day;
Because you fought to govern self alway.

Then too, the creed, the church of your own choice,
Has been freed by O'Connell's sweetest voice
In English Parliament once so well known,
To plead for *right* as has long since been shown.

O Ireland Cromwell-crushed in days of yore
Stand staunch, strive, struggle on for ever more.
God-given Gladstones will come to thine aid,
As sure as Love himself has by you staid.

O Emerald-tinted gem set in blue,
As beautiful as maiden's tell-tale hue,
Which mute its way doth steal and serves reveal
Her love to him before he her doth appeal.

Scotland.

O land with race not conquered yet;
A race the world can ne'er forget;
A race as hardy as your soil;
A race that none could ever foil.

O land whose clans have been most fierce,
Till taught of Him whom men did pierce;
Your stubborn soil has trained men true,
Till none a Scotchman ever rue.

Your Bruces, Malcomes and your Grames
Have well been matched by English dames,
Who sat enthroned in Scottish chair
To beard the lion in his lair.

O Scotchman in your mountains fast,
You aye have conquered at the last,
Unconquered you to England yield;
And now Old England you will shield.

O Scotchman glory great you bring
To him enthroned as England's king.
In war Scotch Grays can find no match
She honors high for England snatch.

The Scotch are great in ev'ry place—
They look the world square in the face:
They fear no foe tho' fierce his hate;
They cling quite close to heaven's gate.

Germany.

O Germany, whose stalwart race
Can look the world straight in the face;
Because your institutions true,
Are fair as aught beneath the blue.

You train your men to carry arms,
And thus rest free from war's alarms.
Your music aye is in the van;
You fear no foe in any man.

Your creed, your church, your country true,
No nation ever needs to rue;
For they will bless, but never curse,
And aid all hands to well-filled purse.

O Germany, you foremost stand,
Upheld by God's own mighty Hand,
O Germany, your well-run race,
Has won for you the highest place.

Sweden.

O Sweden sweet as flowing rill;
And yet as staunch as mighty hill,
That back your wave-washed, happy home;
And reach God's blue and endless dome,

O Sweden tho' thou art so small,
Thou canst give light to nations all;
For in thy diet thou dost stand
The envy of a greater land.

Ay, Sweden all thy native blood,
Would stain thy snows or rivers flood,
Before a foreign foe should find
A slave in you to suit his mind.

O Sweden, with your mighty past,
You held your own in mountain fast;
And well I know you'll worthy be
Of greatest nation we can see.

France.

Fair France the land of chivalry and romance,
That aye doth ev'ry science first advance;
The proudest, most polished, and rarest race,
That keeps her time too quick for Time's own pace.

Thy dashing, daring Rosseau and Voltaire;
Tho' wrong in part showed us how better fare;
Unmasked the nobles' haughty pride and greed;
Showed man that man was master of his deed.

They showed to subjects what they showed to
kings—
How each to each is equal in all things;
They showed how man can rise to equal self;
And set aside the king's great power and pelf.

The writings bold of men like these inflame
The peasant, merchant till in his own name,
He levels king, noble, church and all wealth;
So long been hoarded for the caste by stealth.

True, France you slew your king, your queen,
your pride;
True, your blood drenched the land on ev'ry side;
True, law and custom hid their heads in shame;
The clouds that came came all in Freedom's name.

When all the horizon was wrapt in night;
And mob-law massed its grim and reckless might,
Napoleon shone forth like some brilliant star,
Discovered by sudden cloud-rift afar.

Then soon, fair France, thy force faced other
lands,
On Russia's wintry snows or burning sands;
Sahara's wealth on verge of Egypt's past,
You forced the fight to free or lose at last.

At first, fair France, you fought to others free,
That they like you might kings, *as they were*, see;
But then you grandly fought to glory gain,
And battles bought with blood, but all in vain;

For ere the eagle flapped his wings on field,
All gory with life, once his life did shield,
You learned that lusty love was all he bore,
Who led you on and on for ever more.

Napoleon had no higher aim than grow
Most great o'er graves made grassy-green to show
How much he knew, how great his skill on plain,
Where rich the blood of France made next year's
grain.

O liberty-loving aye changing France,
Thou hast since then made glorious advance,
Till now we know thee lover of the right;
And ready aye to break the freshest light.

In Lafayette we see, we know thy worth
No tyrant shall his throne aye tyrant-girth;
For French Lafayettes shall ever free
The great, the good, the true where e'er they be.

Queen Victoria.

Queen Victoria died Jan. 22, 1901, at Cowes, Isle of Wight.

O England, more than filled with dread,
Spell-bound before your august dead,
Right bitter are my tears that fall
Since now thy Queen is past recall;
She reigned in land I owe for birth,
A land for aye in glory girth.

The scalding drops start down my face;
I love till now my native place.
O Queen, so sweet, so good, so pure;
For heaven's self did aye allure.
O Queen, a nation's idol lost—
How much your death the world has cost!

O Queen, aye first, in truth, and love,
Like God, himself, in land above.
O Queen, the noblest of your race,
You heaven had within your face.
O Queen you lived at heaven's gate;
We know you now; but 'tis too late.

No foe so fierce in all your realm;
But does to-day with grief e'erwhelm.
O Queen you fought most fierce yourself;
And conquered love of praise and pelf.
O Queen, more fair than flower blows,
O Queen, more pure than falling snows.

A *thousand* hearts their homage beat;
But *one* became thy life retreat.
Your high-born Albert loved afar,
Was to thy life a ruling star.
His love of learning lingered still
In her who loved the vale and rill;

In her who woed the Scottish hill,
When dead he was so cold and still.
Her summer spent in heart of God,
She gathers flowers from His sod.
Sweet Albert woed and won a wife,
Who hated war, and bitter strife.

Her children learned to love the Good,
Not yet by us quite understood;
Because a life, so pure, divine,
Is hid in Him who called her, "Mine."
May Albert know his mother's grace;
Now he has ta'en his mother's place.

Her subjects' love for her will last,
When death and time and all are past.
Her subjects learned more simple be—
Not one so great, so good as she.
Her mercy like the promise-bow,
Did bend o'er all, the high, the low.

Her love is felt in ev'ry clime;
The heathen knows her all sublime.
Great kings afar their homage pay,
As birds do sing their roundelay
To Him, who doth them blessings bring;
To Him, they own their Heaven-King.

* * * * * *

A woe-won wave—all ocean's swell;
So sad it strikes a sullen knell.
The land, all draped, a stubborn night;
The good, the great, has ta'en her flight.
Her flight? ah, no! she aye will stay;
Her life still lives—*it* is not *clay*.

Gray Minster wide her portals fling;
For Death hath still her venomed sting.
Place! backward bear, ye ages past;
Your Queen is first, and shall be last.
Turn pale, ye urns; give place and meet;
Your noblest comes; give place and greet.

To Gladstone.

O Gladstone, sleep in calm disdain,
Of those who would a throne regain,
O Gladstone, on whose open brow,
We know the light of heaven now.

O Gladstone, in whose mighty mind
A god enthroned we ever find—
The god of truth and right and love,
As pure as He who reigns above.

O Gladstone, ever in the right,
You banish aye our endless night;
O Gladstone, mighty as the race,
To whom we yield an honored place.

O Gladstone, with thy life so sweet,
We find in thee all virtues meet;
O Gladstone with form aye divine,
Shine on this dim, dark life of mine.

To Tennyson.

O Tennyson, whose mellow light,
Doth overflow my day or night;
In you all glories seem to blend,
As hours with you in bliss I spend.

O Tennyson, you stand alone,
With ne'er a fault to make atone.
O Tennyson, thou art divine,
As strikes your light on soul of mine.

O Tennyson, so oft I meet
Your face, your form upon the street;
And when all muses round me play,
I know *you* are not far away.

O Tennyson, whose mighty art,
I fail to show in humbler part,
Give me a ray of that great light,
You need not now in land so bright.

The Union.

O Union stronger far than death,
You make the mighty hold their breath;
Since Dewey sank the Spanish fleet,
The great and small give rev'rence meet.

Your flag doth float on ev'ry sea;
And kisses breeze by ev'ry lea.
Your flag that never knew disgrace,
Now borne above the greatest race.

A Washington our flag did plan—
The world knows not a purer man.
He made a nation back pursue;
And many battles they did rue.

A Lincoln, Garfield, and a Grant,
Too noble were for sham or cant—
The lives they lived we feel to-day;
Their *dust* alone returned to clay.

O Union, envy of each race,
You stand 'fore God aye face to face;
You bring the light from all the past—
You are now *first* and shall be *last.*

Your soil, your sons, full freedom know;
You have more light than aught below.
The sons who come from over-sea
Their freedom find on thy dear lea.

There is no land so dear to me;
For I with thee am ever free.
I hope thy flag that floats so free,
Shall girdle all the world for thee.

Miscellaneous.

The English Meadow Lark.

I sit and look across the years;
And hear sweet music in my ears:
It is sweet music from afar;
And seems to come from distant star.

It is a lark so modest true,
All bent on praise in yon bent blue.
She is close hid from our dim sight;
But lost in love, and Love's own light.

O lark, why leave the meadows gay;
And pass so far from nest away?
Why dost thou leave thy fledgling new?
Is it for light a clearer view?

Thou canst not tell thy love to God,
Amid the flowers in his sod.
Thou must adore thy God, alone,
Where he is seated on His throne.

O bird you pass beyond our ken;
And little care for sight of men:
We hear thee far beyond our sight;
And know thou art in heaven's light.

O bird, you bring much blame to mind—
My toil is all for *men* I find.
You leave your burden on the ground;
But mine, from me, is never found.

O lark, in love you go on high
In love return to duty nigh.
O lark, you build on lowest ground;
Altho' your song is highest found.

T. Elmer Lucey.

The author met the poet, T. Elmer Lucey of Atlanta, Ga., in Oswego, July 5th, 1900; and in the presence of the latter wrote:

O Caroline my Friend so sweet,
May we some day forever meet,
Where Lucey may bear all the light;
And drive from me this endless night;

For Lucy's love I shall secure,
Where heaven's light for aye endure.
Our time so brief has bro't relief
To me; for I have all belief

In thee and thine; thy past and now;
And feel that in the dim somehow
Somewhere, some when, some why,
When greater thou, I shall reply

In humble way express my love
To thee altho' thou'lt be above
My plans, my pains, my pen my will;
And yet as now I'll love thee still.

To Edwin R. Harris.

To Edwin R. Harris, of Parsons Kans. author, "The Half Has Never Been Told; or the Alpha and Omega," whom the author met in Feb. 1901 in Oswego Kansas.

My friend, with tho't to God so near,
Your life to me is ever dear;
Because you strike the sordid mind,
With tho't in God each day you find.

Your life in love to Him you spend,
Who will to all His glory lend,
That listen long His voice to hear;
And throw aside all guilty fear;

The fear that comes from loss of wealth—
The fear that makes men rich by stealth,
Is strange to thee, thou noble scribe,
Who never knew the force of *bribe*.

May your work tell the other half,
A mine of wealth in our behalf,
Who now aspire to higher life,
Beyond this mean and petty strife!

To Prof. J. N. Whybark, Carthage, Mo., author "Child's Music Course."

O Friend, so grand, so good, so true.
Like Him who bends from yonder blue
Thy time, thy toil, thy talents all,
Belong to Him who did thee call;

And give to thee all children's love,
As pure as God, himself above.
I know He moves thee by His art,
To bear for Him so manly part.

Somebody knows.

Somebody knows the tough that fought;
Somebody knows how votes are bought;
Somebody knows the gossip new;
Somebody keeps the vile in view.

Somebody knows the hidden tear;
Somebody knows the lurking fear;
Somebody's hand is soft and mild;
Somebody soothes the dying child.

Somebody bets to make and win;
Somebody sells the curse'd gin;
Somebody gives another pain;
Somebody brings that awful stain.

Somebody dies in fear and pain;
Somebody would *this* world regain;
Somebody's name makes mother blush;
Somebody's shame others crush.

Somebody dies—no regret;
Somebody—our tears are wet;
Somebody in heaven now;
Somebody with gloried brow.

Klondykes Ibidden.

Each man is master of his fate,
May fling wide open Fortune's gate;
Each one with nerve and force and will;
May find new fields to conquer still.

Where shall I find this boundless wealth?
To-day the rich grow rich by stealth.
How shall *I* shine like some good star,
That keeps its place in heaven far?

Your klondyke is your wealth of mind,
That in yourself you aye may find.
If this fine tale you now detest,
Just try it, Friend, is my request.

I eat, I sleep, I walk, I talk—
At ev'ry turn of life I balk:
I am a dog in manger strong,
To bark at all that come along.

I spend my days and weeks in rage;
Or bend my eyes on sacred page.
I read the vilest trash I find;
Or fill my life with God's own mind.

I doze, I daze, I dream away
The time I ought with God to stay.
When sin's exprest, I take my flight;
Or plunge in it to endless night.

My life is centered in myself:
I spend it all for praise or pelf.
I have each day my peace with God;
Or feel the force of his fierce rod.

I go to battle on the plain,
And leave the ground all gory stain;
Or with God's Book I bless His race,
And live with Him aye face to face.

The glist'ning dew-drop on the blade,
Reveals you sun that God has made;
So may my life present my God,
As doth His daisy in the sod.

I wrangle, jangle with my kind;
Or all their hearts in love I bind.
No force *outside* can me degrade;
I am myself just what I've made.

My health is just what I desire;
I am what most I now admire.
My health is just what I have bought,
By years of toil and stubborn thought.

I am, myself, this dark world's light;
And sweep apast my endless night;
I am as much the son of God,
As He who felt the awful rod.

Like Him I must be nailed to tree,
If I like him am heaven-free.
Like Him I must this dark world fight,
If I would pass to endless light.

Like His, my hands, my feet must be
Firm nailed while flows my blood most free.
Like him I'll stand all staunch alone,
Till God shall lift me to His throne.

I know just what I want to learn;
I have just what I want to earn.
E'en heaven's self can never give
More bliss than this in which I live.

I am just what I want to be;
I see just what I want to see;
I go just where I want to go;
I do just what I want to do.

I have no single hour to waste;
I'm not so foolish as to haste;
Tho' Vice may haste to gain an end,
Sweet Virtue waits a stauncher friend.

I have the church of my own choice,
Where I go mad; or aye rejoice;
It is my own, tho' naught to Him,
Who satisfies my every whim.

This world is just the world I make;
I have in it just what I'll take.
I live just where I want to live;
And give just what I want to give.

My *next* will be a world of bliss;
If I but live in love in this;
Because the next is ruled by Him,
Who governs this; but not by *whim*.

The Cloud.

I am now nursed in Splendor's hue,
Beneath the ever bending blue;
I form a diadem in air
Of all the world I'm fairest fair.
The sun to me his glory lends;
His ev'ry hue for me he bends.

I am a gem of God's own brow,
The "bow of promise," you see now;
I circle all the throne of God;
Yet springle daisy in the sod:
I am a mantle on the plain;
And yet in air I still remain.

I am as white as mountain snow;
And yet as dark as mine below.
I hide the evening star from sight;
And wrap your world in mantle tight.
I speak in thunder's awful voice;
And yet the plains on earth rejoice.

I carry lightning-bolts with speed;
And cleave the oak like river-reed.
I shake my dewey wings in air;
And flowers flourish, fairest fair.
When battles bloody red the plain,
I sweep away the horrid stain.

I change my form and face and hue;
But never yet did what I rue.
I am as honest as the life
I keep from bitter, useless strife.
I keep the flower fresh, that God
Has given place upon the sod.

I make a circle round the moon;
And bring a storm to you full soon.
I make a girdle for the sun,
Where fresh her rubies have begun
To gleam and glitter in the air;
And then we know Old Sol so fair.

I pass so swift o'er mountain, plain;
Yet fierce volcanoes will remain;
As horrid sights I once have seen,
Before I found the sunny sheen,
That forms great rainbows on my floor,
Which may be seen thro' my tent's door.

I push aside my curtains wide;
And then the gods cannot decide
Between the sky in lake so true,
And that which lies in yonder blue.
There is each star that twinkles still
In patch of blue in water's rill.

My roof's so thin that angels bend,
As o'er they walk and rainbow lend
The shape we see in circling form—
The "bow of promise" after storm.
They cling upon my gloried hue;
And shape me like the bending blue.

I once was dead and in my grave,
    While far above the moaning wave,
In dirges dismal marked the spot;
    Or else I had been all forgot.
My grave was far from mortal ken—
So deep it ne'er was known to men.

I still am black as maned night
    Except *his* presence makes me bright,
Who called me forth from that deep main,
    Where ages hid I did remain.
My colors change from day to day
    As he is near or far away.

He rocks me in his mighty arms;
    And keeps me free from all alarms.
I lose my form, my place, his face;
    But ne'er can lose his endless grace.
I change but ne'er can cease to be—
    My life will last as long as he.

The following little poem was not intended for this or any other book, but it was written by Bertie, the author's eleven-year-old boy, who lives near Renton, Ontario, Canada, with his grandpapa, Mr. Arthur Anderson; and mailed the author in a letter, which reached Oswego March 4, 1901. In the letter Bertie said, among much else; "I don't know whether I ever told you that my talent was school teaching* * * * I have wrote one piece of poetry with two stanzas in." It was as follows:

What God Gave Us.

God gave us a beautiful nose to smell,
And a heart to love Him and escape hell,
He gave us a tongue to taste
Candies and cakes and all kinds of paste.

He gave us a voice to talk nice and clear
And he sent us the Lord Jesus to come down here.
Although he gave us a great many things
He gave all the birds each one pair of wings.

I'm Free.

I'm free as breeze that blows on sea;
I'm free as bird that crosses lea;
I'm free as barque aye homeward bound;
I'm free as bird in woodland found.

I'm free as air that boundless lies
To wrap the earth beneath the skies.
I'm free as rose that blows on tree;
And breathes sweet fragrance all for me.

As rainbow curves itself in cloud,
And there it's beauty all is found;
So I may turn to God my mind,
And God's own likeness must me find.

I'm free to love but not to hate;
I'm free to linger at the gate,
Which opens wide upon the light,
Where angels know no day or night.

I'm free to serve the God they love;
I'm free to place my tho't above;
I'm free to do my Master's will;
I'm free as flows the bubbling rill.

I'm free to watch the bending blue,
While float apast the clouds so true;
So true; because they tell the tale
Of sun, or storm, or swiftest gale.

I'm free to love but not to hate;
I'm free to wait at God's own gate
For message like the docile dove;
Then tell to men that "God is love."

Purity and Power.

Purity and Power go hand-in-hand;
Purity and Power govern this land;
Purity and Power eternal mates;
Purity and Power decide our fates,

Purity and Power can ne'er divorce;
Purity and Power good Fortune force;
Purity and Power all heaven knows;
Purity and Power all heaven grows.

Purity and Power no trouble know;
Purity and Power from heaven flow;
Purity and Power this nation freed;
Purity and Power can know no greed.

Purity and Power old England fought;
Purity and Power our fathers brought.
Purity and Power will lift from clod;
Purity and Power belong to God.

Then not Now.

In days not yet my ship shall be
    All laden with *good* for you and me.
To-day the dark doth fill our sky;
    To-day my heart beats sad reply.

In days not yet I shall aye see
    The rainbow bend o'er you and me.
To-day she's storm-tossed far at sea;
    To-day we watch our ship from lea.

In days not yet I shall go home
    To rest beneath God's lovely dome.
To-day my foes do fiercer grow;
    To-day the vale is dark below.

In days not yet the ocean wild,
Will rest as peaceful as a child.
To-day the clouds drift dark and drear;
To-day my heart is filled with fear,

In days not yet my barque, agleam,
Shall pass down life's smooth, sunlit stream.
To-day I drift to die alone;
To-day no Christ seems to atone.

Up in a Balloon.

Balloonist, Prof. Spencer, in Oswego, Fall of 1900, gave the author some experiences he had in ballooning.

Up in a balloon so steep;
Into the moon I once did peep;
All up in that balloon so far
I could have reached the morning star.

Just when I sat beneath the sun,
My parachute swift downward flung,
By jerk upon the rope so true,
That left behind the bending blue.

I looked adown on city tall—
It seemed child's playhouse, that is all.
The streets were just a pencil mark,
I reached a place beyond the lark.

A row of trees seemed clover-high
The crowd between them seemed so nigh—
It might have been a bending leaf,
That clung like ear upon the sheaf.

But now the pendulum I swing,
    While to my bar I madly cling;
I swing a hundred feet in space
    While anxious look for landing place.

I must that house beneath me dodge;
    And not on fence a moment lodge.
I fear that team that's tied secure;
    I must away from them for sure.

Yes; I am both fence and team-free.
    How can I catch that staunch old tree?
One hand withdraws as quick as thought,
    And to the limb is quickly brought.

The limb so brittle in my hand--
    It breaks and how shall I now land?
My mind was bent upon the tree;
    And I forgot and made me free

From parachute to which I clung,
Which from my hand now glibly swung.
I quickly slid adown the tree;
And struck the sidewalk, full and free.

My arm hung loosely by my side
And soon a doctor said in pride;
"I patched your arm in places three;
And in a month or so you're free.

Just keep your courage up my boy,
When you get home there'll be much joy."
I have been smashed quite oft since then;
And yet like other foolish men,

I'll spend my life so wife doth dread;
And then at last I'll go home dead,
And yet my babe is my balloon,
I'll go with her right to the moon.

Not My Own.

Not my own is dawn of day;
Not my own the lark so gay;
Not my own the song that rings—
Heaven's portal open swings

Not my own the gray that's cast—
Dark retreats; the night is past.
Not my own the bending blue—
God's own self, so pure, so true.

Not my own the daylight sweet,
Bending low the dark to greet;
Not my own the rising sun;
Fair the day has just begun.

Not my own the brooklets flow,
Till to ocean they will grow;
Not my own the billowed crest,
Pointing aye to all that's blest.

Not my own the flowers wild—
Each in each sees God's own child;
Not my own the petaled rose,
Thorne`d yet not God oppose.

Not my own the life I live—
God owns life His life doth give;
Not my own His sweetest grace,
Known to those who see His face.

All my own that cloud of sin;
All my own the lack within;
All my own that bitter woe.
God above remains my foe.

The Horse Buyer.

He scanned the horse from head to hoof;
And looked in vain for spavin's proof;
"The teeth," said he "are to well worn—
For many years he has fodder torn."

"He's not a day more than ten year;—
As I can prove by neighbor Gear"—
The other said, in quick reply—
"And on this nag you can rely,"

"He has a spavin there I see,"
"Oh, no! that's where one used to be;
I burned that out two years have past;
And in a race he'll not be last."

"That hip's dropt some, it is quite clear,"
"Oh, well; there's nothing to cause fear;
When but a colt of only three,
He fell on ice so don't you see?"

"I cannot give you what you ask—
To get him in shape is no small task,
I'll give you ten less and just risk,
If he can trot off now quite brisk."

The owner of the horse is changed;
And with tail cropped and mane arranged—
The white spots near the hoofs made black;
And harness new upon his back.

Next day we see him started out,
So swiftly whirled and turned about—
So few would know it was "Old Jim,"
That had been bought by one Sam Slim.

The man who just the day before,
Declared the horse could nevermore,
Be used to bring a profit bright,
Said now the horse was more than *right*.

His price had grown in ten short hours;
Because "Old Jim," you see was *ours*,
In that same time each fault he lost;
And from now out would doubly cost.

Let Me Know When I Cross.

Let me see the hand that strikes down my life,
Tho' part none I have in bitter strife,
Which finds me close on yon river's edge,
Where never grows the murmuring sedge.

Let me see the ferry long and dim,
Where first I meet with still boatmen, grim:
Let me know when first I touch the sea,
Whose boundless surge rise to meet the lea.

Let me cling a moment, firm and tight,
'Fore I plunge for aye to endless night,
Let me grasp, just once, the mane`d night;
Before all hopeless I sink from sight.

Let me, while I cling once backward look;
And see day's glamoring light, a book
Opened once, in which I saw or thought
I saw how life for aye might be bought.

Nay, more, let me cling to some fond love,
Gave me faith in life that is above.
Oh may I on some fond breast recline;
And hear sweet words, "Thou art now divine."

'Fore I reach the searching, surging sea,
'Fore I lose all mem'ry of the lea;
'Fore this mortal coil that clings my life,
Shall loose its hold and cease its strong strife,

Oh may I not hear the words of One,
"Thou art all mine, now my will is done?"
O human heart extend to that place,
Where I shall meet the new face to face.

Not my will, O God, brought from the dust
All I am, is but thy mandate, "You must,"
Not my will, O God, has called me hence,
Wilt thou not, O God, be my defence?

Not my will, O God, has made my choice:
I mourn, I sigh, I weep, or rejoice,
Just as thou will and ne'er as I will;
So God, thou Holy, my next life fill.

O God, my God tho' I know thee not,
What shall I be when all is forgot?
What shall I be in that darksome land,
No friend, no foe will lead by the hand?

Italy.

O Italy, eternal blue
Sky-bent o'er thee, a land as true,
As ever fought eternal shame;
And gained deserved eternal fame.

You have your rights with blood aye bought—
The blood that tyrants aye have sought—
By base design of bribe and crown,
Rejected all with fiercest frown,

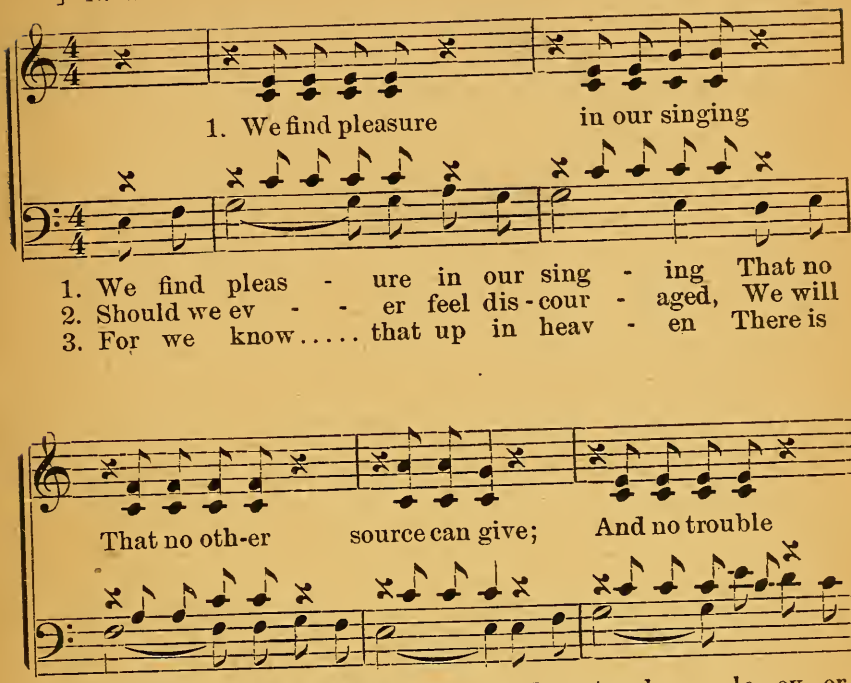
You hurled your jav'lins at the foe,
'Mid shot and shell and awful woe;
You washed your hands in tyrants' blood;
And banished all like mighty flood.

O Italy, fond music—art
You claim your own—not just a part;
O Italy where sweetest strain,
Hath come to us aye to remain.

O Italy, gave Colon birth,
Who hath this land in glory 'girth;
O Italy, may well be proud,
We'll sing your praises long and loud.

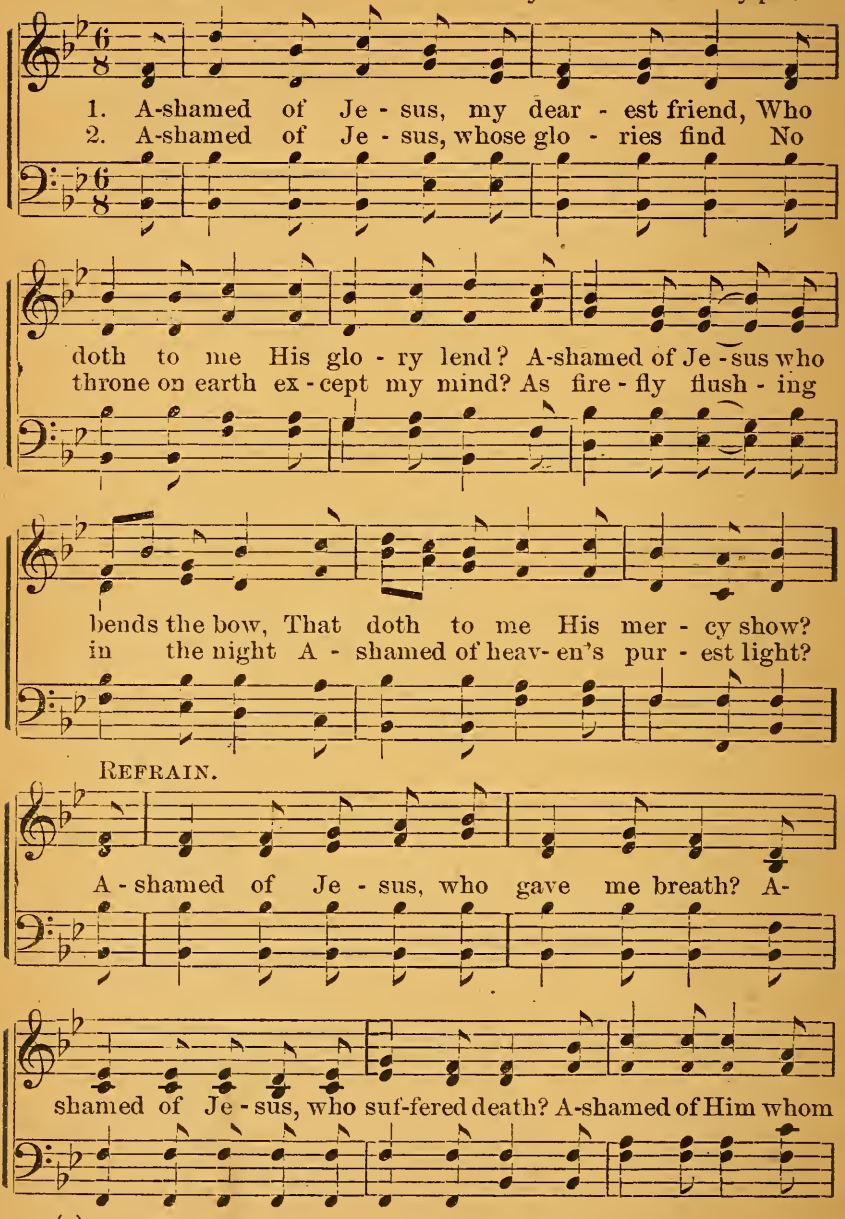
PLEASURE IN SINGING.

J. N. W. J. N. WHYBARK. By per.

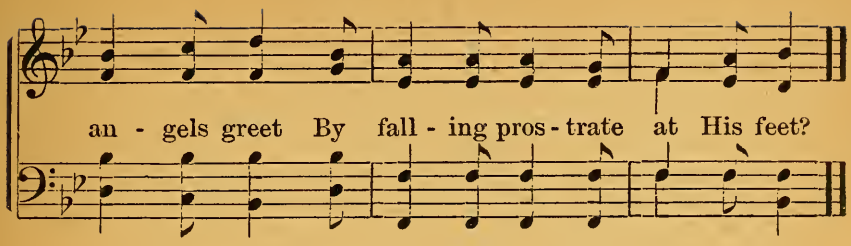


ASHAMED OF JESUS.

ARTHUR CREASY. J. N. WHYBARK. By per.



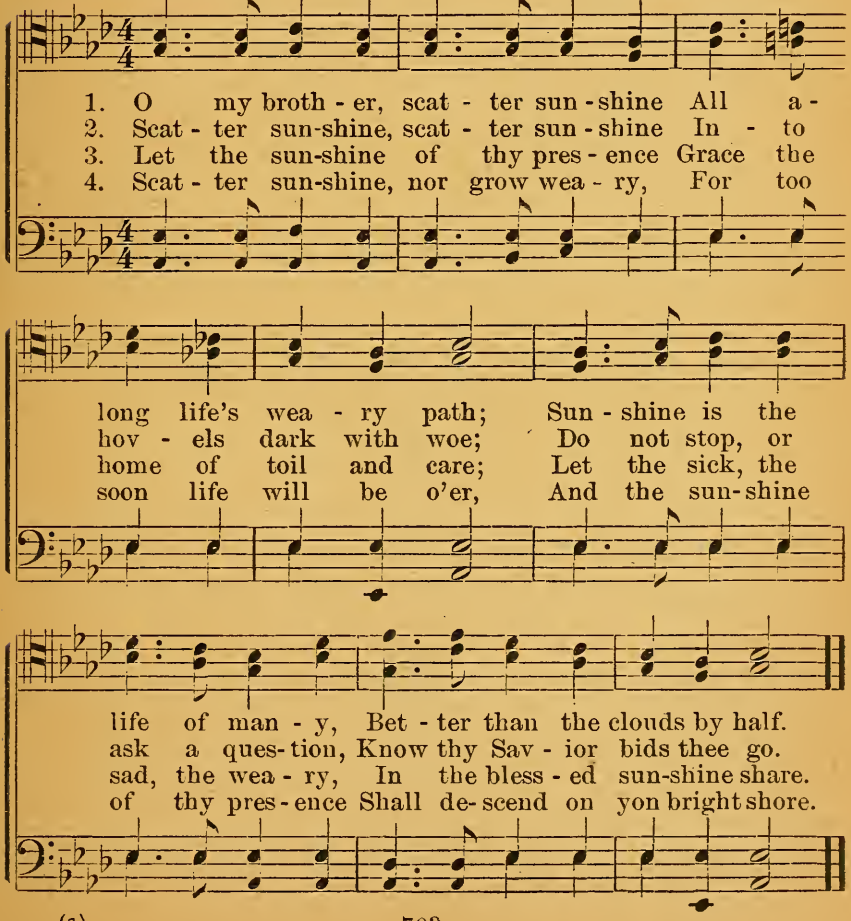
ASHAMED OF JESUS.



SCATTER SUNSHINE.

(MALE QUARTET.)

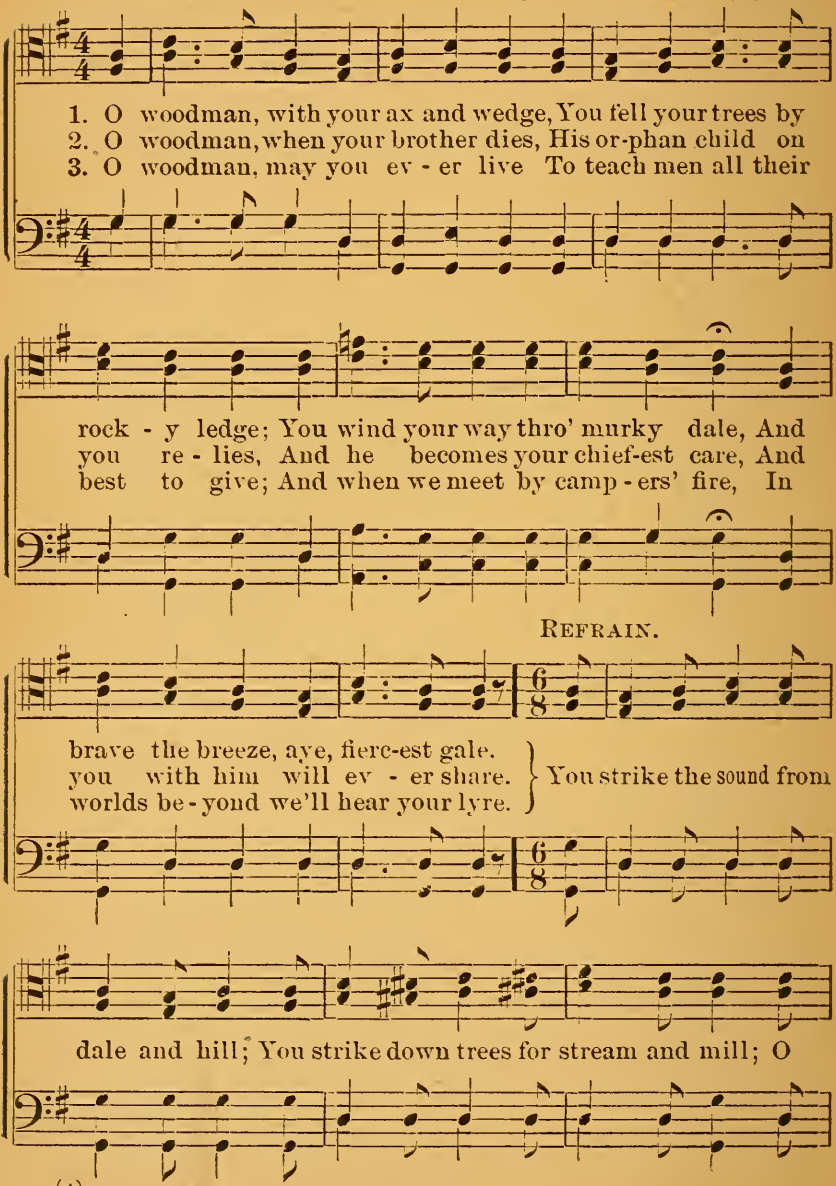
ROSALIE THOMPSON. J. N. WHYBARK. By per.



THE WOODMEN.

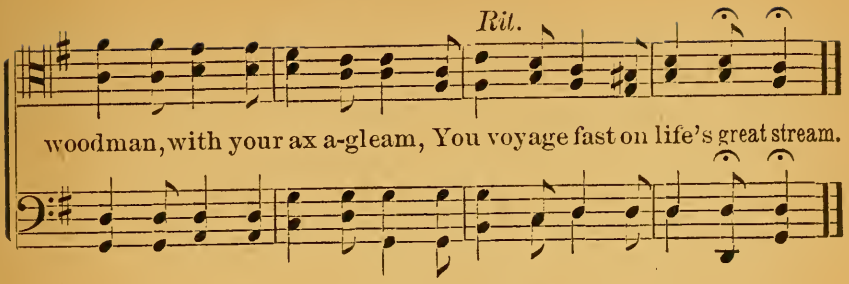
(MALE QUARTET.)

ARTHUR CREASY. J. N. WHYBARK. By per.



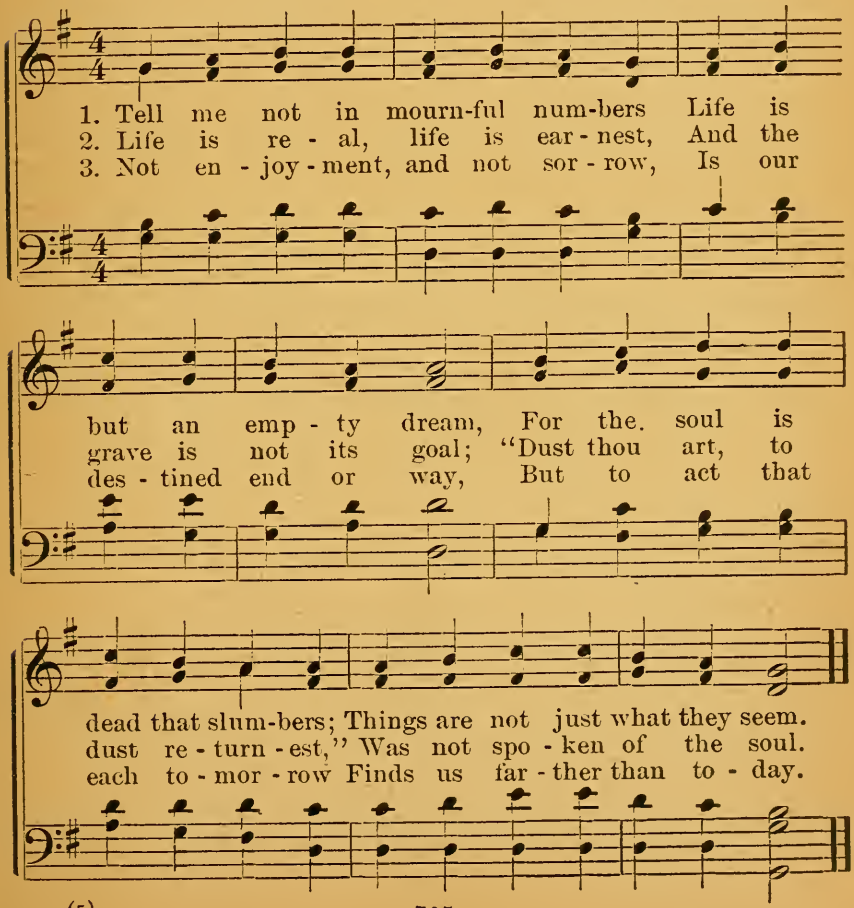
(4)

THE WOODMEN.



TELL ME NOT.

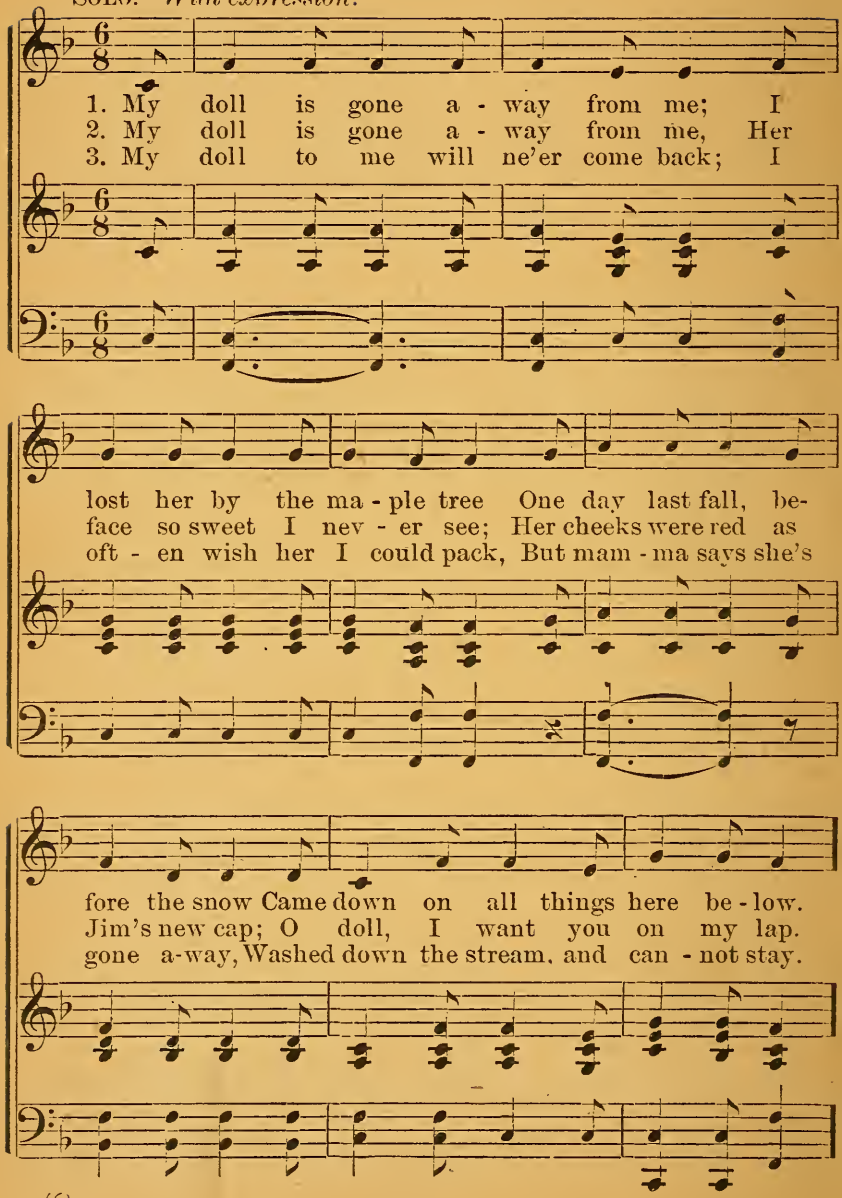
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW. J. N. WHYBARK. By per.



MY DOLL.

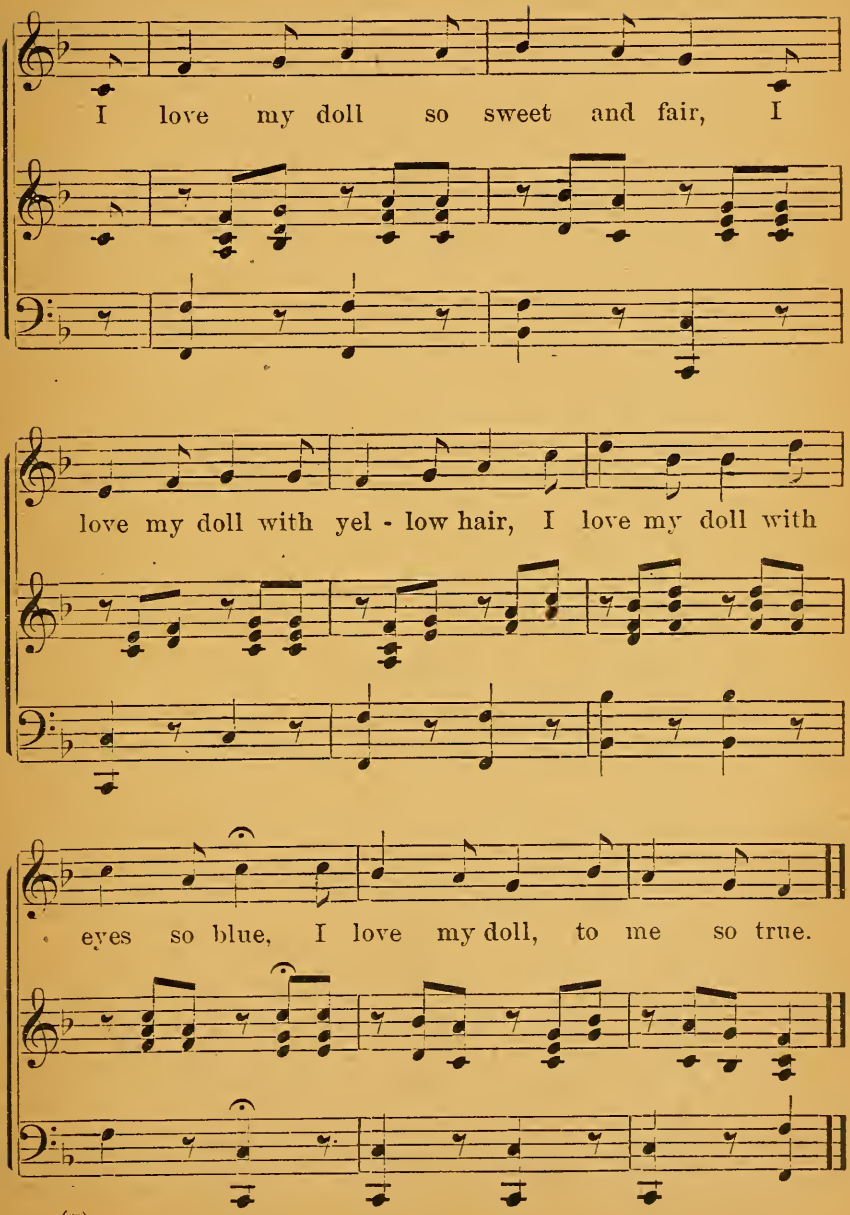
ARTHUR CREASY. J. N. WHYBARK. By per.

SOLO. *With expression.*



MY DOLL.

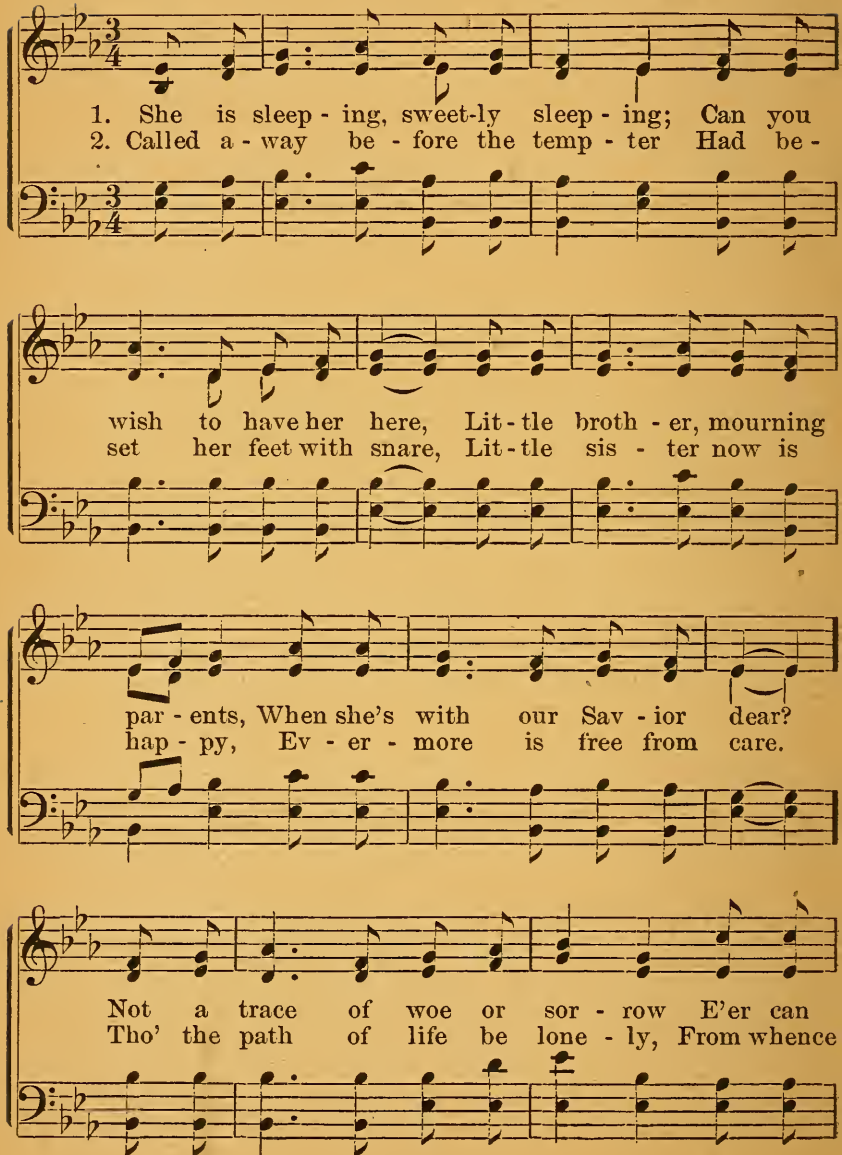
CHORUS.



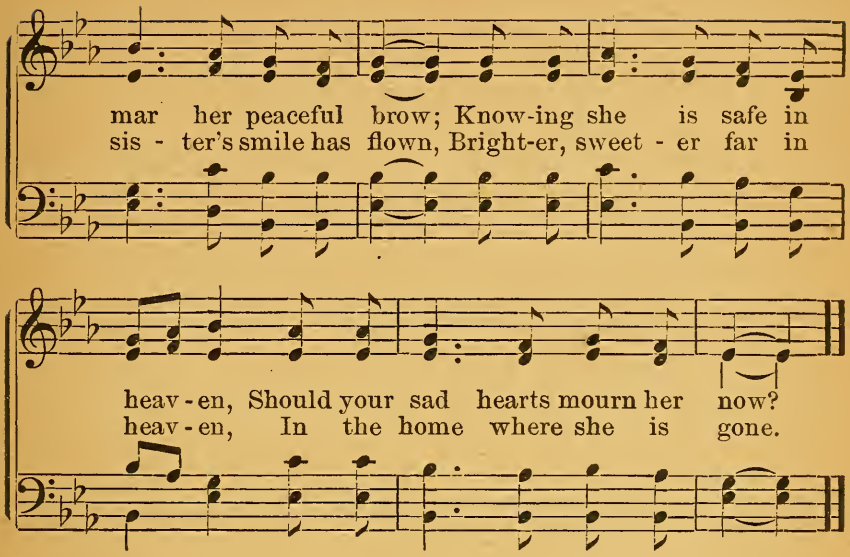
LITTLE ESSIE.

(Dedicated to my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Ridgway, Medoc, Mo.)

J. N. WHYBARK. By per.

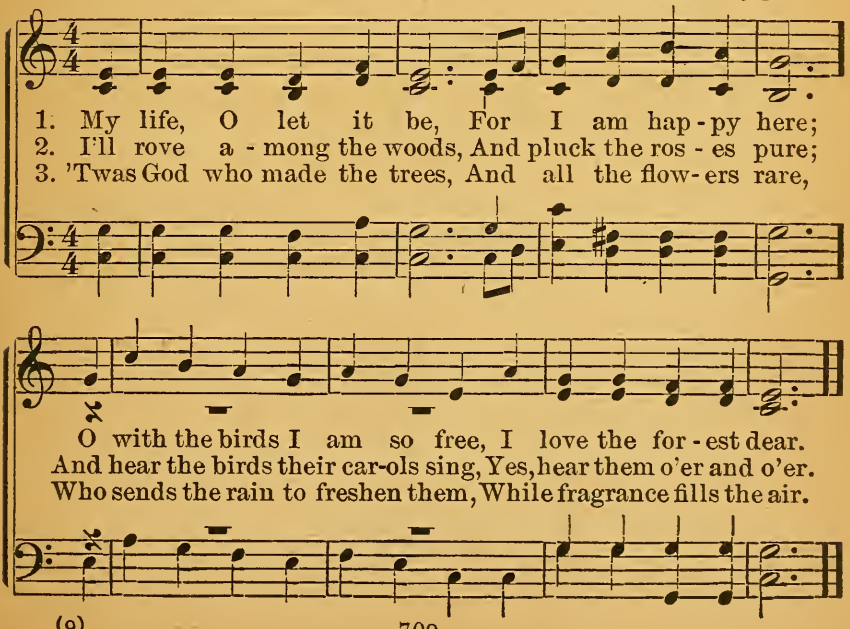


LITTLE ESSIE.



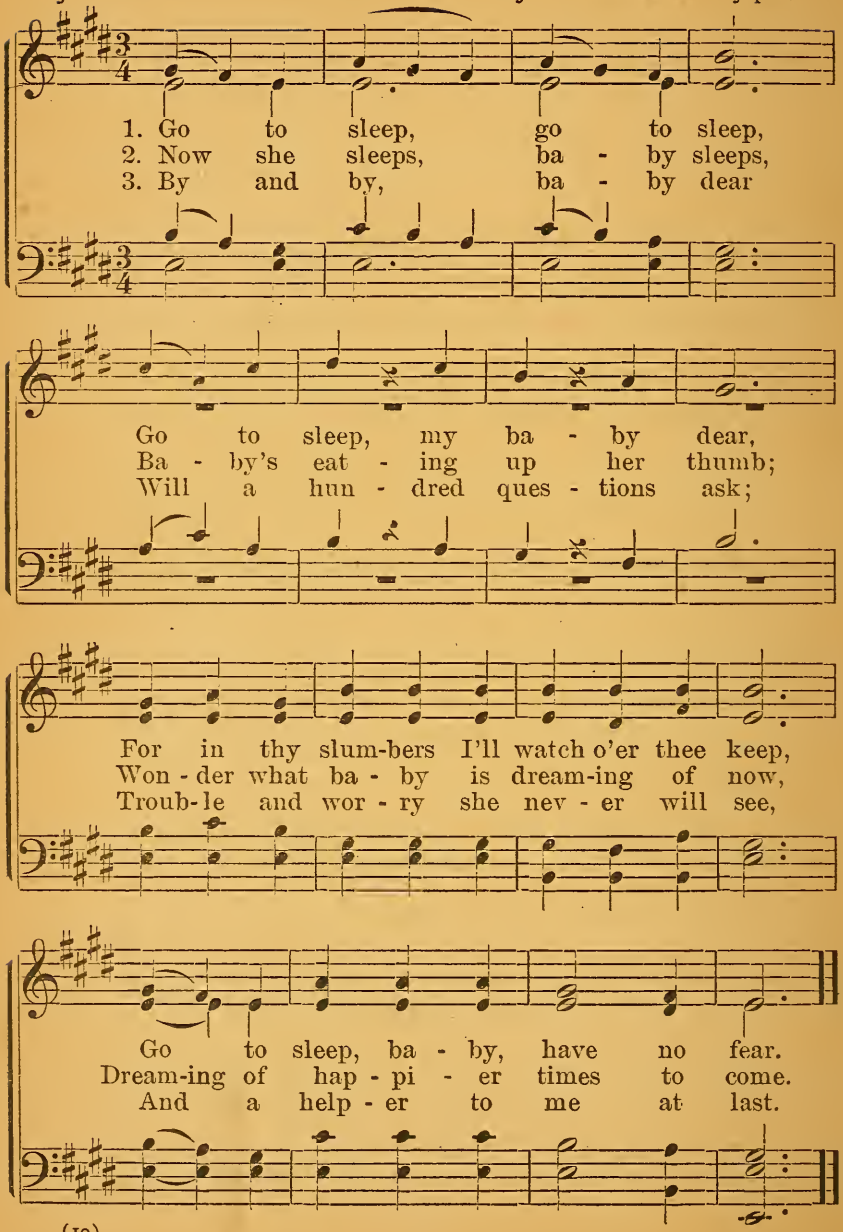
ALONE IN THE FOREST.

J. N. W. J. N. WHYBARK. By per.



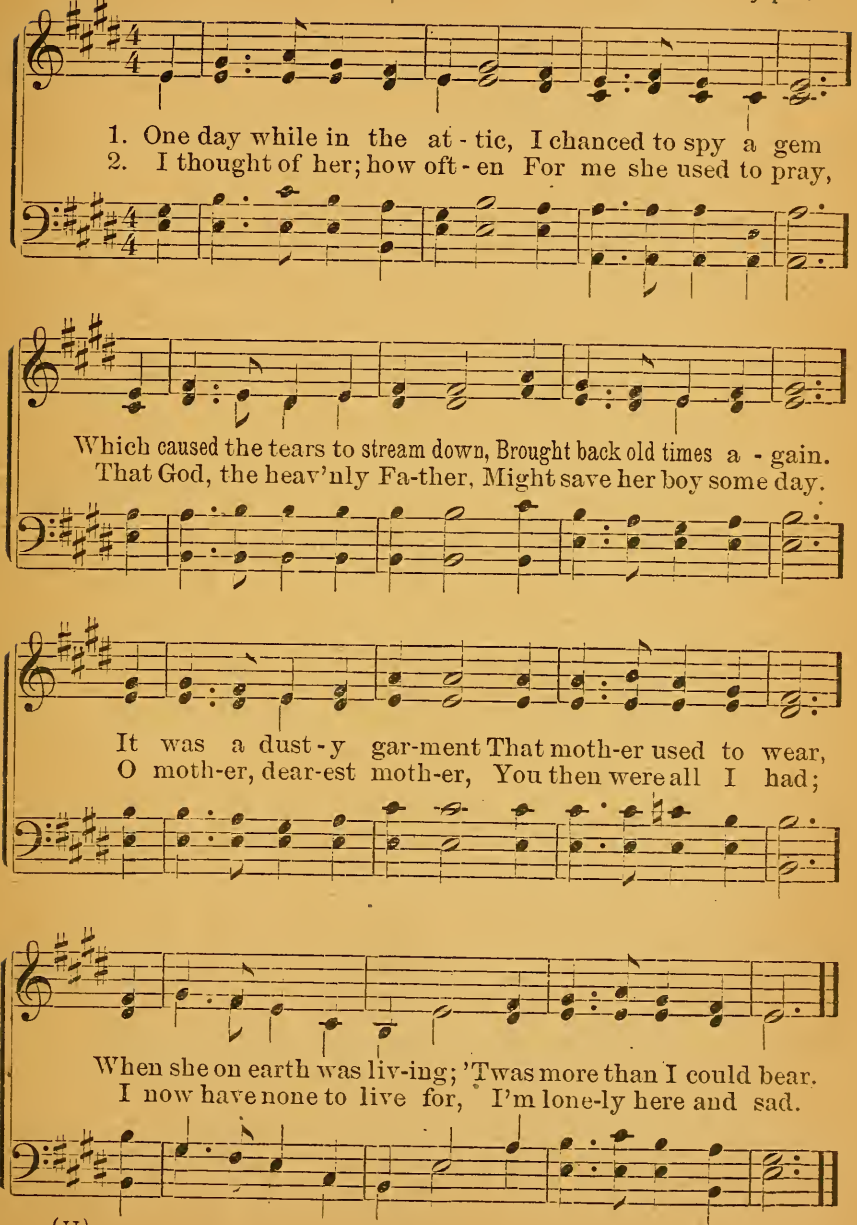
GO TO SLEEP.

J. N. W. J. N. WHYBARK. By per.



THE OLD DUSTY GARMENT.

J. N. W. J. N. WHYBARK. By per.



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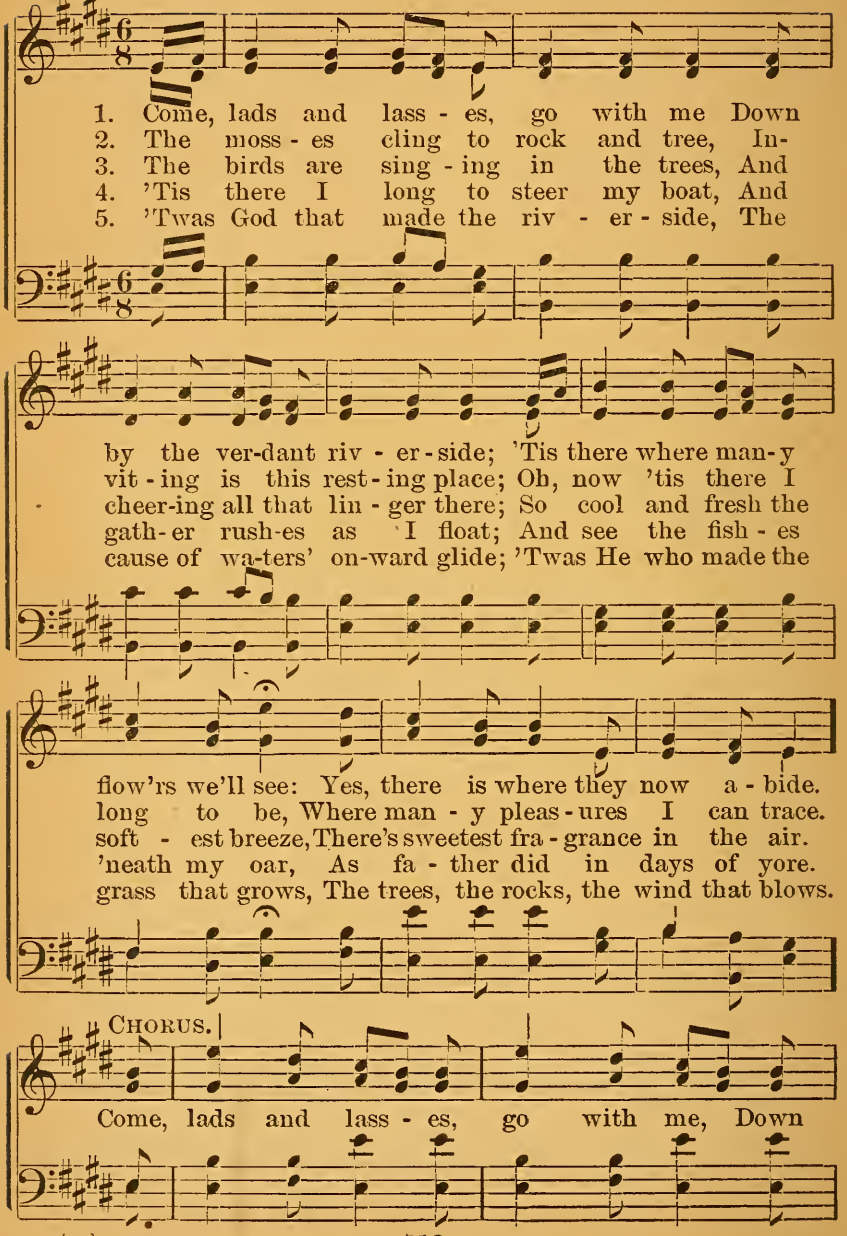
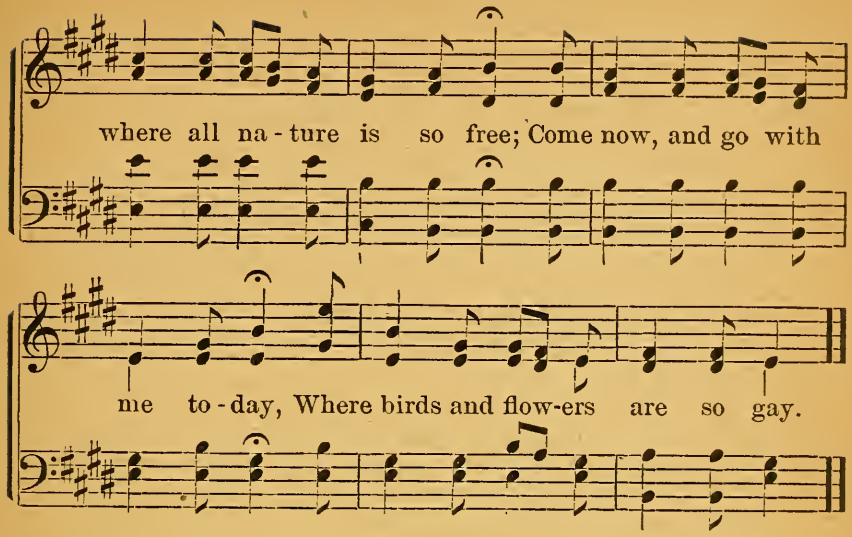
THE RIVER-SIDE.

J. N. W. J. N. WHYBARK. By per.

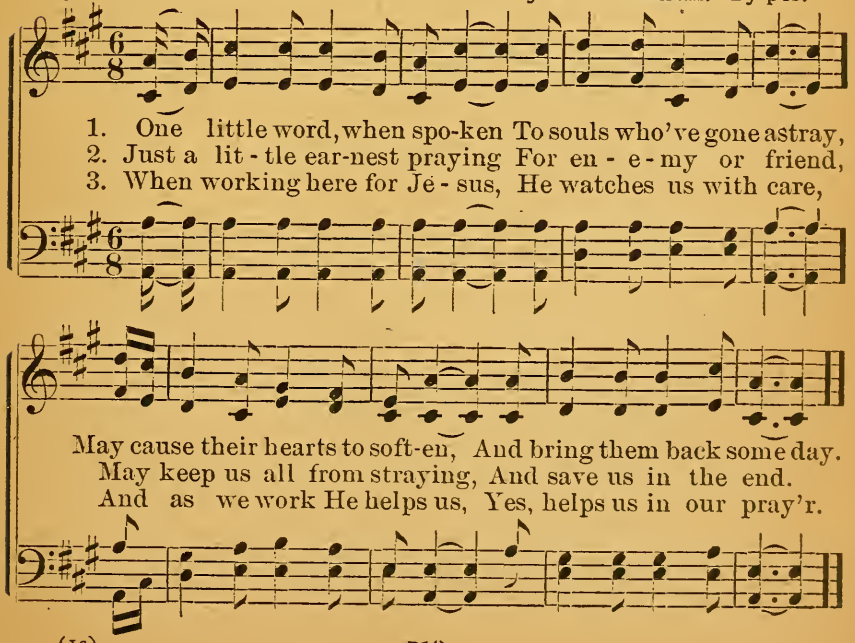


THE RIVER-SIDE.



ONE LITTLE WORD.

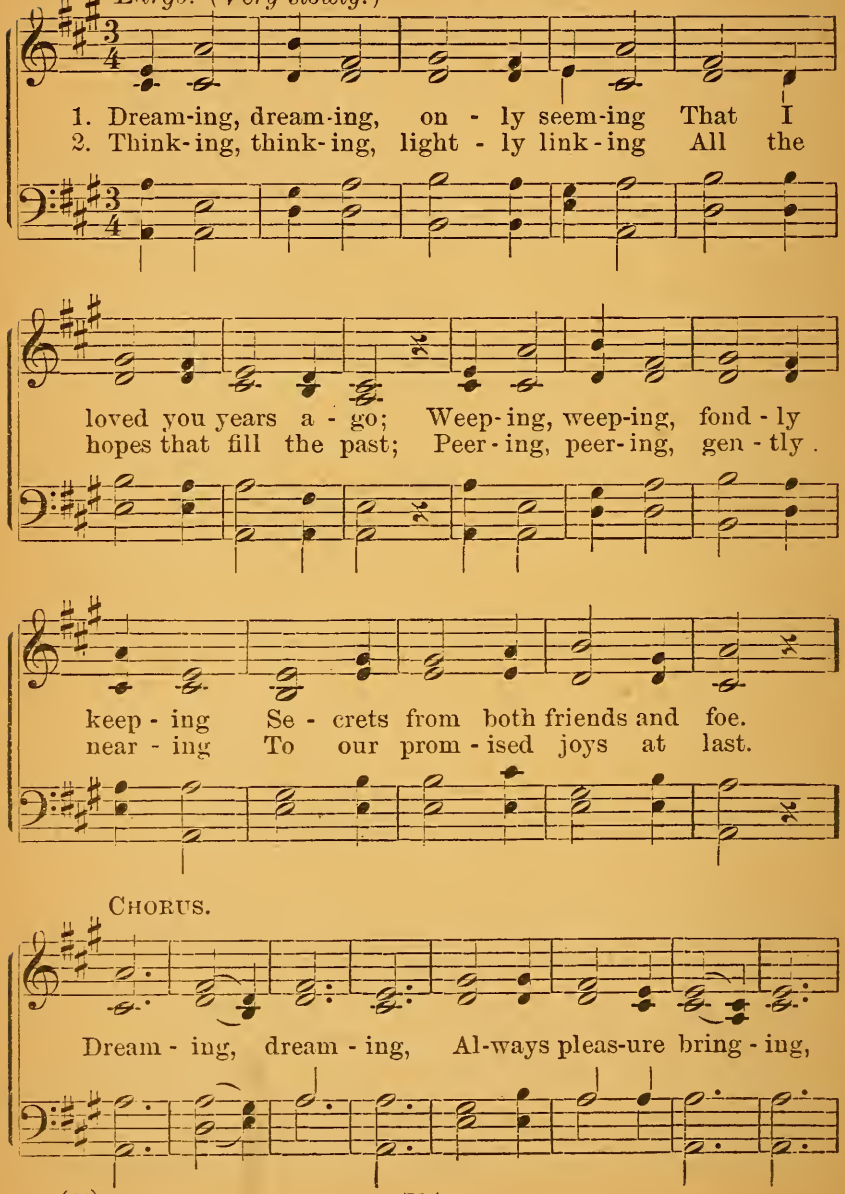
J. N. W. J. N. WHYBARK. By per.



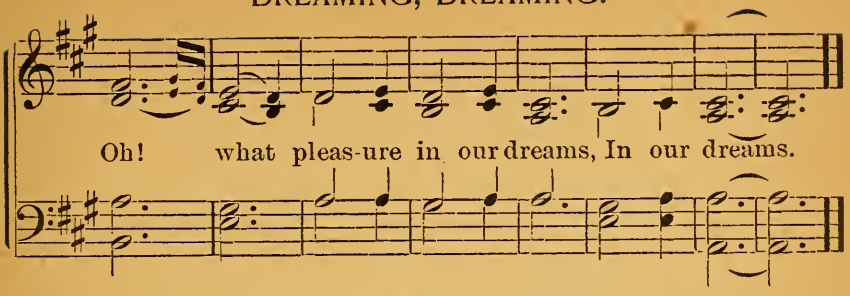
DREAMING, DREAMING.

JOHN A. JOYCE. J. N. WHYBARK. By per.

Largo. (*Very slowly.*)

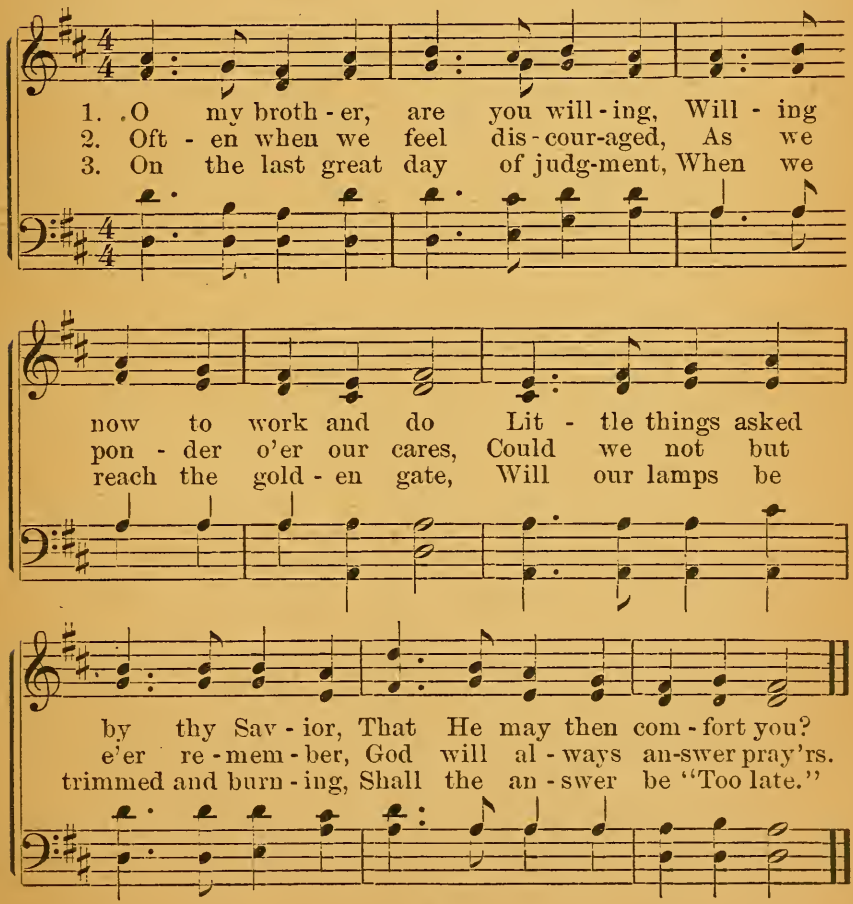


DREAMING, DREAMING.



WORK FOR JESUS.

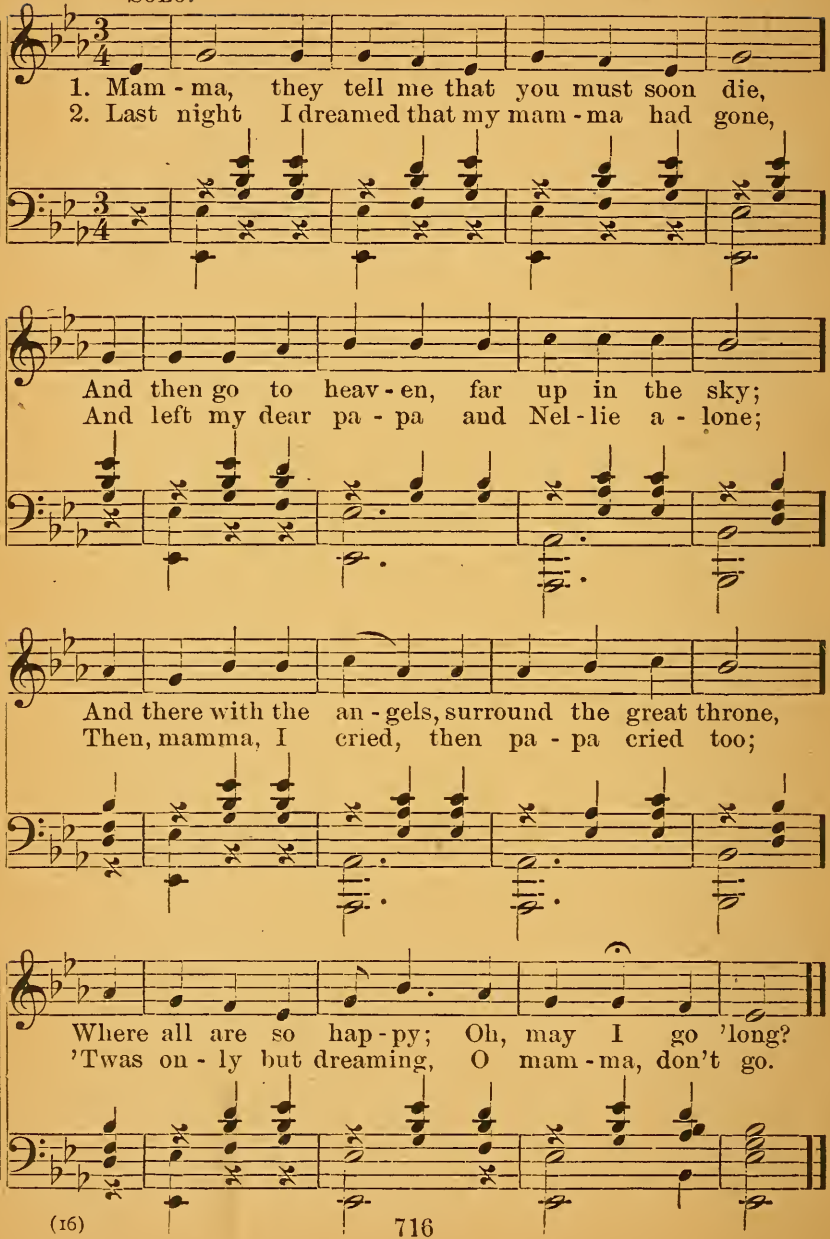
J. N. W. J. N. WHYBARK. By per.



NELLIE'S DREAM.

J. N. W. — J. N. WHYBARK. By per.

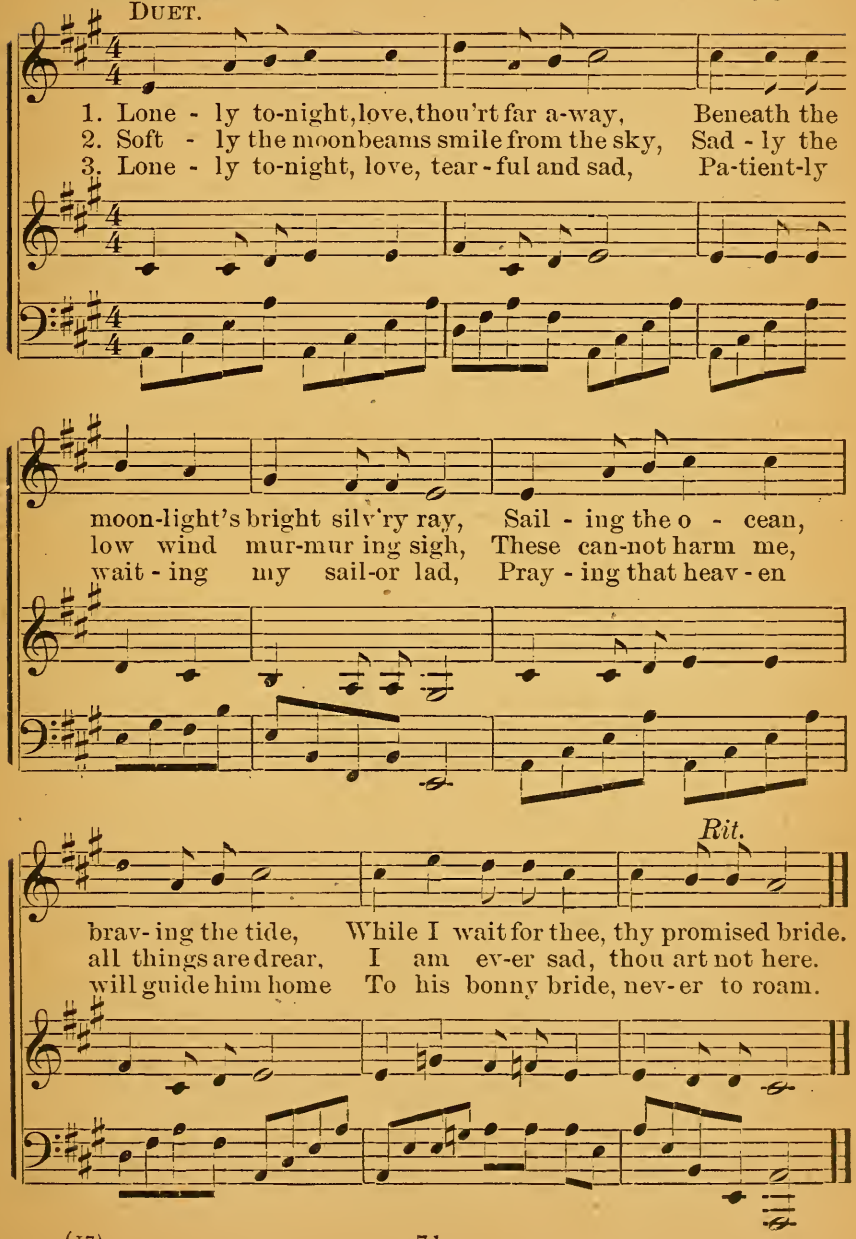
SOLO.



LONELY TO-NIGHT, LOVE.

ROSALIE THOMPSON. J. N. WHYBARK. By per.

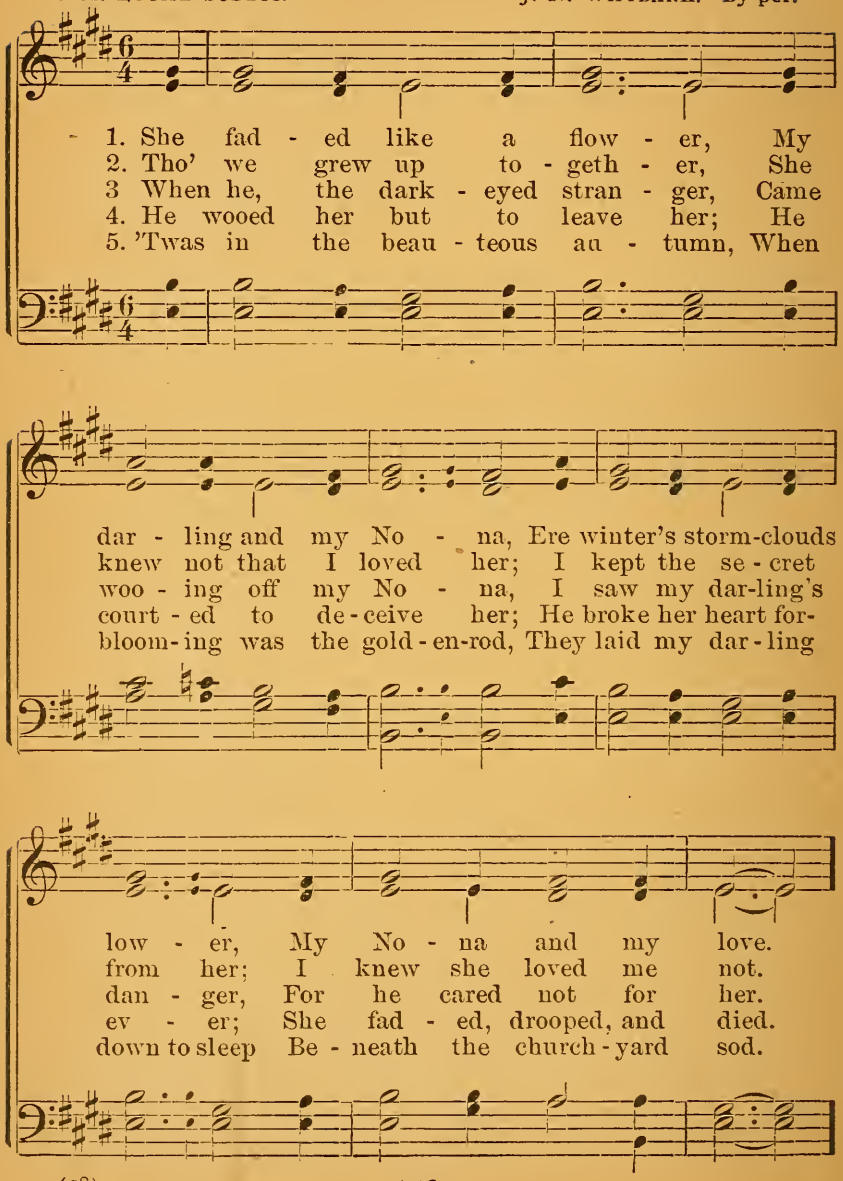
DUET.



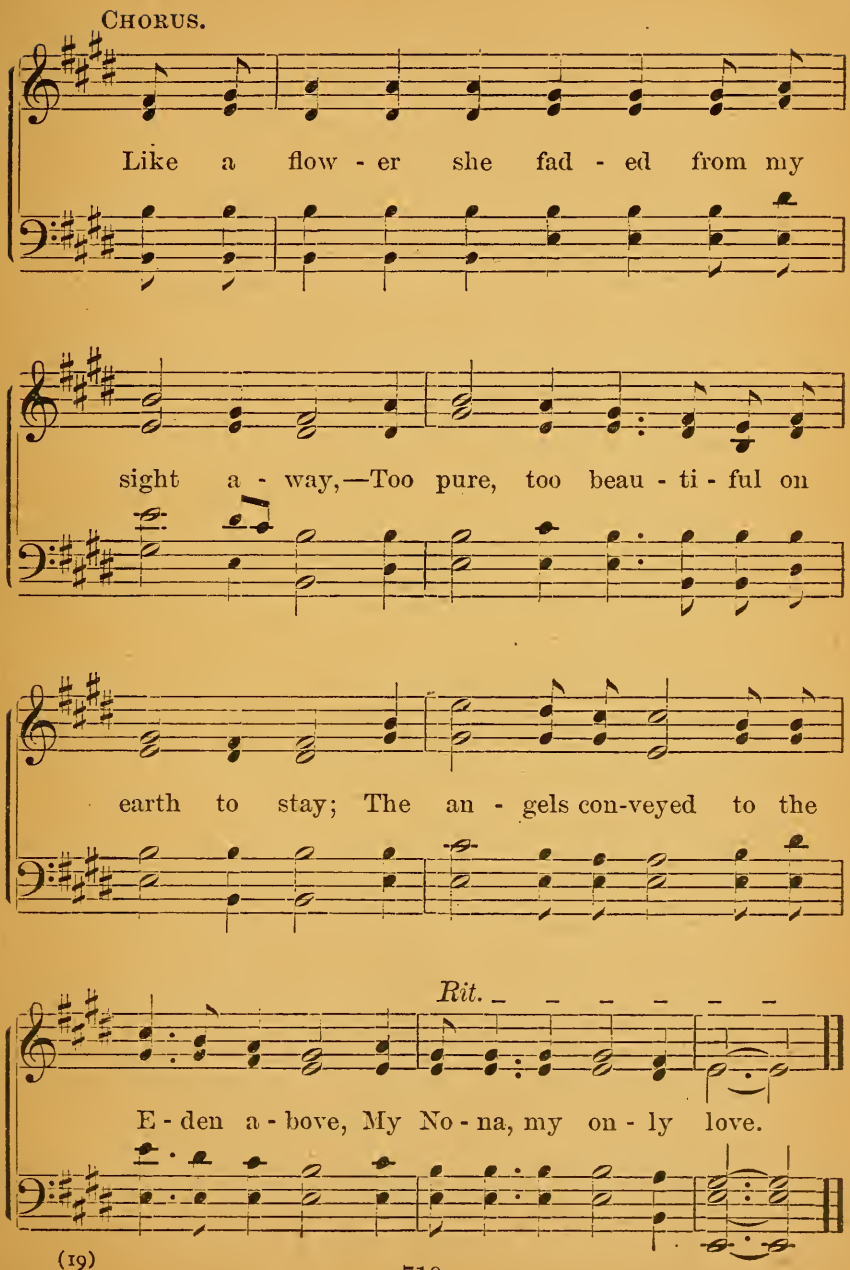
SHE FADED LIKE A FLOWER.

(MIXED QUARTET.)

Mrs. Louise Suddic. J. N. Whybark. By per.



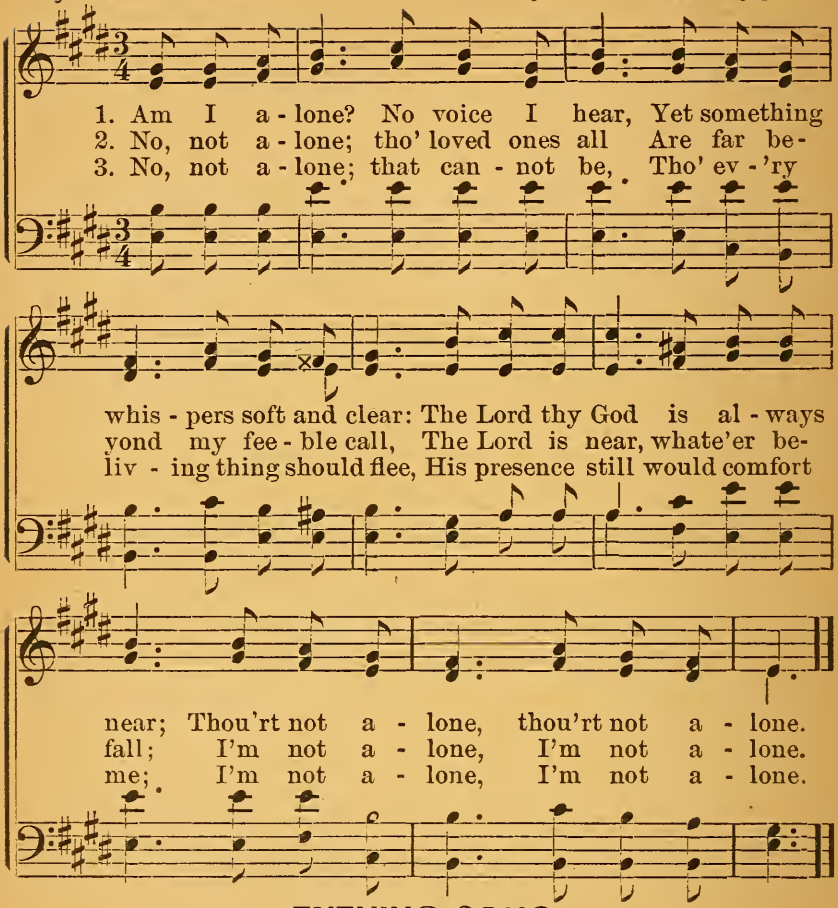
SHE FADED LIKE A FLOWER.



(19)

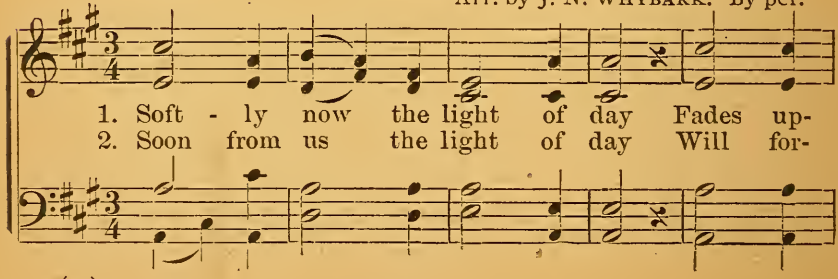
NOT ALONE.

JULIA A. WILLIAMS. J. N. WHYBARK. By per.

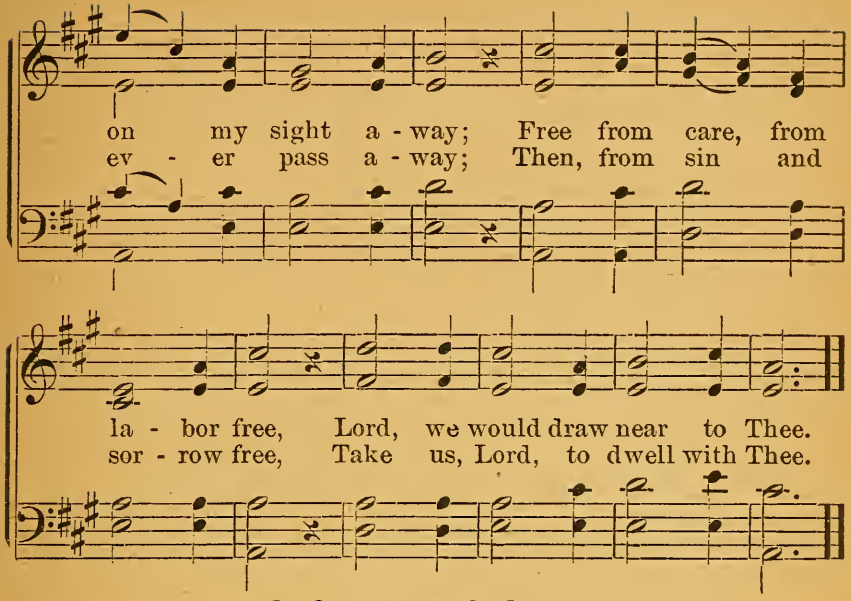


EVENING SONG.

Arr. by J. N. WHYBARK. By per.

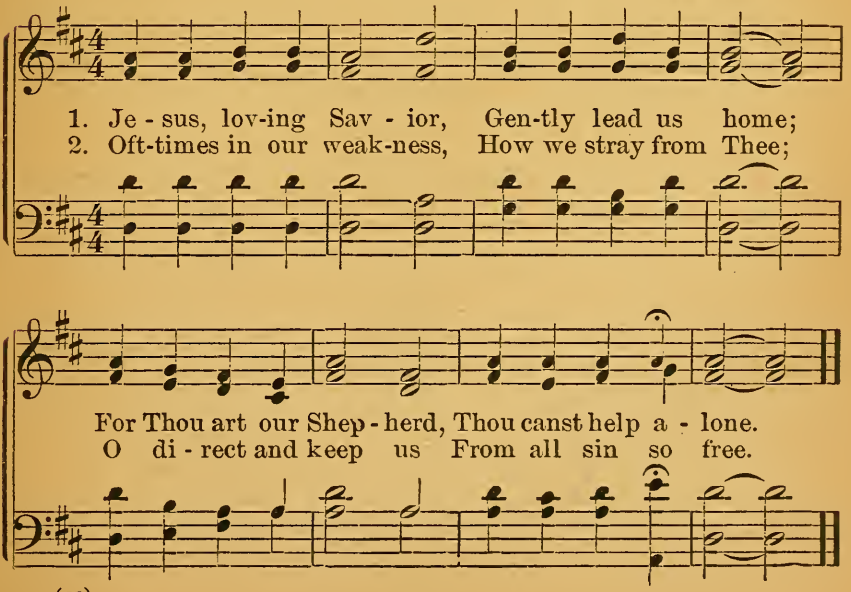


EVENING SONG.



JESUS, LOVING SAVIOR.

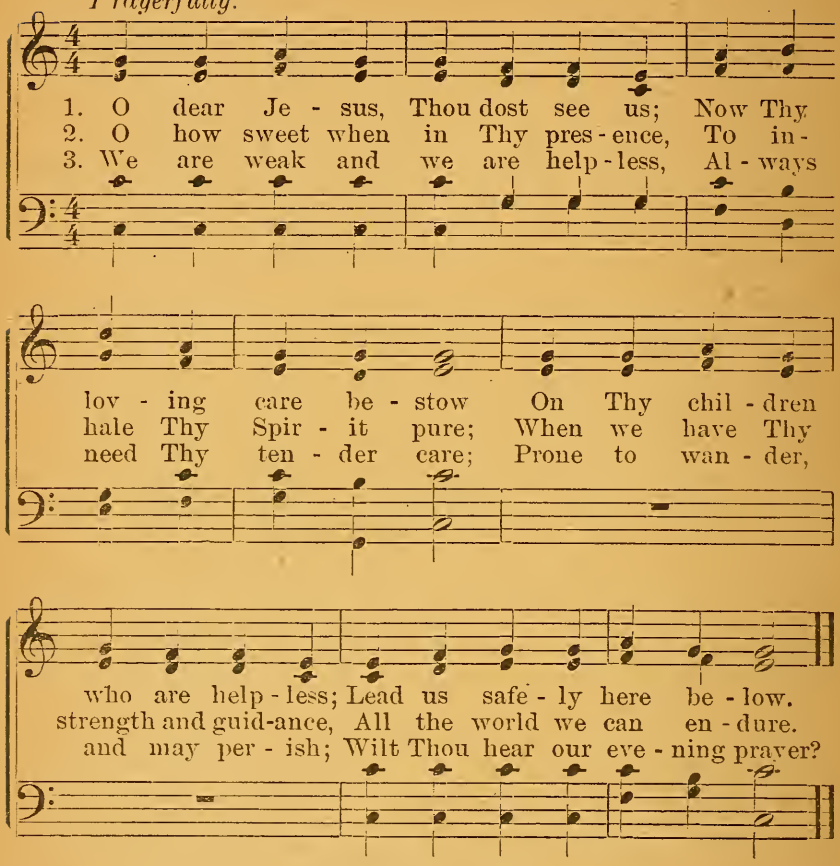
J. N. W. J. N. WHYBARK. By per.



THOU DOST SEE US.

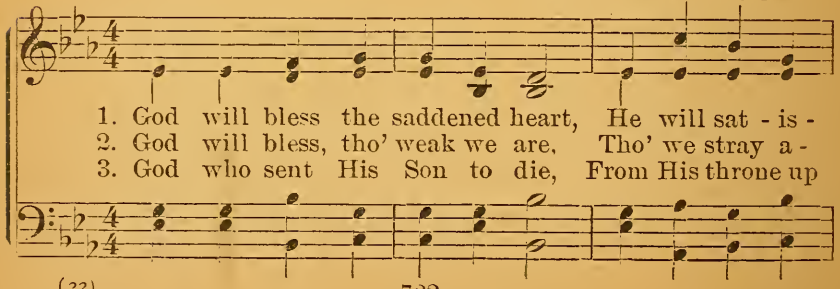
J. N. W. J. N. WHYBARK. By per.

Prayerfully.

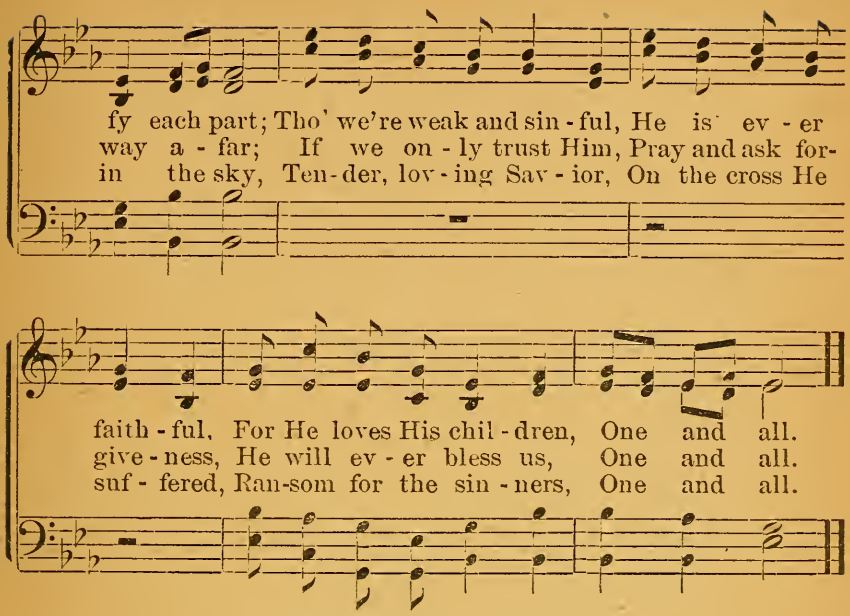


ONE AND ALL.

J. N. W. J. N. WHYBARK. By per.

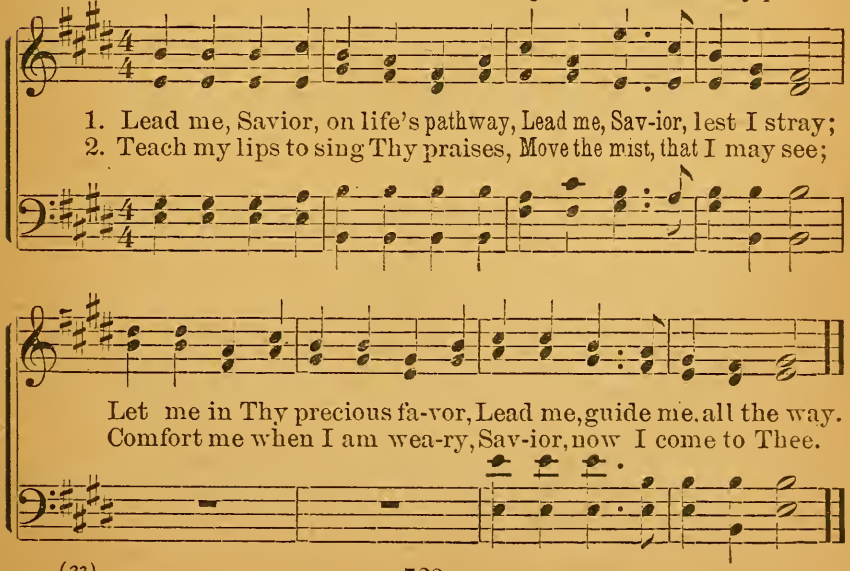


ONE AND ALL.



LEAD ME, SAVIOR.

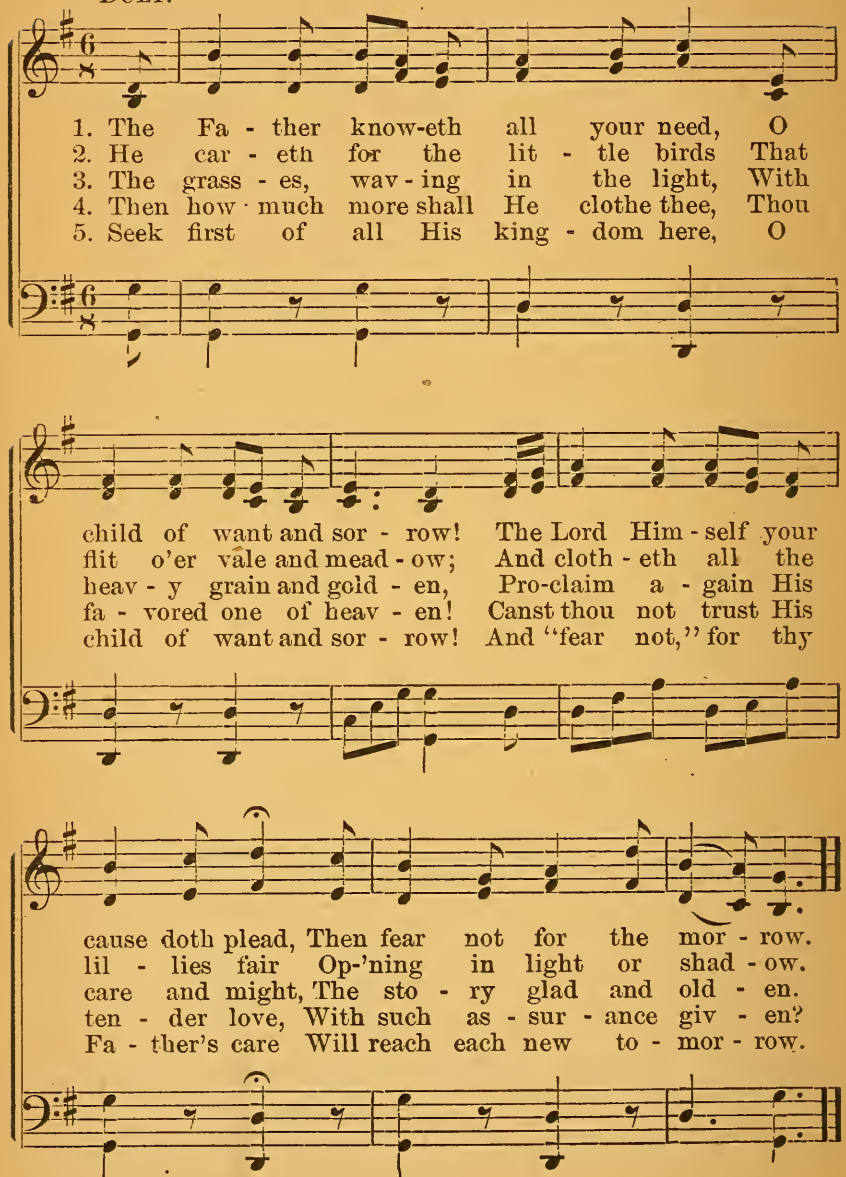
J. N. W. J. N. WHYBARK. By per.



HE CARETH FOR ME.

ALICE P. DUNLAP. J. N. WHYBARK. By per.

DUET.



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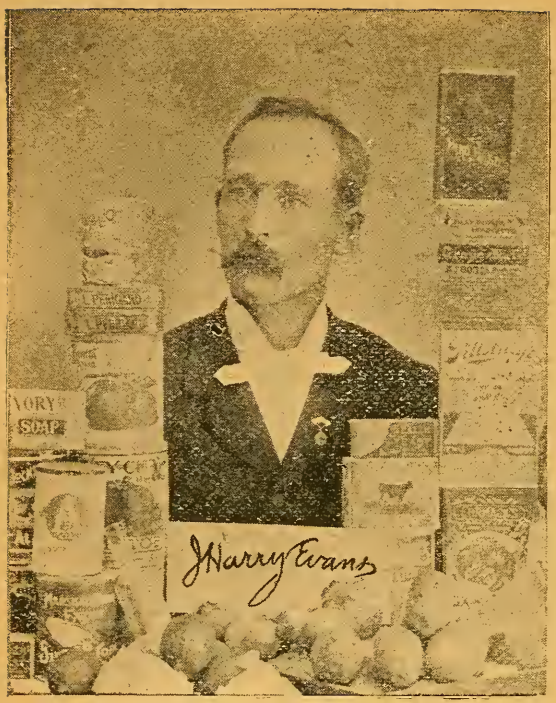

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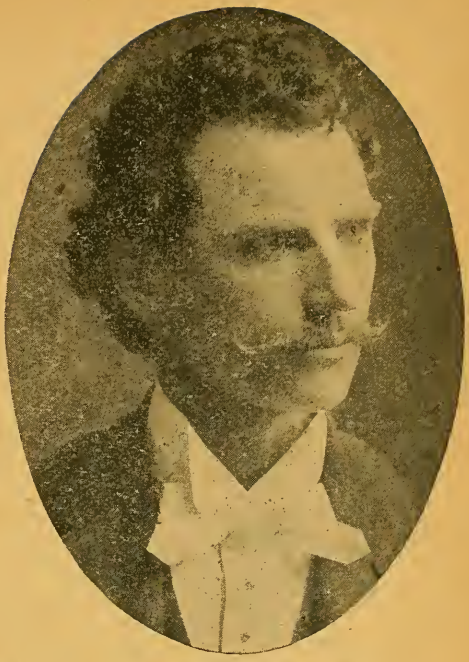

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